This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07490084 0

AUCTOR PRETIOSA FACIT

THE

WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

CONTAINING

HIS PLAYS AND POEMS;

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A GLOSSARY.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

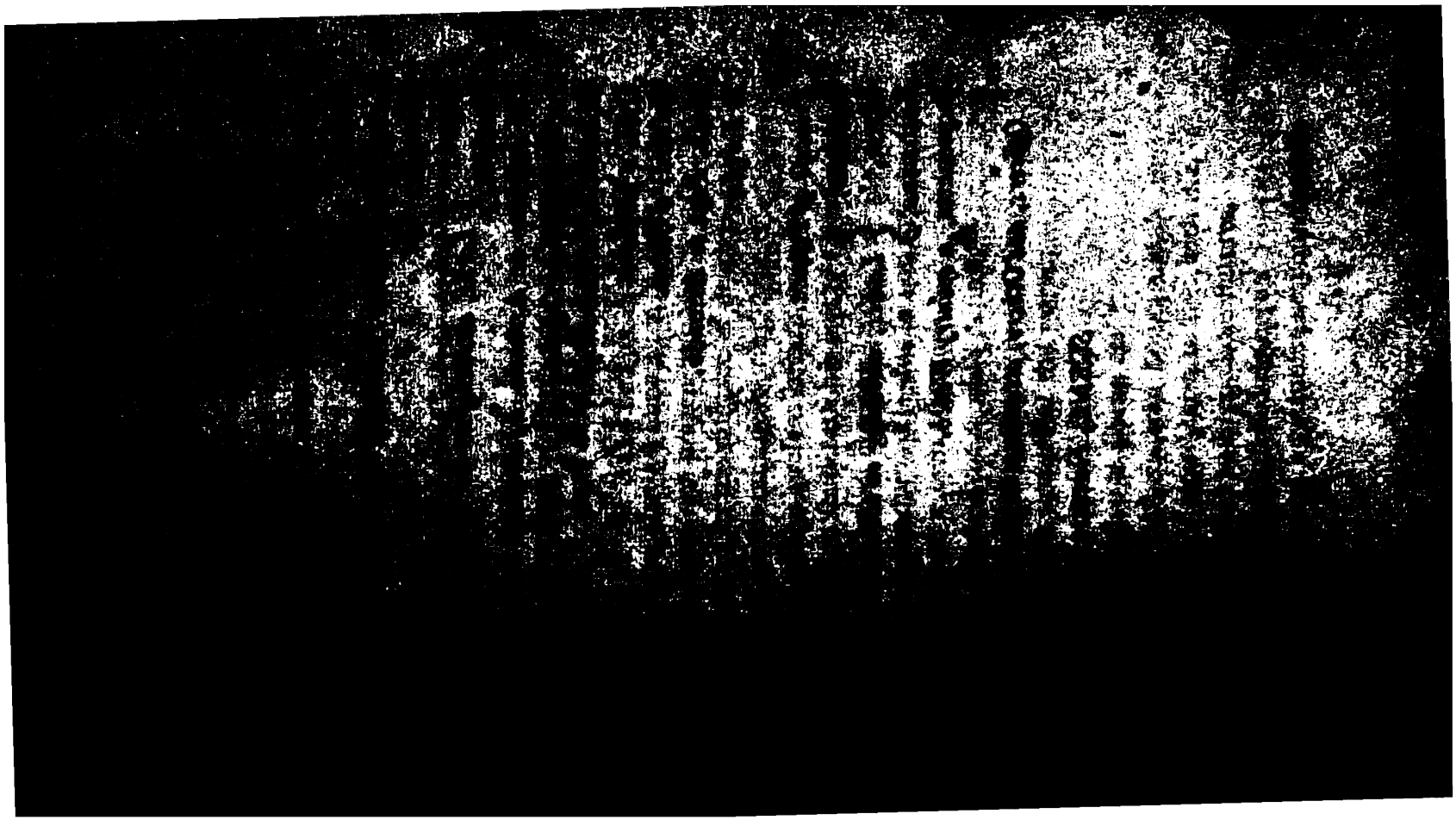
VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. G. & J. ROBINSON, R. FAULDER, B. & J. WHITE, J. EDWARDS, T. PAYNE, JUN. J. WALKER, & J. ANDERSON.

1797.

LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.



Perſons repreſented.

Ferdinand, *King of* Navarre.
Biron,
Longaville, } *Lords, attending on the King.*
Dumain,
Boyet,
Mercade, } *Lords, attending on the Princeſs of* France.
Don Adriano de Armado, *a fantaſtical* Spaniard.
Sir Nathaniel, *a Curate.*
Holofernes, *a Schoolmaſter.*
Dull, *a Conſtable.*
Coſtard, *a Clown.*
Moth, *Page to* Armado.
A Foreſter.

Princeſs of France.
Roſaline,
Maria, } *Ladies, attending on the Princeſs.*
Katharine,
Jaquenetta, *a country Wench.*

Officers, and Others, attendants on the King and Princeſs.

SCENE, Navarre.

LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Navarre. *A Park, with a Palace in it.*
Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN.

KING. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live regiſter'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the diſgrace of death;
When, ſpite of cormorant devouring time,
The endeavour of this preſent breath may buy
That honour, which ſhall bate his ſcythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors!—for ſo you are,
That war againſt your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's deſires,—
Our late edict ſhall ſtrongly ſtand in force:
Navarre ſhall be the wonder of the world;
Our court ſhall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Birón, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have ſworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-ſcholars, and to keep thoſe ſtatutes,
That are recorded in this ſchedule here:
Your oaths are paſt, and now ſubſcribe your names;

That his own hand may ſtrike his honour down,
That violates the ſmalleſt branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do, as ſworn to do,
Subſcribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.

Long. I am reſolv'd: 'tis but a three years' faſt;
The mind ſhall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bank'rout quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified;
The groſſer manner of theſe world's delights
He throws upon the groſs world's baſer ſlaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all theſe living in philoſophy.

Biron. I can but ſay their proteſtation over,
So much, dear liege, I have already ſworn,
That is, To live and ſtudy here three years.
But there are other ſtrict obſervances:
As, not to ſee a woman in that term;
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
And, one day in a week to touch no food;
And but one meal on every day beſide;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there:
And then, to ſleep but three hours in the night,
And not be ſeen to wink of all the day;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day;)
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
O, theſe are barren taſks, too hard to keep;
Not to ſee ladies, ſtudy, faſt, not ſleep.

King. Your oath is paſs'd to paſs away from theſe.

Biron. Let me ſay, no, my liege, an if you pleaſe;
I only ſwore, to ſtudy with your grace,
And ſtay here in your court for three years' ſpace.

Long. You ſwore to that, Biron, and to the reſt.
Biron. By yea and nay, ſir, then I ſwore in jeſt.—
What is the end of ſtudy? let me know. [know.
King. Why, that to know, which elſe we ſhould not
Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common ſenſe?
King. Ay, that is ſtudy's god-like recompenſe.
Biron. Come on then, I will ſwear to ſtudy ſo,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus,—To ſtudy where I well may dine,
When I to feaſt expreſsly am forbid;
Or, ſtudy where to meet ſome miſtreſs fine,
When miſtreſſes from common ſenſe are hid:
Or, having ſworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If ſtudy's gain be thus, and this be ſo,
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er ſay, no.
King. Theſe be the ſtops that hinder ſtudy quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.
Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that moſt vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book,
To ſeek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falſely blind the eyeſight of his look:
Light, ſeeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkneſs lies,
Your light grows dark by loſing of your eyes.
Study me how to pleaſe the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling ſo, that eye ſhall be his heed,
And give him light that was it blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious ſun,

That will not be deep ſearch'd with ſaucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save baſe authority from others' books.
Theſe earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed ſtar,
Have no more profit of their ſhining nights,
Than thoſe that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reaſon againſt reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to ſtop all good proceeding!

Long. He weeds the corn, and ſtill lets grow the weeding.

Biron. The ſpring is near, when green geeſe are a breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reaſon nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhime.

Long. Biron is like an envious ſneaping froſt,
That bites the firſt-born infants of the ſpring.

Biron. Well, ſay I am; why ſhould proud ſummer boaſt,
Before the birds have any cauſe to ſing?
Why ſhould I joy in an abortive birth?
At Chriſtmas I no more deſire a roſe,
Than wiſh a ſnow in May's new-fangled ſhows;
But like of each thing, that in ſeaſon grows.
So you, to ſtudy now it is too late,
Climb o'er the houſe to unlock the little gate.

King. Well, ſit you out: go home, Biron; adieu!

Biron. No, my good lord; I have ſworn to ſtay with you:
And, though I have for barbariſm ſpoke more;
Than for that angel knowledge you can ſay,

Yet confident I'll keep what I have ſwore,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper, let me read the ſame;
And to the ſtrict'ſt decrees I'll write my name.
King. How well this yielding reſcues thee from ſhame!
Biron. [*Reads.*] Item, *That no woman ſhall come within a mile of my court.*—
And hath this been proclaimed?
Long. Four days ago.
Biron. Let's ſee the penalty.
[*Reads.*]—*On pain of loſing her tongue.*—
Who devis'd this?
Long. Marry, that did I.
Biron. Sweet lord, and why?
Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.
Biron. A dangerous law againſt gentility!
[*Reads.*] Item, *If any man be ſeen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he ſhall endure ſuch publick ſhame as the reſt of the court can poſſibly deviſe.*—
This article, my liege, yourſelf muſt break;
For, well you know, here comes in embaſſy
The French king's daughter, with yourſelf to ſpeak,—
A maid of grace, and cómplete majeſty,—
About ſurrender-up of Aquitain
To her decrepit, ſick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired princeſs hither.
King. What ſay you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.
Biron. So ſtudy evermore is overſhot;
While it doth ſtudy to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it ſhould:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth moſt,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; ſo won, ſo loſt.

King. We muſt, of force, diſpenſe with this decree;
She muſt lie here on mere neceſſity.
Biron. Neceſſity will make us all forſworn
Three thouſand times within this three years' ſpace:
For every man with his affects is born;
Not by might maſter'd, but by ſpecial grace:
If I break faith, this word ſhall ſpeak for me,
I am forſworn on mere neceſſity.—
So to the laws at large I write my name: [*Subſcribes.*
And he, that breaks them in the leaſt degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal ſhame:
Suggeſtions are to others, as to me;
But, I believe, although I ſeem ſo loth,
I am the laſt that will laſt keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?
King. Ay, that there is: our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new faſhion planted,
That hath a mint of phraſes in his brain:
One, whom the muſick of his own vain tongue
Doth raviſh, like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have choſe as umpire of their mutiny;
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our ſtudies, ſhall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, loſt in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I proteſt, I love to hear him lie,
And I will uſe him for my minſtrelſy.
Biron. Armado is a moſt illuſtrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, faſhion's own knight.
Long. Coſtard the ſwain, and he, ſhall be our ſport;

And, ſo to ſtudy, three years is but ſhort.

Enter DULL, *with a letter, and* COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own perſon?

Biron. This, fellow; What would'ſt?

Dull. I myſelf reprehend his own perſon, for I am his grace's tharborough: but I would ſee his own perſon in fleſh and blood.

Cost. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low ſoever the matter, I hope in God for high words. [patience!

Long. A high hope for a low having: God grant us

Biron. To hear? or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, ſir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, ſir, be it as the ſtile ſhall give us cauſe to climb in the merrineſs.

Cost. The matter is to me, ſir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, ſir; all thoſe three: I was ſeen with her in the manor houſe, ſitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, ſir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to ſpeak to a woman: for the form,—in ſome form.

Biron. For the following, ſir?

Cost. As it ſhall follow in my correction; And God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the ſimplicity of man to hearken after the fleſh.

King. [reads.] *Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and ſole dominator of Navarre, my ſoul's earth's God, and body's foſtering patron,—*

Cost. Not a word of Coſtard yet.

King. So it is,—

Cost. It may be ſo: but if he ſay it is ſo, he is, in telling true, but ſo, ſo.

King. Peace.

Cost.—be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words.

Cost.—of other men's ſecrets, I beſeech you.

King. So it is, beſieged with ſable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppreſſing humour to the moſt wholeſome phyſick of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myſelf to walk. The time, when? About the ſixth hour; when beaſts moſt graze, birds beſt peck, and men ſit down to that nouriſhment which is called ſupper. So much for the time when: Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walk'd upon: it is ycleped, thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obſcene and moſt prepoſterous event, that draweth from my ſnow-white pen the ebon-colour'd ink, which here thou vieweſt, beholdeſt, ſurveyeſt, or ſeeſt: But to the place, where,—It ſtandeth north-north-eaſt and by eaſt from the weſt corner of thy curious-knotted garden: There did I ſee that low-ſpirited ſwain, that baſe minnow of thy mirth,

Cost. Me.

King.—*that unletter'd ſmall-knowing ſoul,*

Cost. Me.

King.—*that ſhallow vaſſal,*

Cost. Still me.

King.—*which, as I remember, hight Coſtard,*

Cost. O me!

King.—*ſorted and conſorted, contrary to thy eſtabliſhed proclaimed edict and continent canon, with*—*with*—*O with*—*but with this I paſſion to ſay wherewith.*

Cost. With a wench.

King.—*with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more ſweet underſtanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-eſteemed duty pricks me on) have ſent to thee, to receive the meed of puniſhment, by thy ſweet Grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and eſtimation.*

Dull. Me, an't ſhall pleaſe you; I am Antony Dull.

King. For Jaquenetta, (ſo is the weaker veſſel called, which I apprehended with the aforeſaid ſwain,) I keep her as a veſſel of thy law's fury; and ſhall, at the leaſt of thy ſweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

Don Adriano de Armado.

Biron. This is not ſo well as I look'd for, but the beſt that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the beſt for the worſt. But, ſirrah, what ſay you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confeſs the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confeſs much of the hearing of it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaim'd a year's impriſonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, ſir; I was taken with a damoſel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damoſel.

Coſt. This was no damoſel neither; ſir, ſhe was a virgin.

King. It is ſo varied too; for it was proclaim'd, virgin.

Coſt. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not ſerve your turn, ſir.

Coſt. This maid will ſerve my turn, ſir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your ſentence; You ſhall faſt a week with bran and water.

Coſt. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado ſhall be your keeper.—
My lord Biron ſee him deliver'd o'er.—
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath ſo ſtrongly ſworn.—
[*Exeunt.*

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
Theſe oaths and laws will prove an idle ſcorn.—
Sirrah, come on.

Coſt. I ſuffer for the truth, ſir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the ſour cup of proſperity! Affliction may one day ſmile again, and till then, Sit thee down, ſorrow! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Another part of the ſame. ARMADO's Houſe.

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Boy, what ſign is it, when a man of great ſpirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great ſign, ſir, that he will look ſad.

Arm. Why, ſadneſs is one and the ſelf-ſame thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O lord, ſir, no.

Arm. How can'ſt thou part ſadneſs and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonſtration of the working, my tough ſenior.

Arm. Why tough ſenior? why tough ſenior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? Why tender juvenal?

Arm. I ſpoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough ſenior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, ſir? I pretty, and my ſaying apt? or I apt, and my ſaying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, becauſe little.

Moth. Little pretty, becauſe little: Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, becauſe quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praiſe, maſter?

Arm. In thy condign praiſe.

Moth. I will praiſe an eel with the ſame praiſe.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do ſay, thou art quick in anſwers; Thou heat'ſt my blood.

Moth. I am anſwer'd, ſir.

Arm. I love not to be croſs'd.

Moth. He ſpeaks the mere contrary, croſſes love not him. [*Aſide.*

Arm. I have promiſed to ſtudy three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, ſir.

Arm. Impoſſible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the ſpirit of a tapſter.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gameſter, ſir.

Arm. I confeſs both; they are both the varniſh of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am ſure, you know how much the groſs ſum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the baſe vulgar do call, three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, ſir, is this ſuch a piece of ſtudy? Now here is three ſtudied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how eaſy is it to put years to the word three, and ſtudy three years in two words, the dancing horſe will tell you.

Arm. A moſt fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cypher. [*Aſide.*

Arm. I will hereupon confeſs, I am in love: and, as it is baſe for a ſoldier to love, ſo I am in love with a baſe wench. If drawing my ſword againſt the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take deſire priſoner, and ranſom him to any French courtier for a new devis'd court'ſy. I think ſcorn to ſigh; methinks, I ſhould out-ſwear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: What great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, maſter.

Arm. Moſt ſweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, ſweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Sampſon, maſter: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Sampſon! ſtrong-jointed Sampſon! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didſt me

carrying gates. I am in love too.—Who was Samſon's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, maſter.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me preciſely of what complexion?

Moth. Of the ſea-water green, ſir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, ſir; and the beſt of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers: but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Samſon had ſmall reaſon for it. He, ſurely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was ſo, ſir; for ſhe had a green wit.

Arm. My love is moſt immaculate white and red.

Moth. Moſt maculate thoughts, maſter, are maſk'd under ſuch colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, aſſiſt me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; moſt pretty, and pathetical!

Moth. If ſhe be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For bluſhing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white ſhown:
Then, if ſhe fear, or be to blame,
By this you ſhall not know;
For ſtill her cheeks poſſeſs the ſame,
Which native ſhe doth owe.

A dangerous rhime, maſter, againſt the reaſon of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

[illegible]

[illegible] ballad [illegible] not to be [illegible] serve for the [illegible] the tune.

[illegible] that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. [illegible] that I took in the park with the [illegible] Costard; she deserves well.

[illegible] be whipp'd; and yet a better love than my [illegible] [Aside.

[illegible] boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

[illegible] And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

[illegible] I say, sing.

[illegible] Forbear till this company be past.

[illegible] Dull, Costard, and Jaquenetta.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance, but a must fast three days a-week: For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. [illegible]

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exeunt* Dull *and* Jaquenetta.

Arm. Villain, thou ſhalt faſt for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, ſir, I hope, when I do it, I ſhall do it on a full ſtomach.

Arm. Thou ſhalt be heavily puniſhed.

Cost. I am more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; ſhut him up.

Moth. Come, you tranſgreſſing ſlave; away.

Cost. Let me not be pent up, ſir; I will faſt, being looſe.

Moth. No, ſir; that were faſt and looſe: thou ſhalt to priſon.

Cost. Well, if ever I do ſee the merry days of deſolation that I have ſeen, ſome ſhall ſee—

Moth. What ſhall ſome ſee?

Cost. Nay, nothing, maſter Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for priſoners to be too ſilent in their words; and, therefore, I will ſay nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore I can be quiet. [*Exeunt* Moth *and* Costard.

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is baſe, where her ſhoe, which is baſer, guided by her foot, which is baſeſt, doth tread. I ſhall be forſworn, (which is a great argument of falſhood,) if I love: And how can that be true love, which is falſely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet Sampſon was ſo tempted; and he had an excellent ſtrength: yet was Solomon ſo ſeduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-ſhaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's

rapier. The firſt and ſecond cauſe will not ſerve my turn; the paſſado he reſpects not, the duello he regards not: his diſgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is, to ſubdue men. Adieu, valour! ruſt, rapier! be ſtill, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Aſſiſt me ſome extemporal god of rhime, for, I am ſure, I ſhall turn ſonneteer. Deviſe wit; write pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. Another part of the ſame. A Pavilion and Tents at a diſtance.

Enter the Princeſs of FRANCE, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, LORDS, *and other Attendants.*

Boy. Now, madam, ſummon up your deareſt ſpirits:
Conſider who the king your father ſends;
To whom he ſends; and what's his embaſſy:
Yourſelf, held precious in the world's eſteem;
To parley with the ſole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchleſs Navarre; the plea of no leſs weight
Than Aquitain; a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When ſhe did ſtarve the general world beſide,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

PRIN. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flouriſh of your praiſe;
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
Not utter'd by baſe ſale of chapmen's tongues:
I am leſs proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wiſe

In ſpending your wit in the praiſe of mine.
But now to taſk the taſker,—Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noiſe abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful ſtudy ſhall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his ſilent court:
Therefore to us ſeemeth it a needful courſe,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleaſure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthineſs, we ſingle you
As our beſt-moving fair ſolicitor:
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On ſerious buſineſs, craving quick deſpatch,
Impórtunes perſonal conference with his grace.
Haſte, ſignify ſo much; while we attend,
Like humble-viſag'd ſuitors, his high will.

Bor. Proud of employment, willingly I go. [*Exit.*

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is ſo.—
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

1. *Lord.* Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I know him, madam; at a marriage feaſt,
Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge ſolémnized,
In Normandy ſaw I this Longaville:
A man of ſovereign parts he is eſteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only ſoil of his fair virtue's gloſs,
(If virtue's gloſs will ſtain with any ſoil,)
Is a ſharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whoſe edge hath power to cut, whoſe will ſtill wills

It ſhould none ſpare that come within his power.
Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't ſo?
Mar. They ſay ſo moſt, that moſt his humours know.
Prin. Such ſhort-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the reſt?
Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accompliſh'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:
Moſt power to do moſt harm, leaſt knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill ſhape good,
And ſhape to win grace though he had no wit.
I ſaw him at the duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I ſaw,
Is my report, to his great worthineſs.
Rosa. Another of theſe ſtudents at that time
Was there with him: if I have heard a truth,
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never ſpent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occaſion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jeſt;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expoſitor,)
Delivers in ſuch apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite raviſhed;
So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe.
Prin. God bleſs my ladies! are they all in love;
That every one her own hath garniſhed
With ſuch bedecking ornaments of praiſe?
Mar. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?
Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;

And he, and his competitors in oath,
Were all addreſs'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
(Like one that comes here to beſiege his court,)
Than ſeek a diſpenſation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled houſe.
Here comes Navarre. [*The ladies maſk.*

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, *and Attendants.*

King. Fair princeſs, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and, welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too baſe to be mine.

King. You ſhall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have ſworn an oath.

Prin. Our lady help my lord! he'll be forſworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will ſhall break it; will, and nothing elſe.

King. Your ladyſhip is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord ſo, his ignorance were wiſe,
Where now his knowledge muſt prove ignorance.
I hear, your grace hath ſworn-out houſe-keeping:
'Tis deadly ſin to keep that oath, my lord,
And ſin to break it:
But pardon me, I am too ſudden-bold;
To teach a teacher ill beſeemeth me.
Vouchſafe to read the purpoſe of my coming,
And ſuddenly reſolve me in my ſuit.

[*Gives a paper.*

King. Madam, I will, if ſuddenly I may.

Prin. You will the ſooner, that I were away;
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me ſtay.
Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Biron. I know, you did.
Ros. How needleſs was it then
To aſk the queſtion!
Biron. You muſt not be ſo quick.
Ros. 'Tis 'long of you that ſpur me with ſuch queſtions.
Biron. Your wit's too hot, it ſpeeds too faſt, 'twill tire.
Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.
Biron. What time o' day?
Ros. The hour that fools ſhould aſk.
Biron. Now fair befal your maſk!
Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!
Biron. And ſend you many lovers!
Ros. Amen, ſo you be none.
Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.
King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thouſand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire ſum,
Diſburſed by my father in his wars.
But ſay, that he, or we, (as neither have,)
Receiv'd that ſum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thouſand more; in ſurety of the which,
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will reſtore
But that one half which is unſatisfied;
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendſhip with his majeſty.
But that, it ſeems, he little purpoſeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid

An hundred thouſand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thouſand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain ſo gelded as it is.
Dear princeſs, were not his requeſts ſo far
From reaſon's yielding, your fair ſelf ſhould make
A yielding, 'gainſt ſome reaſon, in my breaſt,
And go well ſatisfied to France again.

PRIN. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In ſo unſeeming to confeſs receipt
Of that which hath ſo faithfully been paid.

KING. I do proteſt, I never heard of it;
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.

PRIN. We arreſt your word:—
Boyet, you can produce acquittances,
For ſuch a ſum, from ſpecial officers
Of Charles his father.

KING. Satisfy me ſo.

BOYET. So pleaſe your grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other ſpecialties are bound;
To-morrow you ſhall have a ſight of them.

KING. It ſhall ſuffice me: at which interview,
All liberal reaſon I will yield unto.
Mean time, receive ſuch welcome at my hand,
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthineſs:
You may not come, fair princeſs, in my gates;
But here without you ſhall be ſo receiv'd,
As you ſhall deem yourſelf lodg'd in my heart,

Though ſo denied fair harbour in my houſe.
Your own good thoughts excuſe me, and farewell:
To-morrow ſhall we viſit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair deſires conſort your grace!

King. Thy own wiſh wiſh I thee in every place!

[*Exeunt King and his Train.*

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

Ros. 'Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to ſee it.

Biron. I would, you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool ſick?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Ros. My phyſick ſays, I.

Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?

Ros. No *poynt*, with my knife.

Biron. Now, God ſave thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot ſtay thankſgiving. [*Retiring.*

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word: What lady is that ſame?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Roſaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady! Monſieur, fare you well. [*Exit.*

Long. I beſeech you, a word; What is ſhe in the white?

Boyet. A woman ſometimes, an you ſaw her in the light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light: I deſire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herſelf; to deſire that, were a ſhame.

Long. Pray you, ſir, whoſe daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's bleſſing on your beard!

Boyet. Good ſir, be not offended:
She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a moſt ſweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, ſir; that may be. [*Exit Long.*

Biron. What's her name, in the cap?

Boyet. Katharine, by good hap.

Biron. Is ſhe wedded, or no?

Boyet. To her will, ſir, or ſo.

Biron. You are welcome, ſir; adieu!

Boyet. Farewell to me, ſir, and welcome to you.

[*Exit Biron. Ladies unmaſk.*

Mar. That laſt is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord;
Not a word with him but a jeſt.

Boyet. And every jeſt but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you, to take him at his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

Mar. Too hot ſheeps, marry!

Boyet. And wherefore not ſhips?
No ſheep, ſweet lamb, unleſs we feed on your lips.

Mar. You ſheep, and I paſture; Shall that finiſh the jeſt?

Boyet. So you grant paſture for me.

[*Offering to kiſs her.*

Mar. Not ſo, gentle beaſt;
My lips are no common, though ſeveral they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling: but, gentles, agree:
The civil war of wits were much better uſed
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abuſed.

Boyet. If my obſervation, (which very ſeldom lies,)
By the heart's ſtill rhetorick, diſcloſed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers intitle, affected.

Prin. Your reaſon?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough deſire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print impreſſed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expreſſed:
His tongue, all impatient to ſpeak and not ſee,
Did ſtumble with haſte in his eye-ſight to be;
All ſenſes to that ſenſe did make their repair,
To feel only looking on faireſt of fair:
Methought, all his ſenſes were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in cryſtal for ſome prince to buy;
Who, tend'ring their own worth, from where they were glaſs'd,
Did point you to buy them, along as you paſs'd.
His face's own margent did quote ſuch amazes,
That all eyes ſaw his eyes enchanted with gazes:
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him for my ſake but one loving kiſs.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is diſpos'd—

Boyet. But to ſpeak that in words, which his eye hath diſclos'd:
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and ſpeak'ſt ſkilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you ſee?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Another part of the ſame.*

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH.

ARM. Warble, child; make paſſionate my ſenſe of hearing.

MOTH. Concolinel—— [*Singing.*

ARM. Sweet air!—Go, tenderneſs of years; take this key, give enlargement to the ſwain, bring him feſtinately hither; I muſt employ him in a letter to my love.

MOTH. Maſter, will you win your love with a French brawl?

ARM. How mean'ſt thou? brawling in French?

MOTH. No, my complete maſter: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eye-lids; ſigh a note, and ſing a note; ſometime through the throat, as if you ſwallowed love with ſinging love; ſometime through the noſe, as if you ſnuff'd up love by ſmelling love; with your hat penthouſe-like, o'er the ſhop of your eyes; with your arms croſs'd on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a ſpit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a ſnip and away: Theſe are complements, theſe are humours; theſe betray nice wenches—that would be betray'd without theſe; and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that moſt are affected to theſe.

ARM. How haſt thou purchaſed this experience?

MOTH. By my penny of obſervation.

ARM. But O,—but O,—

MOTH. —the hobby-horſe is forgot.

Arm. Call'ſt thou my love, hobby-horſe?

Moth. No, maſter; the hobby-horſe is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almoſt I had.

Moth. Negligent ſtudent! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, maſter: all thoſe three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the inſtant: By heart you love her, becauſe your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, becauſe your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all theſe three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the ſwain; he muſt carry me a letter.

Moth. A meſſage well ſympathiſed; a horſe to be embaſſador for an aſs!

Arm. Ha, ha! what ſayeſt thou?

Moth. Marry, ſir, you muſt ſend the aſs upon the horſe, for he is very ſlow-gaited: But I go.

Arm. The way is but ſhort; away.

Moth. As ſwift as lead, ſir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and ſlow?

Moth. *Minimè*, honeſt maſter; or rather, maſter, no.

Arm. I ſay, lead is ſlow.

Moth. You are too ſwift, ſir, to ſay ſo:
Is that lead ſlow which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet ſmoke of rhetorick!

He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:—
I ſhoot thee at the ſwain.

MOTH. Thump then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

ARM. A moſt acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!
By thy favour, ſweet welkin, I muſt ſigh in thy face:
Moſt rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH *and* COSTARD.

MOTH. A wonder, maſter; here's a Coſtard broken in a ſhin. [begin.

ARM. Some enigma, ſome riddle: come,—thy *l'envoy;*—

COST. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy;* no ſalve in the mail, ſir: O ſir, plantain, a plain plantain; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, no ſalve, ſir, but a plantain!

ARM. By virtue, thou enforceſt laughter; thy ſilly thought, my ſpleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous ſmiling: O, pardon me, my ſtars! Doth the inconſiderate take ſalve for *l'envoy*, and the word, *l'envoy*, for a ſalve?

MOTH. Do the wiſe think them other? is not *l'envoy* a ſalve?

ARM. No, page: it is an epilogue or diſcourſe, to make plain
Some obſcure precedence that hath tofore been ſain.
I will example it:
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three.
There's the moral: Now the *l'envoy.*

MOTH. I will add the *l'envoy:* Say the moral again.

ARM. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three:

MOTH. Until the gooſe came out of door,
And ſtay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three:

Arm. Until the gooſe came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the gooſe; Would you deſire more?

Cost. The boy hath ſold him a bargain, a gooſe, that's flat:—
Sir, your penny-worth is good, an your gooſe be fat.—
To ſell a bargain well, is as cunning as faſt and looſe:
Let me ſee a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that's a fat gooſe.

Arm. Come hither, come hither: How did this argument begin?

Moth. By ſaying, that a *Coſtard* was broken in a ſhin. Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain; Thus came your argument in:
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the gooſe that you bought; And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a Coſtard broken in a ſhin?

Moth. I will tell you ſenſibly.

Cost. Thou haſt no feeling of it, Moth; I will ſpeak that *l'envoy*:—
I, Coſtard, running out, that was ſafely within,
Fell over the threſhold, and broke my ſhin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the ſhin.

Arm. Sirrah Coſtard, I will enfranchiſe thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances;—I ſmell ſome *l'envoy*, ſome gooſe, in this.

Arm. By my ſweet ſoul, I mean, ſetting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy perſon; thou wert immur'd, reſtrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me looſe.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, ſet thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impoſe on thee nothing but this: Bear this ſignificant to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; [*Giving him money.*] for the beſt ward of mine honour, is, rewarding my dependants. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

Moth. Like the ſequel, I.—Signior Coſtard, adieu.

Cost. My ſweet ounce of man's fleſh! my incony Jew! [*Exit Moth.*

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—*What's the price of this inkle? a penny:—No, I'll give you a remuneration:* why, it carries it.——Remuneration!——why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and ſell out of this word.

Enter Biron.

Biron. O, my good knave Coſtard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, ſir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, ſir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why then, three farthings worth of ſilk.

Cost. I thank your worſhip: God be with you!

Biron. O, ſtay, ſlave; I muſt employ thee:

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I ſhall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, ſir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, ſir: Fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knoweſt not what it is.

Cost. I ſhall know, ſir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou muſt know firſt.

Cost. I will come to your worſhip to-morrow morning.

Biron. It muſt be done this afternoon. Hark, ſlave, it is but this;—

The princeſs comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues ſpeak ſweetly, then they name her name,
And Roſaline they call her: aſk for her;
And to her white hand ſee thou do commend
This ſeal'd-up counſel. There's thy guerdon; go.

[*Gives him money.*

Cost. Guerdon,—O ſweet guerdon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: Moſt ſweet guerdon!—I will do it, ſir, in print.—Guerdon—remuneration. [*Exit.*

Biron. O!—And I, forſooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humorous ſigh;
A critick; nay, a night-watch conſtable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal ſo magnificent!
This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This ſenior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love-rhimes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed ſovereign of ſighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Sole imperator, and great general

Of trotting paritors,—O my little heart!—
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
What? I! I love! I ſue! I ſeek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing; ever out of frame;
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may ſtill go right?
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worſt of all;
And, among three, to love the worſt of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls ſtuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
And I to ſigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impoſe for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, ſigh, pray, ſue, and groan;
Some men muſt love my lady, and ſome Joan. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Another part of the ſame.

Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, *Lords, Attendants, and a Foreſter.*

PRIN. Was that the king, that ſpurr'd his horſe ſo hard
Againſt the ſteep upriſing of the hill?

BOYET. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

PRIN. Whoe'er he was, he ſhow'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we ſhall have our deſpatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.—
Then, foreſter, my friend, where is the buſh,

That we muſt ſtand and play the murderer in?
For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A ſtand, where you may make the faireſt ſhoot.
Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that ſhoot,
And thereupon thou ſpeak'ſt, the faireſt ſhoot.
For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not ſo.
Prin. What, what? firſt praiſe me, and again ſay, no?
O ſhort-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!
For. Yes, madam, fair.
Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praiſe cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glaſs, take this for telling true;
[*Giving him money.*
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
Prin. See, ſee, my beauty will be ſav'd by merit.
O hereſy in fair, fit for theſe days!
A giving hand, though foul, ſhall have fair praiſe.—
But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,
And ſhooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I ſave my credit in the ſhoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to ſhow my ſkill,
That more for praiſe, than purpoſe, meant to kill.
And, out of queſtion, ſo it is ſometimes;
Glory grows guilty of deteſted crimes;
When, for fame's ſake, for praiſe, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart:
As I, for praiſe alone, now ſeek to ſpill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.
Boyet. Do not curſt wives hold that ſelf-ſovereignty
Only for praiſe' ſake, when they ſtrive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

PRIN. Only for praiſe: and praiſe we may afford
To any lady that ſubdues a lord.

Enter COSTARD.

PRIN. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

COST. God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?

PRIN. Thou ſhalt know her, fellow, by the reſt that have no heads.

COST. Which is the greateſt lady, the higheſt?

PRIN. The thickeſt, and the talleſt. [truth.

COST. The thickeſt, and the talleſt! it is ſo; truth is
An your waiſt, miſtreſs, were as ſlender as my wit,
One of theſe maids' girdles for your waiſt ſhould be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickeſt here.

PRIN. What's your will, ſir? what's your will?

COST. I have a letter from monſieur Biron to one lady Roſaline. [mine:

PRIN. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend of
Stand aſide, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.

BOYET. I am bound to ſerve.—
This letter is miſtook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

PRIN. We will read it, I ſwear:
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

BOYET. [reads.] *By heaven, that thou art fair, is moſt infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itſelf, that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itſelf, have commiſeration on thy heroical vaſſal! The magnanimous and moſt illuſtrate king* Cophetua *ſet eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar* Zenelophon; *and he it was that might rightly ſay,* veni, vidi, vici; *which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O baſe and obſcure vulgar!)* vi-

delicet, *he came, ſaw, and overcame: he came, one; ſaw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king? why did he come? to ſee; Why did he ſee? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar: What ſaw he? the beggar; Who overcame he? the beggar: The concluſion is victory; On whoſe ſide? the king's: the captive is enrich'd; On whoſe ſide? the beggar's; The cataſtrophe is a nuptial; On whoſe ſide? the king's?—no; on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for ſo ſtands the compariſon: thou the beggar; for ſo witneſſeth thy lowlineſs. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What ſhalt thou exchange for rags? robes; For tittles? titles; For thyſelf? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.*

Thine, in the deareſt deſign of induſtry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus doſt thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainſt thee, thou lamb, that ſtandeſt as his prey;
Submiſſive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou ſtrive, poor ſoul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repaſture for his den.

PRIN. What plume of feathers is he, that indited this letter?
What vane? what weather-cock? Did you ever hear better?

BOYET. I am much deceived, but I remember the ſtyle.

PRIN. Elſe your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

BOYET. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;
A phantaſm, a Monarcho; and one that makes ſport
To the prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom ſhould'ſt thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord, to which lady?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good maſter of mine,
To a lady of France, that he call'd Roſaline.

Prin. Thou haſt miſtaken his letter. Come, lords, away.
Here, ſweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day.
[*Exit Princess and Train.*

Boyet. Who is the ſuitor? who is the ſuitor?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, ſhe that bears the bow.
Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miſcarry.
Finely put on!

Ros. Well then, I am the ſhooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

Ros. If we chooſe by the horns, yourſelf; come near.
Finely put on, indeed!—

Mar. You ſtill wrangle with her, Boyet, and ſhe ſtrikes at the brow.

Boyet. But ſhe herſelf is hit lower: Have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old ſaying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may anſwer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. *Thou can'ſt not hit it, hit it, hit it,* [ſinging.
Thou can'ſt not hit it, my good man.

BOYET. *An I cannot, cannot, cannot,*
An I cannot, another can.

[*Exeunt Ros. and KAT.*

COST. By my troth, moſt pleaſant! how both did fit it!

MAR. A mark marvellous well ſhot; for they both did hit it.

BOYET. A mark! O, mark but that mark; A mark, ſays my lady!
Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

MAR. Wide o' the bow hand! I'faith, your hand is out.

COST. Indeed, a' muſt ſhoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

BOYET. An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand is in.

COST. Then will ſhe get the upſhot by cleaving the pin.

MAR. Come, come, you talk greaſily, your lips grow foul.

COST. She's too hard for you at pricks, ſir; challenge her to bowl.

BOYET. I fear too much rubbing; Good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt BOYET and MARIA.*

COST. By my ſoul, a ſwain! a moſt ſimple clown!
Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, moſt ſweet jeſts! moſt incony vulgar wit!
When it comes ſo ſmoothly off, ſo obſcenely, as it were, ſo fit.
Armatho o' the one ſide,—O, a moſt dainty man!
To ſee him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!
To ſee him kiſs his hand! and how moſt ſweetly a' will ſwear!—

And his page o' t'other ſide, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a moſt pathetical nit!
Sola, ſola! [*Shouting within.*
[*Exit* COSTARD, *running.*

SCENE II. The ſame.

Enter HOLOFERNES, *Sir* NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

Nath. Very reverent ſport, truly; and done in the teſtimony of a good conſcience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, in *ſanguis*,—blood; ripe as a pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cœlo*,—the ſky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra*,—the ſoil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, maſter Holofernes, the epithets are ſweetly varied, like a ſcholar at the leaſt: But, ſir, I aſſure ye, it was a buck of the firſt head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo.*

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Moſt barbarous intimation! yet a kind of inſinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *oſtentare*, to ſhow, as it were, his inclination,—after his undreſſed, unpoliſhed, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, rathereſt, unconfirmed faſhion,—to inſert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I ſaid, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice ſod ſimplicity, *bis coctus!*—O thou monſter ignorance, how deformed doſt thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not repleniſhed; he is only an animal, only ſenſible in the duller parts;

And ſuch barren plants are ſet before us, that we thankful ſhould be
(Which we of taſte and feeling are) for thoſe parts that do fructify in us more than he.
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiſcreet, or a fool,
So, were there a patch ſet on learning, to ſee him in a ſchool:
But, *omne bene*, ſay I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, good man Dull; Dictynna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam was no more;
And raught not to five weeks, when he came to fiveſcore.
The alluſion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true, indeed, the colluſion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I ſay, the alluſion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I ſay the polluſion holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I ſay beſide, that 'twas a pricket that the princeſs kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princeſs kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. Perge, good maſter Holofernes, *perge;* ſo it ſhall pleaſe you to abrogate ſcurrility.

Hol. I will ſomething affect the letter; for it argues facility.

The praiſeful princeſs pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleaſing pricket; [*ſhooting.*

Some ſay, a ſore; but not a ſore, till now made ſore with
The dogs did yell; put l to ſore, then ſorel jumps from thicket;
Or pricket, ſore, or elſe ſorel; the people fall a hooting.
If ſore be ſore, then L to ſore makes fifty ſores; O ſore L!
Of one ſore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, ſimple, ſimple; a fooliſh extravagant ſpirit, full of forms, figures, ſhapes, objects, ideas, apprehenſions, motions, revolutions: theſe are begot in the ventricle of memory, nouriſhed in the womb of *pia mater*, and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occaſion: But the gift is good in thoſe in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praiſe the Lord for you; and ſo may my pariſhioners; for their ſons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. Mebercle, if their ſons be ingenious, they ſhall want no inſtruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: But, *vir ſapit, qui pauca loquitur:* a ſoul feminine ſaluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, maſter perſon.

Hol. Maſter perſon,—*quaſi* perſ-on. And if one ſhould be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, maſter ſchoolmaſter, he that is likeſt to a hogſhead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogſhead! a good luſtre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for flint, pearl enough for a ſwine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good maſter parſon, be ſo good as read me this letter; it was given me by Coſtard, and ſent me from Don Armatho: I beſeech you, read it.

Hol. Fauſte, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne ſub umbrâ Ruminat,—and ſo forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may ſpeak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice;

——*Vincgia, Vinegia,*
Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who underſtandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, ſol, la, mi, fa.*—Under pardon, ſir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace ſays in his—What, my ſoul, verſes?

Nath. Ay, ſir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a ſtaff, a ſtanza, a verſe; *Lege, domine.*

Nath. If love make me foreſworn, how ſhall I ſwear to love,
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!
Though to myſelf forſworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Thoſe thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like oſiers bowed.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;
Where all thoſe pleaſures live, that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee ſhall ſuffice;
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend:
All ignorant that ſoul, that ſees thee without wonder;
(Which is to me ſome praiſe, that I thy parts admire;)

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is muſick, and ſweet fire.
Celeſtial, as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,
That ſingsheaven's praiſe withſuchanearthlytongue!

Hol. You find not the apoſtrophes, and ſo miſs the accent: let me ſupervize the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poeſy, *caret.* Ovidius Naſo was the man: and why, indeed Naſo; but for ſmelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari*, is nothing: ſo doth the hound his maſter, the ape his keeper, the tired horſe his rider. But, damoſella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, ſir, from one monſieur Biron, one of the ſtrange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the ſuperſcript. *To the ſnow-white hand of the moſt beauteous Lady Roſaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the perſon written unto:

Your Ladyſhip's in all deſired employment, *Biron.*

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a ſequent of the ſtranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progreſſion, hath miſcarried.—Trip and go my ſweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu. [life!

Jaq. Good Coſtard, go with me.—Sir, God ſave your

Coſt. Have with thee, my girl. [*Exeunt Coſt. and Jaq.*

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiouſly; and, as a certain father ſaith——

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable

colours. But, to return to the verſes; Did they pleaſe you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if, before repaſt, it ſhall pleaſe you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foreſaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto;* where I will prove thoſe verſes to be very unlearned, neither ſavouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beſeech your ſociety.

Nath. And thank you too: for ſociety, (ſaith the text,) is the happineſs of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text moſt infallibly concludes it.—Sir, [*To Dull.*] I do invite you too; you ſhall not ſay me, nay: *pauca verba.* Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Another part of the ſame.

Enter Biron with a paper.

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am courſing myſelf: they have pitch'd a toil; I am toiling in a pitch; pitch, that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, Set thee down, ſorrow! for ſo, they ſay, the fool ſaid, and ſo ſay I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills ſheep; it kills me, I a ſheep: Well proved again on my ſide! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to me melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, ſhe hath one o' my ſonnets already; the clown bore it, the

fool ſent it, and the lady hath it: ſweet clown, ſweeter fool, ſweeteſt lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan! [*Gets up into a tree.*

Enter the KING, *with a paper.*

King. Ah me!

Biron. [*aſide.*] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, ſweet Cupid; thou haſt thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap:—I'faith ſecrets.—

King. [reads.] *So ſweet a kiſs the golden ſun gives not*
To thoſe freſh morning drops upon the roſe,
As thy eye-beams, when their freſh rays have ſmote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor ſhines the ſilver moon one half ſo bright
Through the tranſparent boſom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou ſhin'ſt in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,
So rideſt thou triumphing in my woe;
Do but behold the tears that ſwell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will ſhow:
But do not love thyſelf; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glaſſes, and ſtill make me weep.
O queen of queens, how far doſt thou excel!
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—

How ſhall ſhe know my griefs? I'll drop the paper; Sweet leaves, ſhade folly. Who is he comes here? [*Steps aſide.*

Enter LONGAVILLE, *with a paper.*

What, Longaville! and reading! liſten, ear,

Biron. Now, in thy likeneſs, one more fool, appear! [*Aſide.*

Long. Ah me! I am forſworn. [*Aſide.*

Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers. [*Aſide.*

King. In love, I hope; Sweet fellowſhip in ſhame! [*Aſide.*

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name. [*Aſide.*

Long. Am I the firſt that have been perjur'd ſo? [*Aſide.*

Biron. I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I know: [*Aſide.*

Thou mak'ſt the triumviry, the corner-cap of ſociety,
The ſhape of love's Tyburn that hangs up ſimplicity.

Long. I fear, theſe ſtubborn lines lack power to move:
O ſweet Maria, empreſs of my love!
Theſe numbers will I tear, and write in proſe.

Biron. O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hoſe: [*Aſide.*

Diſfigure not his ſlop.

Long. This ſame ſhall go.— [*He reads the ſonnet.*

Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye
('Gainſt whom the world cannot hold argument,)
Perſuade my heart to this falſe perjury?
Vows, for thee broke, deſerve not puniſhment.
A woman I forſwore; but, I will prove,
Thou being a goddeſs, I forſwore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all diſgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair ſun, which on my earth doſt ſhine,
Exhal'ſt this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine;
If by me broke, What fool is not ſo wiſe,
To loſe an oath to win a paradiſe? [fleſh a deity;

Biron. [*Aſide.*] This is the liver vein, which makes
A green gooſe, a goddeſs: pure, pure idolatry.

God amend us, God amend! we are much out o'the way.

Enter DUMAIN, *with a paper.*

LONG. By whom ſhall I ſend this?—Company! ſtay. [*Stepping aſide.*

BIRON. [*Aſide.*] All hid, all hid, an old infant play:
Like a demi-god here ſit I in the ſky,
And wretched fools' ſecrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More ſacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wiſh;
Dumain transform'd: four woodcocks in a diſh!

DUM. O moſt divine Kate!

BIRON. O moſt prophane coxcomb! [*Aſide.*

DUM. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

BIRON. By earth, ſhe is but corporal; there you lie. [*Aſide.*

DUM. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.

BIRON. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. [*Aſide.*

DUM. As upright as the cedar.

BIRON. Stoop, I ſay;
Her ſhoulder is with child. [*Aſide.*

DUM. As fair as day.

BIRON. Ay, as ſome days; but then no ſun muſt ſhine. [*Aſide.*

DUM. O that I had my wiſh!

LONG. And I had mine! [*Aſide.*

KING. And I mine too, good Lord! [*Aſide.*

BIRON. Amen, ſo I had mine: Is not that a good word? [*Aſide.*

DUM. I would forget her; but a fever ſhe
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

BIRON. A fever in your blood! why, then inciſion
Would let her out in ſaucers; Sweet miſpriſion! [*Aſide.*

DUM. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

BIRON. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit. [*Aſide.*

DUM. *On a day, (alack the day!)*
Love, whoſe month is ever May,
Spied a bloſſom, paſſing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unſeen, 'gan paſſage find;
That the lover, ſick to death,
Wiſh'd himſelf the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, *thy cheeks may blow;*
Air, would I might triumph ſo!
But alack, my hand is ſworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;
Youth ſo apt to pluck a ſweet.
Do not call it ſin in me,
That I am forſworn for thee:
Thou for whom even Jove would ſwear,
Juno but an Ethiop were;
And deny himſelf for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.—
This will I ſend; and ſomething elſe more plain,
That ſhall expreſs my true love's faſting pain.
O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

LONG. Dumain, [*advancing.*] thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief deſir'ſt ſociety:
You may look pale, but I ſhould bluſh, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken napping ſo.

KING. Come, ſir, [*advancing.*] you bluſh; as his your caſe is ſuch;
You chide at him, offending twice as much:

You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never ſonnet for her ſake compile;
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving boſom, to keep down his heart.
I have been cloſely ſhrouded in this buſh,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did bluſh.
I heard your guilty rhymes, obſerv'd your faſhion;
Saw ſighs reek from you, noted well your paſſion:
Ah me! ſays one; O Jove! the other cries;
One, her hairs were gold, cryſtal the other's eyes:
You would for paradiſe break faith and troth; [*To* LONG.
And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.
[*To* DUMAIN.
What will Birón ſay, when that he ſhall hear
A faith infring'd, which ſuch a zeal did ſwear?
How will he ſcorn? how will he ſpend his wit?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that ever I did ſee,
I would not have him know ſo much by me.

BIRON. Now ſtep I forth to whip hypocriſy.—
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me:
[*Deſcends from the tree.*
Good heart, what grace haſt thou, thus to reprove
Theſe worms for loving, that art moſt in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears,
There is no certain princeſs that appears:
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tuſh, none but minſtrels like of ſonneting.
But are you not aſham'd? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'er-ſhot?
You found his mote; the king your mote did ſee;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a ſcene of fooſery I have ſeen,

Of ſighs, of groans, of ſorrow, and of teen!
O me, with what ſtrict patience have I ſat,
To ſee a king transformed to a gnat!
To ſee great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Neſtor play at puſh-pin with the boys,
And critick Timon laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain?
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breaſt:—
A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jeſt.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you;
I, that am honeſt; I, that hold it ſin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With moon-like men, of ſtrange inconſtancy.
When ſhall you ſee me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for Joan? or ſpend a minute's time
In pruning me? When ſhall you hear that I
Will praiſe a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a ſtate, a brow, a breaſt, a waiſt,
A leg, a limb?—

King. Soft; Whither away ſo faſt?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops ſo?

Biron. I poſt from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

Jaq. God bleſs the king!

King. What preſent haſt thou there?

Cost. Some certain treaſon.

King. What makes treaſon here?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, ſir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treaſon, and you, go in peace away together.
Jaq. I beſeech your grace, let this letter be read;
Our parſon miſdoubts it; 'twas treaſon, he ſaid.
King. Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the letter.*
Where hadſt thou it?
Jaq. Of Coſtard.
King. Where hadſt thou it?
Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.
King. How now! what is in you? why doſt thou tear it?
Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs not fear it. [hear it.
Long. It did move him to paſſion, and therefore let's
Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.
[*Picks up the pieces.*
Biron. Ah, you whoreſon loggerhead, [*To Costard.*] you were born to do me ſhame.—
Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confeſs, I confeſs.
King. What? [up the meſs:
Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make
He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purſes in love, and we deſerve to die.
O, diſmiſs this audience, and I ſhall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is even.
Biron. True true; we are four:—
Will theſe turtles be gone?
King. Hence, ſirs; away.
Cost. Walk aſide the true folk, and let the traitors ſtay.
[*Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.*
Biron. Sweet lords, ſweet lovers, O let us embrace!
As true we are, as fleſh and blood can be:
The ſea will ebb and flow, heaven ſhow his face;
Young blood will not obey an old decree:

We cannot croſs the cauſe why we were born;
Therefore, of all hands muſt we be forſworn. [thine?
King. What, did theſe rent lines ſhow ſome love of
Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who ſees the heavenly Roſaline,
That, like a rude and ſavage man of Inde,
At the firſt opening of the gorgeous eaſt,
Bows not his vaſſal head; and, ſtrucken blind,
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt?
What peremptory eagle-ſighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majeſty?
King. What zeal, what fury hath inſpir'd thee now?
My love, her miſtreſs, is a gracious moon;
She, an attending ſtar, ſcarce ſeen a light.
Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Birón:
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
Of all complexions the cull'd ſovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
Where ſeveral worthies make one dignity;
Where nothing wants, that want itſelf doth ſeek.
Lend me the flouriſh of all gentle tongues,—
Fie, painted rhetorick! O, ſhe needs it not:
To things of ſale a ſeller's praiſe belongs;
She paſſes praiſe; then praiſe too ſhort doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, five-ſcore winters worn,
Might ſhake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varniſh age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
O, 'tis the ſun, that maketh all things ſhine!
King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of ſuch wood were felicity.

), who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may ſwear, beauty doth beauty lack,
f that ſhe learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair, that is not full ſo black.
King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the ſcowl of night;
And beauty's creſt becomes the heavens well.
Biron. Devils ſooneſt tempt, reſembling ſpirits of light
), if in black my lady's brows be deckt,
It mourns, that painting, and uſurping hair,
Should raviſh doters with a falſe aſpect;
And therefore is ſhe born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the faſhion of the days;
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid diſpraiſe,
Paints itſelf black, to imitate her brow.
Dum. To look like her, are chimney-ſweepers black.
Long. And, ſince her time, are colliers counted bright.
King. And Ethiops of their ſweet complexion crack.
Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.
Biron. Your miſtreſſes dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours ſhould be waſh'd away.
King. 'Twere good, yours did; for, ſir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not waſh'd to-day.
Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day here.
King. No devil will fright thee then ſo much as ſhe.
Dum. I never knew man hold vile ſtuff ſo dear.
Long. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face ſee.
[*Showing his ſhoe.*
Biron. O, if the ſtreets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for ſuch tread!
Dum. O vile! then as ſhe goes, what upward lies
The ſtreet ſhould ſee as ſhe walk'd over head.

King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?
Biron. O, nothing ſo ſure; and thereby all forſworn.
King. Then leave this chat; and, good Birón, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
Dum. Ay, marry, there;—ſome flattery for this evil.
Long. O, ſome authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, ſome quillets, how to cheat the devil.
Dum. Some ſalve for perjury.
Biron. O, 'tis more than need!
Have at you then, affection's men at arms:
Conſider, what you firſt did ſwear unto;—
To faſt,—to ſtudy,—and to ſee no woman;—
Flat treaſon 'gainſt the kingly ſtate of youth.
Say, can you faſt? your ſtomachs are too young;
And abſtinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to ſtudy, lords,
In that each of you hath forſworn his book:
Can you ſtill dream, and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of ſtudy's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They are the ground, the books, the academes,
From whence doth ſpring the true Promethean fire.
Why, univerſal plodding priſons up
The nimble ſpirits in the arteries;
As motion, and long-during action, tires
The ſinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forſworn the uſe of eyes;
And ſtudy too, the cauſer of your vow:
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches ſuch beauty as a woman's eye?

Learning is but an adjunct to ourſelf,
And where we are, our learning likewiſe is.
Then, when ourſelves we ſee in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewiſe ſee our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to ſtudy, lords;
And in that vow we have forſworn our books;
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other ſlow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practiſers,
Scarce ſhow a harveſt of their heavy toil:
But love, firſt learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courſes as ſwift as thought in every power;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious ſeeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the loweſt ſound,
When the ſuſpicious head of theft is ſtopp'd;
Love's feeling is more ſoft, and ſenſible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled ſnails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus groſs in taſte:
For valour, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Heſperides?
Subtle as ſphinx; as ſweet, and muſical,
As bright Apollo's lute, ſtrung with his hair;
And, when love ſpeaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowſy with the harmony.
Never durſt poet touch a pen to write,

....

Until his ink were temper'd with love's ſighs;
O, then his lines would raviſh ſavage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They ſparkle ſtill the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That ſhow, contain, and nouriſh all the world;
Elſe, none at all in aught proves excellent:
Then fools you were, theſe women to forſwear;
Or, keeping what is ſworn, you will prove fools.
For wiſdom's ſake, a word that all men love;
Or for love's ſake, a word that loves all men;
Or for men's ſake, the authors of theſe women;
Or women's ſake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once loſe our oaths, to find ourſelves,
Or elſe we loſe ourſelves to keep our oaths:
It is religion, to be thus forſworn:
For charity itſelf fulfils the law;
And who can ſever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, ſoldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your ſtandards, and upon them, lords;
Pell-mell, down with them! but be firſt advis'd,
In conflict that you get the ſun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay theſe glozes by:
Shall we reſolve to woo theſe girls of France?

King. And win them too: therefore let us deviſe
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. Firſt, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair miſtreſs: in the afternoon
We will with ſome ſtrange paſtime ſolace them,
Such as the ſhortneſs of the time can ſhape;

For revels, dances, maſks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair Love, ſtrewing her way with flowers.
King. Away, away! no time ſhall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.
Biron. Allons! Allons!—Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;
And juſtice always whirls in equal meaſure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forſworn;
If ſo, our copper buys no better treaſure. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Another part of the ſame.

Enter Holofernes, *Sir* Nathaniel, *and* Dull.

Hol. Satis quod ſufficit.

Nath. I praiſe God for you, ſir: your reaſons at dinner have been ſharp and ſententious; pleaſant without ſcurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and ſtrange without hereſy. I did converſe this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te: His humour is lofty, his diſcourſe peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majeſtical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thraſonical. He is too picked, too ſpruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A moſt ſingular and choice epithet.

[*Takes out his table-book.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verboſity finer than the ſtaple of his argument. I abhor ſuch fanatical phantaſms, ſuch inſociable and point-deviſe companions; ſuch rackers of orthography, as to ſpeak, dout, fine, when

he ſhould ſay, doubt; det, when he ſhould pronounce, debt; d, e, b, t; not, d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, *vocatur*, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abhominable, (which he would call abominable,) it inſinuateth me of inſanie; *Ne intelligis domine?* to make frantick, lunatick.

Nath. Laus deo, bone intelligo.

Hol. Bone?—bone, for *bene*: *Priſcian* a little ſcratch'd; 'twill ſerve.

Enter Armado, Moth, and Costard.

Nath. Videſne quis venit?

Hol. Video & gaudeo.

Arm. Chirra! [*To Moth.*

Hol. Quare Chirra, not ſirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Moſt military ſir, ſalutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feaſt of languages, and ſtolen the ſcraps. [*To Costard aſide.*

Cost. O, they have lived long on the alms-baſket of words! I marvel, thy maſter hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not ſo long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*: thou art eaſier ſwallowed than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace; the peal begins.

Arm. Monſieur, [*To Hol.*] are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches the boys the hornbook:—What is a, b, ſpelt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, moſt ſilly ſheep, with a horn:—You hear his learning.

Hol. Quis, quis, thou conſonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

Moth. The ſheep: the other two concludes it; o, u.

Arm. Now, by the ſalt wave of the Mediterraneum, a ſweet touch, a quick venew of wit: ſnip, ſnap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou diſputeſt like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circùm circà;* A gig of a cuckold's horn!

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou ſhouldſt have it to buy ginger-bread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy maſter, thou half-penny purſe of wit, thou pigeon-egg of diſcretion. O, an the heavens were ſo pleaſed, that thou wert but my baſtard! what a joyful father wouldſt thou make me! Go to; thou haſt it *ad dunghill,* at the finger's ends, as they ſay.

Hol. O, I ſmell falſe Latin; dunghill for *unguem.*

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula;* we will be ſingled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-houſe on the top of the mountain!

Hol. Or, *mons,* the hill.

Arm. At your ſweet pleaſure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, ſans queſtion.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's moſt ſweet pleaſure and affection, to congratulate the princeſs at her pavilion, in the poſteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon.

Hol. The poſterior of the day, moſt generous ſir, is liable, congruent, and meaſurable for the afternoon: the

word is well cull'd, choſe; ſweet and apt, I do aſſure you, ſir, I do aſſure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do aſſure you, very good friend:—For what is inward between us, let it paſs:—I do beſeech thee, remember thy courteſy; I beſeech thee, apparel thy head:—and among other importunate and moſt ſerious deſigns,—and of great import indeed, too;—but let that paſs:—for I muſt tell thee, it will pleaſe his grace (by the world) ſometime to lean upon my poor ſhoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my muſtachio: but ſweet heart, let that paſs. By the world, I recount no fable; ſome certain ſpecial honours it pleaſeth his greatneſs to impart to Armado, a ſoldier, a man of travel, that hath ſeen the world: but let that paſs.—The very all of all is,—but, ſweet heart, I do implore ſecrecy,—that the king would have me preſent the princeſs, ſweet chuck, with ſome delightful oſtentation, or ſhow, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, underſtanding that the curate, and your ſweet ſelf, are good at ſuch eruptions, and ſudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your aſſiſtance.

Hol. Sir, you ſhall preſent before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning ſome entertainment of time, ſome ſhow in the poſterior of this day, to be render'd by our aſſiſtance,—the king's command, and this moſt gallant, illuſtrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princeſs; I ſay, none ſo fit as to preſent the nine worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to preſent them?

Hol. Joſhua, yourſelf; myſelf, or this gallant gentle-

man; Judas Maccabæus; this ſwain, becauſe of his great limb or joint, ſhall paſs Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, ſir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not ſo big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he ſhall preſent Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* ſhall be ſtrangling a ſnake; and I will have an apology for that purpoſe.

Moth. An excellent device! ſo, if any of the audience hiſs, you may cry: *well done, Hercules! now thou cruſheſt the ſnake!* that is the way to make an offence gracious; though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the reſt of the worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myſelf.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antick. I beſeech you, follow.

Hol. Via, goodman Dull! thou haſt ſpoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor underſtood none neither, ſir.

Hol. Allons! we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or ſo; or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Moſt dull, honeſt Dull, to our ſport, away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Another part of the ſame. Before the PRINCESS'S *Pavilion.*

Enter the PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, *and* MARIA.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we ſhall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—
Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing elſe along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme,
As would be cramm'd up in a ſheet of paper,
Writ on both ſides the leaf, margent and all;
That he was fain to ſeal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his god-head wax;
For he hath been five thouſand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a ſhrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your ſiſter.

Kath. He made her melancholy, ſad and heavy;
And ſo ſhe died: had ſhe been light, like you,
Of ſuch a merry, nimble, ſtirring ſpirit,
She might have been a grandam ere ſhe died:
And ſo may you; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouſe, of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll mar the light, by taking it in ſnuff;
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look what you do, you do it ſtill i' the dark.

Kath. So do not you; for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not,—O, that's you care not for me.

Ros. Great reaſon; for, Paſt cure is ſtill paſt care.

Prin. Well bandied both; a ſet of wit well play'd.
But Roſaline, you have a favour too:
Who ſent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would, you knew:
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witneſs this.
Nay, I have verſes too, I thank Birón:
The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,
I were the faireſt goddeſs on the ground:
I am compar'd to twenty thouſand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!
Prin. Any thing like?
Ros. Much, in the letters; nothing, in the praiſe.
Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good concluſion.
Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.
Ros. 'Ware pencils! How? let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter:
O, that your face were not ſo full of O's!
Kath. A pox of that jeſt! and beſhrew all ſhrows!
Prin. But what was ſent to you from fair Dumain?
Kath. Madam, this glove.
Prin. Did he not ſend you twain?
Kath. Yes, madam; and moreover,
Some thouſand verſes of a faithful lover:
A huge tranſlation of hypocriſy.
Vilely compil'd, profound ſimplicity.
Mar. This, and theſe pearls, to me ſent Longaville;
The letter is too long by half a mile.
Prin. I think no leſs; Doſt thou not wiſh in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter ſhort?
Mar. Ay, or I would theſe hands might never part.
Prin. We are wiſe girls, to mock our lovers ſo.
Ros. They are worſe fools, to purchaſe mocking ſo.
That ſame Birón I'll torture ere I go.
O, that I knew he were but in by the week!
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and ſeek;

And wait the ſeaſon, and obſerve the times,
And ſpend his prodigal wits in bootleſs rhymes;
And ſhape his ſervice wholly to my beheſts;
And make him proud to make me proud that jeſts!
So portent-like would I o'erſway his ſtate,
That he ſhould be my fool, and I his fate.

PRIN. None are ſo ſurely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wiſdom hatch'd,
Hath wiſdom's warrant, and the help of ſchool;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

ROS. The blood of youth burns not with ſuch exceſs,
As gravity's revolt to wantonneſs.

MAR. Folly in fools bears not ſo ſtrong a note,
As foolery in the wiſe, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in ſimplicity.

Enter BOYET.

PRIN. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

BOYET. O, I am ſtabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace?

PRIN. Thy news, Boyet?

BOYET. Prepare, madam, prepare!—
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Againſt your peace: Love doth approach diſguis'd,
Armed in arguments; you'll be ſurpris'd:
Muſter your wits; ſtand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

PRIN. Saint Dennis to ſaint Cupid! What are they,
That charge their breath againſt us? ſay, ſcout, ſay.

BOYET. Under the cool ſhade of a ſycamore,
I thought to cloſe mine eyes ſome half an hour:
When, low! to interrupt my purpos'd reſt,
Toward that ſhade I might behold addreſt

The king and his companions: warily
I ſtole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you ſhall overhear;
That, by and by, diſguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knaviſh page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embaſſage:
Action, and accent, did they teach him there;
Thus muſt thou ſpeak, and thus thy body bear:
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Preſence majeſtical would put him out;
For, quoth the king, *an angel ſhalt thou ſee;*
Yet fear not thou, but ſpeak audaciouſly.
The boy reply'd, *An angel is not evil;*
I ſhould have fear'd her, had ſhe been a devil.
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the ſhoulder;
Making the bold wag by their praiſes bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow, thus; and fleer'd, and ſwore,
A better ſpeech was never ſpoke before:
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd, *Via! we will do't, come what will come:*
The third he caper'd, and cried, *All goes well:*
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With ſuch a zealous laughter, ſo profound,
That in this ſpleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, paſſion's ſolemn tears.

PRIN. But what, but what, come they to viſit us?

BOYET. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,—
Like Muſcovites, or Ruſſians: as I gueſs,
Their purpoſe is, to parle, to court, and dance:
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his ſeveral miſtreſs; which they'll know
By favours ſeveral, which they did beſtow.

Prin. And will they ſo? the gallants ſhall be taſk'd:—
For, ladies, we will every one be maſk'd;
And not a man of them ſhall have the grace,
Deſpite of ſuit, to ſee a lady's face.—
Hold, Roſaline, this favour thou ſhalt wear;
And then the king will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this, my ſweet, and give me thine;
So ſhall Birón take me for Roſaline.—
And change you favours too; ſo ſhall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by theſe removes.

Ros. Come on then; wear the favours moſt in ſight.

Kath. But, in this changing, what is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is, to croſs theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their ſeveral counſels they unboſom ſhall
To loves miſtook; and ſo be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occaſion that we meet,
With viſages diſplay'd, to talk, and greet.

Ros. But ſhall we dance, if they deſire us to't?

Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot:
Nor to their penn'd ſpeech render we no grace;
But, while 'tis ſpoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the ſpeaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
The reſt will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no ſuch ſport, as ſport by ſport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So ſhall we ſtay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with ſhame.

[*Trumpets ſound within.*

Boyet. The trumpet ſounds; be maſk'd, the maſkers come. [*The ladies maſk.*

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in Ruſſian habits, and maſked;* MOTH, *Muſicians, and Attendants.*

Moth. All hail, the richeſt beauties on the earth!

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.

Moth. A holy parcel of the faireſt dames, [The ladies turn their backs to him.

That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!

Biron. *Their eyes,* villain, *their eyes.*

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views! Out—

Boyet. True; *out,* indeed.

Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly ſpirits, vouchſafe Not to behold—

Biron. Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your ſun-beamed eyes, ——with your ſun-beamed eyes—

Boyet. They will not anſwer to that epithet; You were beſt call it, daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectneſs? be gone, you rogue.

Ros. What would theſe ſtrangers? know their minds, If they do ſpeak our language, 'tis our will [Boyet: That ſome plain man recount their purpoſes: Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princeſs?

Biron. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.

Ros. What would they, ſay they?

Boyet. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them ſo be gone.

Boyet. She ſays, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have meaſur'd many miles,
To tread a meaſure with her on this graſs.
Boyet. They ſay, that they have meaſur'd many a mile,
To tread a meaſure with you on this graſs.
Ros. It is not ſo: aſk them how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have meaſur'd many,
The meaſure then of one is eaſily told.
Boyet. If, to come hither you have meaſur'd miles,
And many miles; the princeſs bids you tell,
How many inches do fill up one mile.
Biron. Tell her, we meaſure them by weary ſteps.
Boyet. She hears herſelf.
Ros. How many weary ſteps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?
Biron. We number nothing that we ſpend for you;
Our duty is ſo rich, ſo infinite,
That we may do it ſtill without accompt.
Vouchſafe to ſhow the ſunſhine of your face,
That we, like ſavages, may worſhip it.
Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
King. Bleſſed are clouds, to do as ſuch clouds do!
Vouchſafe, bright moon, and theſe thy ſtars, to ſhine
(Thoſe clouds remov'd,) upon our wat'ry eyne.
Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now requeſt'ſt but moonſhine in the water.
King. Then, in our meaſure do but vouchſafe one change:
Thou bid'ſt me beg; this begging is not ſtrange.
Ros. Play, muſick, then: nay, you muſt do it ſoon.
[*Muſick plays.*
Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? How come you thus eſtrang'd?

Ros. You took the moon at full; but now ſhe's chang'd.

King. Yet ſtill ſhe is the moon, and I the man.
The muſick plays; vouchſafe ſome motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchſafe it.

King. But your legs ſhould do it.

Ros. Since you are ſtrangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.

King. Why take we hands then?

Ros. Only to part friends:—
Court'ſy, ſweet hearts; and ſo the meaſure ends.

King. More meaſure of this meaſure; be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at ſuch a price.

King. Prize you yourſelves; What buys your com-
Ros. Your abſence only. [pany?

King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and ſo adieu;
Twice to your viſor, and half once to you!

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In private then.

King. I am beſt pleas'd with that.

[*They converſe apart.*

Biron. White-handed miſtreſs, one ſweet word with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and ſugar; there is three.

Biron. Nay then, two treys, (an if you grow ſo nice,)
Metheglin, wort, and malmſey;—Well run, dice!
There's half a dozen ſweets.

Prin. Seventh ſweet, adieu!
Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

Biron. One word in ſecret.

Prin. Let it not be ſweet.

Biron. Thou griev'ſt my gall.
Prin. Gall? bitter.
Biron. Therefore meet. [*They converſe apart.*
Dum. Will you vouchſafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair lady,—
Mar. Say you ſo? Fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady.
Dum. Pleaſe it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.
[*They converſe apart.*
Kath. What, was your viſor made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reaſon, lady, why you aſk.
Kath. O, for your reaſon! quickly, ſir; I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your maſk,
And would afford my ſpeechleſs viſor half.
Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman;—Is not veal a calf?
Long. A calf, fair lady?
Kath. No, a fair lord calf.
Long. Let's part the word.
Kath. No, I'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.
Long. Look, how you butt yourſelf in theſe ſharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaſte lady? do not ſo.
Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
Long. One word in private with you, e'er I die.
Kath. Bleat ſoftly then, the butcher hears you cry.
[*They converſe apart.*
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge inviſible,
Cutting a ſmaller hair than may be ſeen;
Above the ſenſe of ſenſe: ſo ſenſible

Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, ſwifter things.
Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.
Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure ſcoff!
King. Farewel, mad wenches; you have ſimple wits.
[*Exeunt King, Lords, Moth, Muſick, and Attendants.*
Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muſcovites.—
Are theſe the breed of wit ſo wonder'd at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your ſweet breaths puff'd out.
Ros. Well-liking wits they have; groſs, groſs, fat, fat.
Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
Will they not, think you, hang themſelves to-night?
Or ever, but in viſors, ſhow their faces?
This pert Birón was out of countenance quite.
Ros. O! they were all in lamentable caſes!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.
Prin. Birón did ſwear himſelf out of all ſuit.
Mar. Dumain was at my ſervice, and his ſword:
No *point*, quoth I; my ſervant ſtraight was mute.
Kath. Lord Longaville ſaid, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you, what he call'd me?
Prin. Qualm, perhaps.
Kath. Yes, in good faith.
Prin. Go, ſickneſs as thou art!
Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain ſtatute-caps.
But will you hear? the king is my love ſworn.
Prin. And quick Birón hath plighted faith to me.
Kath. And Longaville was for my ſervice born.
Mar. Dumain is mine, as ſure as bark on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and pretty miſtreſſes, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here

In their own ſhapes; for it can never be,
They will digeſt this harſh indignity.
Prin. Will they return?
Boyet. They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like ſweet roſes in this ſummer air.
Prin. How blow? how blow? ſpeak to be underſtood.
Boyet. Fair ladies, maſk'd, are roſes in their bud:
Diſmaſk'd, their damaſk ſweet commixture ſhown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roſes blown.
Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What ſhall we do,
If they return in their own ſhapes to woo?
Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them ſtill, as well known, as diſguis'd:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Diſguis'd like Muſcovites, in ſhapeleſs gear;
And wonder, what they were; and to what end
Their ſhallow ſhows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage ſo ridiculous,
Should be preſented at our tent to us.
Boyet. Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.
Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.
[*Exeunt* Princess, Ros. Kath. *and* Maria.
Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, *and* Dumain, *in their proper habits.*
King. Fair ſir, God ſave you! Where is the princeſs?
Boyet. Gone to her tent: Pleaſe it your majeſty,
Command me any ſervice to her thither?
King. That ſhe vouchſafe me audience for one word.
Boyet. I will; and ſo will ſhe, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*
Biron. This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas;
And utters it again when God doth pleaſe;

He is wit's pedler; and retails his wares
At wakes, and waſſels, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that ſell by groſs, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with ſuch ſhow.
This gallant pins the wenches on his ſleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:
He can carve too, and liſp: Why, this is he,
That kiſs'd away his hand in courteſy;
This is the ape of form, monſieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms; nay, he can ſing
A mean moſt meanly; and, in uſhering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, ſweet;
The ſtairs, as he treads on them, kiſs his feet:
This is the flower that ſmiles on every one,
To ſhow his teeth as white as whales bone:
And conſciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A bliſter on his ſweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

Enter the PRINCESS, *uſher'd by* BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, *and Attendants.*

Biron. See where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou,
Till this man ſhow'd thee? and what art thou now?

King. All hail, ſweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Conſtrue my ſpeeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wiſh me better, I will give you leave.

King. We came to viſit you; and purpoſe now
To lead you to our court: vouchſafe it then.

Prin. This field ſhall hold me; and ſo hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
The virtue of your eye muſt break my oath.
Prin. You nick-name virtue: vice you ſhould have
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth. [ſpoke;
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unſullied lily, I proteſt,
A world of torments though I ſhould endure,
I would not yield to be your houſe's gueſt:
So much I hate a breaking-cauſe to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.
King. O, you have liv'd in deſolation here,
Unſeen, unviſited, much to our ſhame.
Prin. Not ſo, my lord; it is not ſo, I ſwear;
We have had paſtimes here, and pleaſant game;
A meſs of Ruſſians left us but of late.
King. How, madam? Ruſſians?
Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtſhip, and of ſtate.
Ros. Madam, ſpeak true:—It is not ſo my lord;
My lady, (to the manner of the days,)
In courteſy, gives undeſerving praiſe.
We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Ruſſian habit: here they ſtay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bleſs us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirſty, fools would fain have drink.
Biron. This jeſt is dry to me.—Fair, gentle ſweet,
Your wit makes wiſe things fooliſh: when we greet
With eyes beſt ſeeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we loſe light: Your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge ſtore
Wiſe things ſeem fooliſh, and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wiſe and rich; for in my eye,—
Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.
Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to ſnatch words from my tongue.
Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I poſſeſs.
Ros. All the fool mine?
Biron. I cannot give you leſs.
Ros. Which of the viſors was it, that you wore?
Biron. Where? when? what viſor? why demand you this?
Ros. There, then, that viſor; that ſuperfluous caſe,
That hid the worſe, and ſhow'd the better face.
King. We are deſcried: they'll mock us now downright.
Dum. Let us confeſs, and turn it to a jeſt.
Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your highneſs ſad?
Ros. Help, hold his brows! he'll ſwoon! Why look you pale?—
Sea-ſick, I think, coming from Muſcovy.
Biron. Thus pour the ſtars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of braſs hold longer out?—
Here ſtand I, lady; dart thy ſkill at me;
Bruiſe me with ſcorn, confound me with a flout;
Thruſt thy ſharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wiſh thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Ruſſian habit wait.
O! never will I truſt to ſpeeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a ſchool-boy's tongue;
Nor never come in viſor to my friend;
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's ſong:
Taffata phraſes, ſilken terms preciſe,
Three-pil'd hyperboles, ſpruce affectation,
Figures pedantical; theſe ſummer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot oſtentation:

I do forſwear them: and I here proteſt, [knows!
By this white glove, (how white the hand, God
Henceforth my wooing mind ſhall be expreſs'd
In ruſſet yeas, and honeſt kerſey noes:
And, to begin, wench,—ſo God help me, la!—
My love to thee is ſound, ſans crack or flaw.
Ros. Sans SANS, I pray you.
Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am ſick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us ſee;—
Write, *Lord have mercy on us*, on thoſe three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
Theſe lords are viſited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I ſee.
Prin. No, they are free, that gave theſe tokens to us.
Biron. Our ſtates are forfeit, ſeek not to undo us.
Ros. It is not ſo; For how can this be true,
That you ſtand forfeit, being thoſe that ſue?
Biron. Peace; for I will not have to do with you.
Ros. Nor ſhall not, if I do as I intend.
Biron. Speak for yourſelves, my wit is at an end.
King. Teach us, ſweet madam, for our rude tranſgreſ-
Some fair excuſe. [ſion
Prin. The faireſt is confeſſion.
Were you not here, but even now, diſguis'd?
King. Madam, I was.
Prin. And were you well advis'd?
King. I was, fair madam.
Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whiſper in your lady's ear?
King. That more than all the world I did reſpect her.
Prin. When ſhe ſhall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.
Prin. Peace, peace, forbear;
Your oath once broke, you force not to forſwear.
King. deſpiſe me, when I break this oath of mine.
Prin. I will; and therefore keep it:—Roſaline,
What did the Ruſſian whiſper in your ear?
Ros. Madam, he ſwore, that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-ſight; and did value me
Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or elſe die my lover.
Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Moſt honourably doth uphold his word.
King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never ſwore this lady ſuch an oath.
Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, ſir, again.
King. My faith, and this, the princeſs I did give;
I knew her by this jewel on her ſleeve.
Prin. Pardon, me, ſir, this jewel did ſhe wear;
And lord Birón, I thank him, is my dear:—
What; will you have me, or your pearl again?
Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.—
I ſee the trick on't;—Here was a conſent,
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment,)
To daſh it like a Chriſtmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, ſome pleaſe-man, ſome ſlight zany,
Some mumble-news, ſome trencher-knight, ſome Dick,—
That ſmiles his cheek in years; and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh, when ſhe's diſpos'd,—
Told our intents before: which once diſclos'd,
The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the ſigns, woo'd but the ſign of ſhe.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,

We are again forſworn; in will and error.
Much upon this it is:—And might not you, [*To* BOYET.
Foreſtal our ſport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the ſquire,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And ſtand between her back, ſir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jeſting merrily?
You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd;
Die when you will, a ſmock ſhall be your ſhrowd.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,
Wounds like a leaden ſword.
Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.
Biron. Lo, he is tilting ſtraight! Peace; I have done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou parteſt a fair fray.
Cost. O Lord, ſir, they would know,
Whether the three worthies ſhall come in, or no.
Biron. What, are there but three?
Cost. No, ſir; but it is vara fine,
For every one purſents three.
Biron. And three times thrice is nine. [not ſo:
Cost. Not ſo, ſir; under correction, ſir; I hope, it is
You cannot beg us, ſir, I can aſſure you, ſir; we know what we know:
I hope, ſir, three times thrice, ſir,—
Biron. Is not nine.
Cost. Under correction, ſir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.
Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.
Cost. O Lord, ſir, it were pity you ſhould get your living by reckoning, ſir.
Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, ſir, the parties themſelves, the actors, ſir, will ſhow whereuntil it doth amount: for my own part, I am, as they ſay, but to parfect one man,—e'en one poor man; Pompion the great, ſir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?

Cost. It pleaſed them, to think me worthy of Pompion the great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy; but I am to ſtand for him.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, ſir; we will take ſome care. [*Exit Costard.*

King. Birón, they will ſhame us, let them not approach. [policy

Biron. We are ſhame-proof, my lord: and 'tis ſome
To have one ſhow worſe than the king's and his company.

King. I ſay, they ſhall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now;
That ſport beſt pleaſes, that doth leaſt know how:
Where zeal ſtrives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of them which it preſents,
Their form confounded makes moſt form in mirth;
When great things labouring periſh in their birth.

Biron. A right deſcription of our ſport, my lord.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Anointed, I implore ſo much expence of thy royal ſweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[*Armado converſes with the King, and delivers him a paper.*

Prin. Doth this man ſerve God?

Biron. Why aſk you?

Prin. He ſpeaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, ſweet, honey monarch: for, I proteſt, the ſchool-maſter is exceeding fantaſtical; too, too vain; too, too vain: But we will put it, as they

ſay, to *fortuna della guerrà.* I wiſh you the peace of mind, moſt royal couplement! [*Exit* ARMADO.

King. Here is like to be a good preſence of worthies: He preſents Hector of Troy; the ſwain, Pompey the great; the pariſh curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Machabæus.
And if theſe four worthies in their firſt ſhow thrive,
Theſe four will change habits, and preſent the other five.

Biron. There is five in the firſt ſhow.

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not ſo.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-prieſt, the fool, and the boy:—
Abate a throw at novum; and the whole world again,
Cannot prick out five ſuch, take each one in his vein.

King. The ſhip is under ſail, and here ſhe comes amain.

[*Seats brought for the* KING, PRINCESS, *&c.*

Pageant of the Nine Worthies.

Enter COSTARD *arm'd, for* POMPEY.

Cost. I Pompey am,——

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am,——

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.

Biron. Well ſaid, old mocker; I muſt needs be friends with thee.

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey ſurnam'd the big,—

Dum. The great.

Cost. It is great, ſir;—*Pompey ſurnam'd the great;*
That oft in field, with targe and ſhield, did make my foe to ſweat:
And, travelling along this coaſt, I here am come by chance;
And lay my arms before the legs of this ſweet laſs of France.
If your ladyſhip would ſay *Thanks, Pompey,* I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not ſo much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect: I made a little fault in, *great.*

Biron. My hat to a half-penny, Pompey proves the beſt worthy.

Enter NATHANIEL *arm'd for* ALEXANDER.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;
By eaſt, weſt, north, and ſouth, I ſpread my conquering might:
My 'ſcutcheon plain declares, that I am Aliſander.

Boyet. Your noſe ſays, no, you are not; for it ſtands too right.

Biron. Your noſe ſmells, no, in this, moſt tender-ſmelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is diſmay'd: Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;—

Boyet. Moſt true, 'tis right; you were ſo, Aliſander.

Biron. Pompey the great,——

Cost. Your ſervant, and Coſtárd.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Aliſander.

Cost. O, ſir, [*To* NATH.] you have overthrown Aliſander the conqueror! You will be ſcraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-ax ſitting on a cloſe-ſtool, will be given to A-jax: he will be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to ſpeak! run away for ſhame, Aliſander. [*Nath. retires.*] There, an't ſhall pleaſe you; a fooliſh mild man; an honeſt man, look you, and ſoon daſh'd! He is a marvellous good neighbour, inſooth; and a very good bowler; but, for Aliſander, alas, you ſee, how 'tis;—a little o'erparted:—But there are worthies a coming will ſpeak their mind in ſome other ſort.

Prin. Stand aſide, good Pompey.

Enter HOLOFERNES *arm'd, for* JUDAS, *and* MOTH *arm'd, for* HERCULES.

Hol. Great Hercules is preſented by this imp,
Whoſe club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canus;
And, when he was a babe, a child, a ſhrimp,
Thus did he ſtrangle ſerpents in his manus:
Quoniam, *he ſeemeth in minority;*
Ergo, *I come with this apology.*—
Keep ſome ſtate in thy *exit*, and vaniſh. [*Exit* MOTH.

Hol. Judas I am,—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iſcariot, ſir.—
Judas I am, ycleped Machabæus.

Dum. Judas Machabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

Biron. A kiſſing traitor:—How art thou prov'd Judas?

Hol. Judas I am,—

Dum. The more ſhame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, ſir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himſelf.

Hol. Begin, ſir; you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Becauſe thou haſt no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, ſcarce ſeen.

Boyet. The pummel of Cæſar's faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flaſk.

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer:

And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. Falſe; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do ſo.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is, an aſs, let him go.
And ſo adieu, ſweet Jude! nay, why doſt thou ſtay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the aſs to the Jude; give it him:—Jud-as, away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for monſieur Judas: it grows dark, he may ſtumble.

Prin. Alas, poor Machabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter ARMADO *arm'd, for* HECTOR.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms. [be merry.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now

King. Hector was but a Trojan in reſpect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

Dum. I think, Hector was not ſo clean-timber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is beſt indued in the ſmall.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. *The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty, gave Hector a gift.*

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!

The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight, yea,
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower,—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I muſt rather give it the rein; for it runs againſt Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The ſweet war-man is dead and rotten; ſweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breath'd, he was a man—But I will forward with my device: Sweet royalty, [*to the Princess.*] beſtow on me the ſenſe of hearing. [*Biron whiſpers Costard.*

Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy ſweet grace's ſlipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. This Hector far ſurmounted Hannibal.—

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, ſhe is gone; ſhe is two months on her way.

Arm. What meaneſt thou?

Cost. Faith, unleſs you play the honeſt Trojan, the poor wench is caſt away: ſhe's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

Arm. Doſt thou infamonize me among potentates? thou ſhalt die.

Cost. Then ſhall Hector be whipp'd, for Jaquenetta that is quick by him; and hang'd, for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Moſt rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is mov'd:—More Ates, more Ates; ſtir them on! ſtir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will ſup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man; I'll ſlaſh; I'll do it by the ſword:—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incenſed worthies.

Cost. I'll do it in my ſhirt.

Dum. Moſt reſolute Pompey!

Moth. Maſter, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not ſee, Pompey is uncaſing for the combat? What mean you? you will loſe your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and ſoldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my ſhirt.

Dum. You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reaſon have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no ſhirt; I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen: ſince when, I'll be ſworn, he wore none, but a diſh-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that 'a wears next his heart, for a favour.

Enter MERCADE.

Mer. God ſave you, madam!

Prin. Welcome, Mercade;
But that thou interrupt'ſt our merriment.
Mer. I am ſorry, madam; for the news I bring,
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—
Prin. Dead, for my life.
Mer. Even ſo; my tale is told.
Biron. Worthies, away; the ſcene begins to cloud.
Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath: I have ſeen the day of wrong through the little hole of diſcretion, and I will right myſelf like a ſoldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies*

King. How fares your majeſty?
Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.
King. Madam, not ſo; I do beſeech you, ſtay.
Prin. Prepare, I ſay.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-ſad ſoul, that you vouchſafe
In your rich wiſdom, to excuſe, or hide,
The liberal oppoſition of our ſpirits:
If over-boldly we have borne ourſelves
In the converſe of breath, your gentleneſs
Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue:
Excuſe me ſo, coming ſo ſhort of thanks
For my great ſuit ſo eaſily obtain'd.
King. The extreme parts of time extremely form
All cauſes to the purpoſe of his ſpeed;
And often, at his very looſe, decides
That which long proceſs could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the ſmiling courteſy of love,
The holy ſuit which fain it would convince;
Yet, ſince love's argument was firſt on foot,

Let not the cloud of ſorrow juſtle it
From what it purpos'd; ſince, to wail friends loſt,
Is not by much ſo wholeſome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

PRIN. I underſtand you not; my griefs are double.

BIRON. Honeſt plain words beſt pierce the ear of grief;—
And by theſe badges underſtand the king.
For your fair ſakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, faſhioning our humours
Even to the oppoſed end of our intents:
And what in us hath ſeem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting ſtrains;
All wanton as a child, ſkipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye
Full of ſtrange ſhapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in ſubjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which party-coated preſence of looſe love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have miſbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Thoſe heavenly eyes, that look into theſe faults,
Suggeſted us to make: Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewiſe yours: we to ourſelves prove falſe,
By being once falſe for ever to be true
To thoſe that make us both,—fair ladies, you:
And even that falſehood, in itſelf a ſin,
Thus purifies itſelf, and turns to grace.

PRIN. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love;
Your favours, the embaſſadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtſhip, pleaſant jeſt, and courteſy,

As bombaſt, and as lining to the time:
But more devout than this, in our reſpects,
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own faſhion, like a merriment.
Dum. Our letters, madam, ſhow'd much more than jeſt
Long. So did our looks.
Ros. We did not quote them ſo.
King. Now, at the lateſt minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.
Prin. A time, methinks, too ſhort
To make a world-without-end bargain in:
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltineſs; and, therefore, this,—
If for my love (as there is no ſuch cauſe)
You will do aught, this ſhall you do for me:
Your oath I will not truſt; but go with ſpeed
To ſome forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleaſures of the world;
There ſtay, until the twelve celeſtial ſigns
Have brought about their annual reckoning:
If this auſtere inſociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If froſts, and faſts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy bloſſoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and laſt love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge, challenge me by theſe deſerts,
And, by this virgin palm, now kiſſing thine,
I will be thine; and, till that inſtant, ſhut
My woeful ſelf up in a mourning houſe;
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;

Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up theſe powers of mine with reſt,
The ſudden hand of death cloſe up mine eye!
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breaſt.

Biron. And what to me, my love? and what to me?

Ros. You muſt be purged too, your ſins are rank;
You are attaint with faults and perjury;
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth ſhall you ſpend, and never reſt,
But ſeek the weary beds of people ſick.

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

Kath. A wife!—A beard, fair health, and honeſty;
With three-fold love I wiſh you all theſe three.

Dum. O, ſhall I ſay, I thank you, gentle wife?

Kath. Not ſo, my lord;—a twelvemonth and a day
I'll mark no words that ſmooth-fac'd wooers ſay:
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you ſome.

Dum. I'll ſerve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet, ſwear not, leſt you be forſworn again.

Long. What ſays Maria?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll ſtay with patience; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are ſo young.

Biron. Studies my lady? miſtreſs, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble ſuit attends thy anſwer there;
Impoſe ſome ſervice on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Birón,
Before I ſaw you: and the world's large tongue

Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of compariſons, and wounding flouts;
Which you on all eſtates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain;
And, therewithal, to win me, if you pleaſe,
(Without the which I am not to be won,)
You ſhall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Viſit the ſpeechleſs ſick, and ſtill converſe
With groaning wretches; and your taſk ſhall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to ſmile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impoſſible:
Mirth cannot move a ſoul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing ſpirit,
Whoſe influence is begot of that looſe grace,
Which ſhallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jeſt's proſperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if ſickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle ſcorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But, if they will not, throw away that ſpirit,
And I ſhall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth? well, befal what will befal,
I'll jeſt a twelvemonth in an hoſpital.

Prin. Ay, ſweet my lord; and ſo I take my leave.
[*To the King.*

King. No, madam: we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;

Jack hath not Jill: theſe ladies' courteſy
Might well have made our ſport a comedy.

King. Come, ſir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet majeſty, vouchſafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiſs thy royal finger, and take leave: I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her ſweet love three years. But, moſt eſteemed greatneſs, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praiſe of the owl and the cuckoo? it ſhould have followed in the end of our ſhow.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do ſo.

Arm. Holla! approach.

Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, Moth, Costard, and others.

This ſide is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the ſpring; the one maintain'd by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

SONG.

Spring. *When daiſies pied, and violets blue,*
And lady-ſmocks all ſilver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus ſings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear!

II.

When ſhepherds pipe on oaten ſtraws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their ſummer ſmocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus ſings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear!

III.

Winter. *When icicles hang by the wall,*
And Dick *the ſhepherd blows his nail,*
And Tom *bears logs into the hall,*
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greaſy Joan *doth keel the pot.*

IV.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parſon's ſaw,
And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,
And Marian's *noſe looks red and raw,*
When roaſted crabs hiſs in the bowl,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greaſy Joan *doth keel the pot.*

ARM. The words of Mercury are harſh after the ſongs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way. [*Exeunt.*

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Perſons repreſented.

Duke of Venice.
Prince of Morocco, } *Suitors to* Portia.
Prince of Arragon, }
Antonio, *the Merchant of* Venice:
Baſſanio, *his friend.*
Salanio, }
Salarino, } *Friends to* Antonio *and* Baſſanio.
Gratiano, }
Lorenzo, *in love with* Jeſſica.
Shylock, *a* Jew:
Tubal, *a* Jew, *his friend.*
Launcelot Gobbo, *a clown, ſervant to* Shylock.
Old Gobbo, *father to* Launcelot.
Salerio, *a meſſenger from* Venice.
Leonardo, *ſervant to* Baſſanio.
Balthazar, } *ſervants to* Portia.
Stephano, }

Portia, *a rich heireſs:*
Neriſſa, *her waiting-maid.*
Jeſſica, *daughter to* Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, *Officers of the Court of Juſtice, Jailer, Servants, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, partly at Venice, *and partly at* Belmont, *the Seat of* Portia, *on the Continent.*

MERCHANT of VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Venice. *A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

ANT. In ſooth, I know not why I am ſo ſad;
It wearies me; you ſay, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What ſtuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And ſuch a want-wit ſadneſs makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myſelf.

SALAR. Your mind is toſſing on the ocean;
There, where your argoſies with portly ſail,—
Like ſigniors and rich burghers of the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the ſea,—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'ſy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

SALAN. Believe me, ſir, had I ſuch venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſs, to know where ſits the wind;
Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads;

And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me ſad.

SALAR. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at ſea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandy hour-glaſs run,
But I ſhould think of ſhallows and of flats;
And ſee my wealthy Andrew dock'd in ſand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,
To kiſs her burial. Should I go to church,
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone,
And not bethink me ſtraight of dangerous rocks?
Which touching but my gentle veſſel's ſide,
Would ſcatter all her ſpices on the ſtream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my ſilks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and ſhall I lack the thought,
That ſuch a thing, bechanc'd, would make me ſad?
But, tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is ſad to think upon his merchandize.

ANT. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom truſted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole eſtate
Upon the fortune of this preſent year:
Therefore, my merchandize makes me not ſad.

SALAN. Why then you are in love.

ANT. Fie, fie! [ſad,

SALAN. Not in love neither? Then let's ſay, you are
Becauſe you are not merry: and 'twere as eaſy
For you, to laugh, and leap, and ſay, you are merry,
Becauſe you are not ſad. Now, by two-headed Janus,

Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And other of ſuch vinegar aſpéct,
That they'll not ſhow their teeth in way of ſmile,
Though Neſtor ſwear the jeſt be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO.

SALAN. Here comes Baſſanio, your moſt noble kinſman, Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well; [man,
We leave you now with better company.

SALAR. I would have ſtaid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

ANT. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own buſineſs calls on you,
And you embrace the occaſion to depart.

SALAR. Good morrow, my good lords. [when?

BASS. Good ſigniors both, when ſhall we laugh? Say,
You grow exceeding ſtrange; Muſt it be ſo?

SALAR. We'll make our leiſures to attend on yours.

[*Exeunt* SALARINO *and* SALANIO.

LOR. My Lord Baſſanio, ſince you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you: but, at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we muſt meet.

BASS. I will not fail you.

GRA. You look not well, ſignior Antonio;
You have too much reſpect upon the world:
They loſe it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellouſly chang'd.

ANT. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A ſtage, where every man muſt play a part,
And mine a ſad one.

GRA. Let me play the Fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;

And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why ſhould a man, whoſe blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandſire cut in alabaſter?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peeviſh? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that ſpeaks;—
There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages
Do cream and mantle, like a ſtanding pond;
And do a wilful ſtillneſs entertain,
With purpoſe to be dreſs'd in an opinion
Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who ſhould ſay, *I am Sir Oracle,*
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
O, my Antonio, I do know of theſe,
That therefore only are reputed wiſe,
For ſaying nothing; who, I am very ſure,
If they ſhould ſpeak, would almoſt damn thoſe ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers, fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fiſh not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo:—Fare ye well, a while;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time:
I muſt be one of theſe ſame dumb wiſe men,
For Gratiano never lets me ſpeak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou ſhalt not know the ſound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i'faith; for ſilence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.*

Ant. Is that any thing now?

Bass. Gratiano ſpeaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: His reaſons are as two grains of wheat hid in two buſhels of chaff; you ſhall ſeek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the ſearch.

Ant. Well; tell me now, what lady is this ſame
To whom you ſwore a ſecret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have diſabled mine eſtate,
By ſomething ſhowing a more ſwelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From ſuch a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, ſomething too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged: To you, Antonio,
I owe the moſt, in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots, and purpoſes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Baſſanio, let me know it;
And, if it ſtand, as you yourſelf ſtill do,
Within the eye of honour, be aſſur'd,
My purſe, my perſon, my extremeſt means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occaſions.

Bass. In my ſchool-days, when I had loſt one ſhaft,
I ſhot his fellow of the ſelf-ſame flight
The ſelf-ſame way, with more adviſed watch,
To find the other forth; and by advent'ring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Becauſe what follows is pure innocence.

I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is loſt: but if you pleaſe
To ſhoot another arrow that ſelf way
Which you did ſhoot the firſt, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully reſt debtor for the firſt.

Ant. You know me well; and herein ſpend but time,
To wind about my love with circumſtance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making queſtion of my uttermoſt,
Than if you had made waſte of all I have:
Then do but ſay to me what I ſhould do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am preſt unto it: therefore, ſpeak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And ſhe is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues; ſometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair ſpeechleſs meſſages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coaſt
Renowned ſuitors: and her ſunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her ſeat of Belmont, Colcho's ſtrand,
And many Jaſons come in queſt of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind preſages me ſuch thrift,
That I ſhould queſtionleſs be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'ſt, that all my fortunes are at ſea;
Nor have I money, nor commodity

To raiſe a preſent ſum: therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That ſhall be rack'd, even to the uttermoſt,
To furniſh thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, preſently inquire, and ſo will I,
Where money is; and I no queſtion make,
To have it of my truſt, or for my ſake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Belmont. *A Room in* PORTIA'S *Houſe.*
Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Neriſſa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, ſweet madam, if your miſeries were in the ſame abundance as your good fortunes are: And, yet, for aught I ſee, they are as ſick, that ſurfeit with too much, as they that ſtarve with nothing: It is no mean happineſs therefore, to be ſeated in the mean; ſuperfluity comes ſooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good ſentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as eaſy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own inſtructions: I can eaſier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may deviſe laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree: ſuch a hare is madneſs the youth, to ſkip o'er the meſhes of good counſel the cripple. But this reaſoning is not in the faſhion to chooſe me a huſband:—O me, the word chooſe! I may neither chooſe whom I would, nor refuſe whom I diſlike; ſo is the will of a living

daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father:—Is it not hard, Neriſſa, that I cannot chooſe one, nor refuſe none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inſpirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath deviſed in theſe three cheſts, of gold, ſilver, and lead, (whereof who chooſes his meaning, chooſes you,) will, no doubt, never be choſen by any rightly, but one who you ſhall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of theſe princely ſuitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, overname them; and as thou nameſt them, I will deſcribe them; and, according to my deſcription, level at my affection.

Ner. Firſt, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horſe; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can ſhoe him himſelf: I am much afraid, my lady his mother played falſe with a ſmith.

Ner. Then, is there the county Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who ſhould ſay, *An if you will not have me, chooſe*; he hears merry tales, and ſmiles not: I fear, he will prove the weeping philoſopher when he grows old, being ſo full of unmannerly ſadneſs in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of theſe. God defend me from theſe two!

Ner. How ſay you by the French lord, Monſieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him paſs for a man. In truth, I know it is a ſin to be a mocker; But, he! why, he hath a horſe better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine;

he is every man in no man: if a throſtle ſing, he falls ſtraight a capering; he will fence with his own ſhadow: if I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twenty huſbands: If he would deſpiſe me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madneſs, I ſhall never requite him.

Ner. What ſay you then to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know, I ſay nothing to him; for he underſtands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and ſwear, that I have a poor penny-worth in the Engliſh. He is a proper man's picture; But, alas! who can converſe with a dumb ſhow? How oddly he is ſuited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hoſe in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottiſh lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Engliſhman, and ſwore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think, the Frenchman became his ſurety, and ſealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is ſober; and moſt vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is beſt, he is a little worſe than a man; and when he is worſt, he is little better than a beaſt: an the worſt fall that ever fell, I hope, I ſhall make ſhift to go without him.

Ner. If he ſhould offer to chooſe, and chooſe the right caſket, you ſhould refuſe to perform your father's will, if you ſhould refuſe to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worſt, I pray thee, ſet a deep glaſs of Rheniſh wine on the contrary caſket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will chooſe it. I will do any thing, Neriſſa, ere I will be married to a ſpunge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of theſe lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more ſuit; unleſs you may be won by ſome other ſort than your father's impoſition, depending on the caſkets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaſte as Diana, unleſs I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are ſo reaſonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very abſence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a ſcholar, and a ſoldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Baſſanio; as I think, ſo was he called.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my fooliſh eyes look'd upon, was the beſt deſerving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praiſe.—How now! what news?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The four ſtrangers ſeek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his maſter, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with ſo good

heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I ſhould be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a ſaint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he ſhould ſhrive me than wive me. Come, Neriſſa.—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we ſhut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Venice. *A publick Place.*

Enter BASSANIO *and* SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thouſand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, ſir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well. [bound.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio ſhall be

Shy. Antonio ſhall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you ſtead me? Will you pleaſure me? Shall I know your anſwer?

Shy. Three thouſand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your anſwer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in ſaying he is a good man, is to have you underſtand me, that he is ſufficient: yet his means are in ſuppoſition: he hath an argoſy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I underſtand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,——and other ventures he hath, ſquander'd abroad: But ſhips are but boards, ſailors but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithſtanding, ſufficient:—three thouſand ducats; —I think, I may take his bond.

Bass. Be aſſured you may.

Shy. I will be aſſured, I may; and, that I may be aſſured, I will bethink me: May I ſpeak with Antonio?

Bass. If it pleaſe you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to ſmell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into: I will buy with you, ſell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and ſo following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is ſignior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aſide.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a chriſtian:
But more, for that, in low ſimplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of uſance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our ſacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants moſt do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls intereſt: Curſed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my preſent ſtore;
And, by the near gueſs of my memory,
I cannot inſtantly raiſe up the groſs
Of full three thouſand ducats: What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furniſh me: But ſoft; How many months
Do you deſire?—Reſt you fair, good ſignior;

[*To Antonio.*

Your worſhip was the laſt man in our mouths.
ANT. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of exceſs,
Yet, to ſupply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a cuſtom :—Is he yet poſſeſs'd,
How much you would?
SHY. Ay, ay, three thouſand ducats.
ANT. And for three months.
SHY. I had forgot,—three months, you told me ſo.
Well then, your bond; and, let me ſee———But hear you;
Methought, you ſaid, you neither lend, nor borrow,
Upon advantage.
ANT. I do never uſe it.
SHY. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's ſheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wife mother wrought in his behalf,)
The third poſſeſſor; ay, he was the third.
ANT. And what of him? did he take intereſt?
SHY. No, not take intereſt; not, as you would ſay,
Directly intereſt; mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himſelf were compromis'd,
That all the eanlings which were ſtreak'd, and pied,
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
In the end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between theſe woolly breeders in the act,
The ſkilful ſhepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He ſtuck them up before the fulſome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and thoſe were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was bleſt;

And thrift is bleſſing, if men ſteal it not.
Ant. This was a venture, ſir, that Jacob ſerv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to paſs,
But ſway'd, and faſhion'd, by the hand of heaven.
Was this inſerted to make intereſt good?
Or is your gold and ſilver, ewes and rams?
Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as faſt:—
But note me, ſignior.
Ant. Mark you this, Baſſanio,
The devil can cite ſcripture for his purpoſe.
An evil ſoul, producing holy witneſs,
Is like a villain with a ſmiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outſide falſhood hath!
Shy. Three thouſand ducats,—'tis a good round ſum.
Three months from twelve, then let me ſee the rate.
Ant. Well, Shylock, ſhall we be beholden to you?
Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies, and my uſances:
Still have I borne it with a patient ſhrug;
For ſufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me—miſbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And ſpit upon my Jewiſh gaberdine,
And all for uſe of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you ſay,
Shylock, we would have monies; You ſay ſo;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you ſpurn a ſtranger cur
Over your threſhold; monies is your ſuit.
What ſhould I ſay to you? Should I not ſay,
Hath a dog money? is it poſſible,

A cur can lend three thouſand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whiſpering humbleneſs,
Say this,——
Fair ſir, you ſpit on me on Wedneſday laſt;
You ſpurn'd me ſuch a day; another time
You call'd me—dog; and for theſe courteſies
I'll lend you thus much monies.

Ant. I am as like to call thee ſo again,
To ſpit on thee again, to ſpurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendſhip take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou may'ſt with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you ſtorm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the ſhames that you have ſtain'd me with,
Supply your preſent wants, and take no doit
Of uſance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindneſs.

Shy. This kindneſs will I ſhow:—
Go with me to a notary, ſeal me there
Your ſingle bond; and, in a merry ſport,
If you repay me not on ſuch a day,
In ſuch a place, ſuch ſum, or ſums, as are
Expreſs'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair fleſh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaſeth me.

Ant. Content, in faith; I'll ſeal to ſuch a bond,

And ſay, there is much kindneſs in the Jew.
Bass. You ſhall not ſeal to ſuch a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my neceſſity.
Ant. Why, fear not man; I will not forfeit it;
Within theſe two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
Shy. O father Abraham, what theſe Chriſtians are;
Whoſe own hard dealings teaches them ſuſpect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he ſhould break his day, what ſhould I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's fleſh, taken from a man,
Is not ſo eſtimable, profitable neither,
As fleſh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I ſay,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendſhip:
If he will take it, ſo; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.
Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will ſeal unto this bond.
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purſe the ducats ſtraight;
See to my houſe, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and preſently
I will be with you. [*Exit.*
Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Chriſtian; he grows kind.
Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.
Ant. Come on; in this there can be no diſmay,
My ſhips come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. Belmont. *A Room in* PORTIA'S *Houſe.*

Flouriſh of Cornets. Entēr the Prince of MOROCCO, *and his train;* PORTIA, NERISSA, *and other of her attendants.*

Mor. Miſlike me not for my complexion,
The ſhadow'd livery of the burniſh'd ſun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the faireſt creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire ſcarce thaws the iſicles,
And let us make inciſion for your love,
To prove whoſe blood is reddeſt, his, or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aſpect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I ſwear,
The beſt-regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not ſolely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Beſides, the lottery of my deſtiny
Bars me the right of voluntary chooſing:
But, if my father had not ſcanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myſelf
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourſelf, renowned prince, then ſtood as fair,
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caſkets,
To try my fortune. By this ſcimitar,—
That ſlew the Sophy, and a Perſian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—
I would out-ſtare the ſterneſt eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart moſt daring on the earth,
Pluck the young ſucking cubs from the ſhe bear,

Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady: But, alas the while!
If Hercules, and Lichas, play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And ſo may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miſs that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You muſt take your chance;
And either not attempt to chooſe at all,
Or ſwear, before you chooſe,—if you chooſe wrong,
Never to ſpeak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not; come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. Firſt, forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard ſhall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then! [*Cornets.*
To make me bleſs't, or curſed'ſt among men. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Venice. *A Street.*

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

Laun. Certainly, my conſcience will ſerve me to run from this Jew my maſter: The fiend is at mine elbow; and tempts me, ſaying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, uſe your legs, take the ſtart, run away:* My conſcience ſays,—*no; take heed, honeſt Launcelot; take heed, honeſt Gobbo; or,* as aforeſaid, *honeſt Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; ſcorn running with thy heels:* Well, the moſt courageous fiend bids me pack; *via!* ſays the fiend; *away!* ſays the fiend, *for the heavens; rouſe up a brave mind,* ſays the fiend, *and run.* Well, my conſcience, hanging about the neck of my

heart, ſays very wiſely to me,—*my honeſt friend Launcelot, being an honeſt man's ſon,*—or rather an honeſt woman's ſon;—for, indeed, my father did ſomething ſmack, ſomething grow to, he had a kind of taſte;—well, my conſcience ſays,—*Launcelot, budge not; budge,* ſays the fiend; *budge not,* ſays my conſcience: Conſcience, ſay I, you counſel well; fiend, ſay I, you counſel well: to be ruled by my conſcience, I ſhould ſtay with the Jew my maſter, who, (God bleſs the mark!) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I ſhould be ruled by the fiend, who, ſaving your reverence, is the devil himſelf: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conſcience, my conſcience is but a kind of hard conſcience, to offer to counſel me to ſtay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counſel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter old GOBBO, *with a baſket.*

Gob. Maſter, young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to maſter Jew's?

Laun. [*aſide.*] O heavens, this is my true begotten father! who, being more than ſand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not:—I will try concluſions with him.

Gob. Maſter young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to maſter Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand, at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's houſe.

Gob. By God's ſonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young maſter Launcelot?—Mark me now; [*aſide.*] now will I raiſe the waters:—

Talk you of young maſter Launcelot?

Gob. No maſter, ſir, but a poor man's ſon; his father, though I ſay it, is an honeſt exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young maſter Launcelot.

Gob. Your worſhip's friend, and Launcelot, ſir.

Laun. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beſeech you; Talk you of young maſter Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't pleaſe your maſterſhip.

Laun. *Ergo*, maſter Launcelot; talk not of maſter Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and deſtinies, and ſuch odd ſayings, the fifters three, and ſuch branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceaſed; or, as you would ſay, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very ſtaff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-poſt, a ſtaff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, (God reſt his ſoul!) alive, or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, ſir, I am ſand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wiſe father, that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your ſon: Give me your bleſſing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's ſon may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, ſir, ſtand up; I am ſure, you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it,

but give me your bleſſing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your ſon that is, your child that ſhall be.

Gob. I cannot think, you are my ſon.

Laun. I know not what I ſhall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and, I am ſure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be ſworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own fleſh and blood. Lord worſhipp'd might he be! what a beard haſt thou got! thou haſt got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thill-horſe has on his tail.

Laun. It ſhould ſeem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am ſure, he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I laſt ſaw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How doſt thou and thy maſter agree? I have brought him a preſent; How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have ſet up my reſt to run away, ſo I will not reſt till I have run ſome ground: my maſter's a very Jew; Give him a preſent! give him a halter: I am famiſh'd in his ſervice; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your preſent to one maſter Baſſanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I ſerve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him father; for I am a Jew, if I ſerve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, *with* LEONARDO, *and other followers.*

Bass. You may do ſo;—but let it be ſo haſted, that ſupper be ready at the fartheſt by five of the clock: See theſe letters deliver'd; put the liveries to making; and deſire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

[*Exit a* SERVANT.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bleſs your worſhip!

Bass. Gramercy; Would'ſt thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my ſon, ſir, a poor boy,——

Laun. Not a poor boy, ſir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, ſir, as my father ſhall ſpecify,——

Gob. He hath a great infection, ſir, as one would ſay, to ſerve——

Laun. Indeed, the ſhort and the long is, I ſerve the Jew, and I have a deſire, as my father ſhall ſpecify,——

Gob. His maſter and he, (ſaving your worſhip's reverence,) are ſcarce cater-couſins:

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cauſe me, as my father, being I hope an old man, ſhall frutify unto you,——

Gob. I have here a diſh of doves, that I would beſtow upon your worſhip; and my ſuit is,——

Laun. In very brief, the ſuit is impertinent to myſelf, as your worſhip ſhall know by this honeſt old man; and, though I ſay it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bass. One ſpeak for both;—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, ſir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, ſir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou haſt obtain'd thy ſuit:
Shylock, thy maſter, ſpoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment,
To leave a rich Jew's ſervice, to become
The follower of ſo poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my maſter Shylock and you, ſir; you have the grace of God, ſir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou ſpeak'ſt it well: Go, father, with thy ſon:—

Take leave of thy old maſter, and enquire
My lodging out:—Give him a livery [*to his followers.*
More guarded than his fellows': See it done.

LAUN. Father, in:—I cannot get a ſervice, no;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well; [*looking on his palm.*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to ſwear upon a book.—I ſhall have good fortune; Go to, here's a ſimple line of life! here's a ſmall trifle of wives: Alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a ſimple coming-in for one man: and then, to 'ſcape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed;—here are ſimple 'ſcapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, ſhe's a good wench for this geer.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt* LAUNCELOT *and old* GOBBO.

BASS. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this;
Theſe things being bought, and orderly beſtow'd,
Return in haſte, for I do feaſt to-night
My beſt-eſteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

LEON. My beſt endeavours ſhall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

GRA. Where is your maſter?

LEON. Yonder, ſir, he walks. [*Exit* LEONARDO.

GRA. Signior Baſſanio,——

BASS. Gratiano!

GRA. I have a ſuit to you.

BASS. You have obtain'd it.

GRA. You muſt not deny me; I muſt go with you to Belmont.

BASS. Why, then you muſt;—But hear thee, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—
Parts, that become thee hapily enough,

And in ſuch eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they ſhow
Something too liberal;—pray thee, take pain
To allay with ſome cold drops of modeſty
Thy ſkipping ſpirit; leſt, through thy wild behaviour,
I be miſconſtrued in the place I go to,
And loſe my hopes.

Gra. Signior Baſſanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a ſober habit,
Talk with reſpect, and ſwear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is ſaying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and ſigh, and ſay, amen;
Uſe all the obſervance of civility,
Like one well ſtudied in a ſad oſtent
To pleaſe his grandam, never truſt me more.

Bass. Well, we ſhall ſee your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you ſhall not gage me
By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldeſt ſuit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpoſe merriment: But fare you well,
I have ſome buſineſs.

Gra. And I muſt to Lorenzo, and the reſt;
But we will viſit you at ſupper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The ſame. A Room in SHYLOCK'S *Houſe.*

Enter JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT.

Jes. I am ſorry, thou wilt leave my father ſo;
Our houſe is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didſt rob it of ſome taſte of tedioufneſs:
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.

And, Launcelot, ſoon at ſupper ſhalt thou ſee
Lorenzo, who is thy new maſter's gueſt:
Give him this letter; do it ſecretly,
And ſo farewell; I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

LAUN. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—
Moſt beautiful pagan,—moſt ſweet Jew! If a Chriſtian do not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived: But, adieu! theſe fooliſh drops do ſomewhat drown my manly ſpirit; adieu! [*Exit.*

JES. Farewell, good Launcelot.—
Alack, what heinous ſin is it in me,
To be aſham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promiſe, I ſhall end this ſtrife;
Become a Chriſtian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. The ſame. A Street.

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

LOR. Nay, we will ſlink away in ſupper-time;
Diſguiſe us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

GRA. We have not made good preparation.

SALAR. We have not ſpoke us yet of torch-bearers.

SALAN. 'Tis vile, unleſs it may be quaintly order'd;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

LOR. 'Tis now but four a-clock; we have two hours
To furniſh us:—

Enter LAUNCELOT, *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

LAUN. An it ſhall pleaſe you to break up this, it ſhall ſeem to ſignify.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, ſir.

Lor. Whither goeſt thou?

Laun. Marry, ſir, to bid my old maſter the Jew to ſup to night with my new maſter the Chriſtian.

Lor. Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jeſſica,
I will not fail her;—ſpeak it privately; go.—
Gentlemen, [*Exit Launcelot.*
Will you prepare you for this maſque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it ſtraight.

Salan. And ſo will I.

Lor. Meet me, and Gratiano,
At Gratiano's lodging ſome hour hence.

Salar. 'Tis good we do ſo. [*Exeunt Salar. and Salan.*

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jeſſica?

Lor. I muſt needs tell thee all: She hath directed,
How I ſhall take her from her father's houſe;
What gold, and jewels, ſhe is furniſh'd with;
What page's ſuit ſhe hath in readineſs.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's ſake:
And never dare misfortune croſs her foot,
Unleſs ſhe do it under this excuſe,—
That ſhe is iſſue to a faithleſs Jew.
Come, go with me; peruſe this, as thou goeſt:
Fair Jeſſica ſhall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. The ſame. Before Shylock's Houſe.
Enter Shylock and Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou ſhalt ſee, thy eyes ſhall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Baſſanio :—
What, Jeſſica !—thou ſhalt not gormandize,
As thou haſt done with me ;—What, Jeſſica !—
And ſleep and ſnore, and rend apparel out ;—
Why, Jeſſica, I ſay !

Laun. Why, Jeſſica !

Shy. Who bids thee call ? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worſhip was wont to tell me, I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you ? What is your will ?

Shy. I am bid forth to ſupper, Jeſſica ;
There are my keys :—But wherefore ſhould I go ?
I am not bid for love ; they flatter me :
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Chriſtian.—Jeſſica, my girl,
Look to my houſe :—I am right loth to go ;
There is ſome ill a brewing towards my reſt,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beſeech you, ſir, go ; my young maſter doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conſpired together,—I will not ſay, you ſhall ſee a maſque ; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on Black-Monday laſt, at ſix o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Aſh-wedneſday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What ! are there maſques ? Hear you me, Jeſſica :
Lock up my doors ; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the caſements then,

Nor thruſt your head into the publick ſtreet,
To gaze on Chriſtian fools with varniſh'd faces:
But ſtop my houſe's ears, I mean, my caſements;
Let not the ſound of ſhallow foppery enter
My ſober houſe.—By Jacob's ſtaff, I ſwear,
I have no mind of feaſting forth to-night:
But I will go.—Go you before me, ſirrah;
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, ſir.—
Miſtreſs, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Chriſtian by,
Will be worth a Jeweſs' eye. [*Exit Laun.*

Shy. What ſays that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were, Farewel, miſtreſs; nothing elſe.

Shy. The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
Snail-ſlow in profit, and he ſleeps by day
More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waſte
His borrow'd purſe.—Well, Jeſſica, go in;
Perhaps, I will return immediately;
Do, as I bid you,
Shut doors after you: Faſt bind, faſt find;
A proverb never ſtale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewel; and if my fortune be not croſt,
I have a father, you a daughter, loſt. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. The ſame.

Enter Gratiano, and Salarino, maſqued.

Gra. This is the pent-houſe, under which Lorenzo
Deſir'd us to make ſtand.

Salar. His hour is almoſt paſt.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,

For lovers ever run before the clock.

SALAR. O, ten times faſter Venus' pigeons fly
To ſeal love's bonds new made, than they are wont,
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

GRA. That ever holds: Who riſeth from a feaſt,
With that keen appetite that he ſits down?
Where is the horſe, that doth untread again
His tedious meaſures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them firſt? All things that are,
Are with more ſpirit chaſed than enjoy'd.
How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The ſcarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the ſtrumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth ſhe return;
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged ſails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the ſtrumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO.

SALAR. Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this hereafter.

LOR. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you ſhall pleaſe to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew:—Ho! who's within?

Enter JESSICA above, in boy's clothes.

JES. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll ſwear that I do know your tongue.

LOR. Lorenzo, and thy love.

JES. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;
For who love I ſo much? And now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

LOR. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witneſs that thou art.

JES. Here, catch this caſket; it is worth the pains.

I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much aſham'd of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himſelf would bluſh
To ſee me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Deſcend, for you muſt be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, muſt I hold a candle to my ſhames?
They in themſelves, good ſooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of diſcovery, love;
And I ſhould be obſcur'd.

Lor. So are you, ſweet,
Even in the lovely garniſh of a boy.
But come at once;
For the cloſe night doth play the run-away,
And we are ſtaid for at Baſſanio's feaſt.

Jes. I will make faſt the doors, and gild myſelf
With ſome more ducats, and be with you ſtraight.

[*Exit, from above.*

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

Lor. Beſhrew me, but I love her heartily:
For ſhe is wiſe, if I can judge of her;
And fair ſhe is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true ſhe is, as ſhe hath prov'd herſelf;
And therefore, like herſelf, wiſe, fair, and true,
Shall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſoul.

Enter Jessica, below.

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our maſquing mates by this time for us ſtay.

[*Exit, with Jessica and Salarino.*

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Antonio?

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the reſt?
'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all ſtay for you:—
No maſque to-night; the wind is come about,
Baſſanio preſently will go aboard:
I have ſent twenty out to ſeek for you.
Gra. I am glad on't; I deſire no more delight,
Than to be under ſail, and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *Houſe. Flouriſh of Cornets. Enter* Portia, *with the Prince of* Morocco, *and both their Trains.*

Por. Go, draw aſide the curtains, and diſcover
The ſeveral caſkets to this noble prince:—
Now make your choice.
Mor. The firſt, of gold, who this inſcription bears;—
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
The ſecond ſilver, which this promiſe carries;—
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt;—
Who chooſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
How ſhall I know if I do chooſe the right?
Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince;
If you chooſe that, then I am yours withal.
Mor. Some god direct my judgement! Let me ſee,
I will ſurvey the inſcriptions back again:
What ſays this leaden caſket?
Who chooſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
Muſt give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This caſket threatens: Men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind ſtoops not to ſhows of droſs;
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
What ſays the ſilver, with her virgin hue?

Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
As much as he deſerves?—Pauſe there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'ſt rated by thy eſtimation,
Thou doſt deſerve enough; and yet enough
May not extend ſo far as to the lady;
And yet to be afeard of my deſerving,
Were but a weak diſabling of myſelf.
As much as I deſerve!—Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deſerve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But, more than theſe, in love I do deſerve.
What if I ſtray'd no further, but choſe here?—
Let's ſee once more this ſaying grav'd in gold.
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
Why, that's the lady; all the world deſires her:
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiſs this ſhrine, this mortal breathing ſaint.
The Hyrcanian deſerts, and the vaſty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watry kingdom, whoſe ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To ſtop the foreign ſpirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to ſee fair Portia.
One of theſe three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation,
To think ſo baſe a thought; it were too groſs
To rib her cerecloth in the obſcure grave.
Or ſhall I think, in ſilver ſhe's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalued to try'd gold?
O ſinful thought! Never ſo rich a gem
Was ſet in worſe than gold. They have in England

A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold; but that's inſculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;
Here do I chooſe, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince, and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden caſket.*

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whoſe empty eye
There is a written ſcroll? I'll read the writing.

All that gliſters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath ſold,
But my outſide to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wiſe as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgement old,
Your anſwer had not been inſcrol'd:
Fare you well; your ſuit is cold.

Cold, indeed; and labour loſt:
Then, farewell, heat; and, welcome, froſt.—
Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus loſers part. [*Exit.*

Por. A gentle riddance:—Draw the curtains, go;—
Let all of his complexion chooſe me ſo. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SALARINO *and* SALANIO.

Salar. Why man I ſaw Baſſanio under ſail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ſhip, I am ſure, Lorenzo is not.

Salan. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke;
Who went with him to ſearch Baſſanio's ſhip.

Salar. He came too late, the ſhip was under ſail:
But there the duke was given to underſtand,
That in a gondola were ſeen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jeſſica:
Beſides, Antonio certify'd the duke,
They were not with Baſſanio in his ſhip.

Salan. I never heard a paſſion ſo confus'd,
So ſtrange, outrageous, and ſo variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the ſtreets:
My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Chriſtian?—O my chriſtian ducats!—
Juſtice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A ſealed bag, two ſealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats ſtol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels; two ſtones, two rich and precious ſtones,
Stol'n by my daughter!—Juſtice! find the girl!
She hath the ſtones upon her, and the ducats!

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying—his ſtones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he ſhall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well remember'd:
I reaſon'd with a Frenchman yeſterday;
Who told me,—in the narrow ſeas, that part
The French and Engliſh, there miſcarried
A veſſel of our country, richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio, when he told me;
And wiſh'd in ſilence, that it were not his.

Salan. You were beſt to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not ſuddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I ſaw Baſſanio and Antonio part:
Baſſanio told him, he would make ſome ſpeed

Of his return; he anſwer'd—*Do not ſo,*
Slubber not buſineſs for my ſake, Baſſanio,
But ſtay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry; and employ your chiefeſt thoughts
To courtſhip, and ſuch fair oſtents of love
As ſhall conveniently become you there:
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous ſenſible
He wrung Baſſanio's hand, and ſo they parted.

SALAN. I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heavineſs
With ſome delight or other.

SALAR. Do we ſo. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. Belmont. *A Room in* PORTIA'S *Houſe.*
Enter NERISSA, *with a Servant.*

NER. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain ſtraight;
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election preſently.

Flouriſh of Cornets. Enter the Prince of ARRAGON, PORTIA, *and their trains.*

POR. Behold, there ſtand the caſkets, noble prince:
If you chooſe that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight ſhall our nuptial rites be ſolemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more ſpeech, my lord,
You muſt be gone from hence immediately.

AR. I am enjoin'd by oath to obſerve three things:
Firſt, never to unfold to any one

Which caſket 'twas I choſe; next, if I fail
Of the right caſket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; laſtly
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To theſe injunctions every one doth ſwear,
That comes to hazard for my worthleſs ſelf.

Ar. And ſo have I addreſs'd me: Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, ſilver, and baſe lead.
Who chooſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath:
You ſhall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What ſays the golden cheſt? ha! let me ſee:—
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
What many men deſire.—That many may be meant
By the fool multitude, that chooſe by ſhow,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of caſualty.
I will not chooſe what many men deſire,
Becauſe I will not jump with common ſpirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou ſilver treaſure-houſe;
Tell me once more what title thou doſt bear:
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves;
And well ſaid too; For who ſhall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the ſtamp of merit! Let none preſume
To wear an undeſerved dignity.
O, that eſtates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly? and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then ſhould cover, that ſtand bare?

How many be commanded, that command?
How much low peaſantry would then be glean'd
From the true ſeed of honour? and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varniſh'd? Well, but to my choice:
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves:
I will aſſume deſert;—Give me a key for this,
And inſtantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pauſe for that which you find there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Preſenting me a ſchedule? I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia?
How much unlike my hopes, and my deſervings?
Who chooſeth me, ſhall have as much as he deſerves.
Did I deſerve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deſerts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are diſtinct offices,
And of oppoſed natures.

Ar. What is here?

The fire ſeven times tried this;
Seven times tried that judgement is,
That did never chooſe amiſs:
Some there be, that ſhadows kiſs;
Such have but a ſhadow's bliſs:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and ſo was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So begone, ſir, you are ſped.
Still more fool I ſhall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—

Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth. [*Exeunt* ARR. *and train.*

Por. Thus hath the candle ſing'd the moth.
O theſe deliberate fools! when they do chooſe,
They have the wiſdom by their wit to loſe.

Ner. The ancient ſaying is no hereſy;—
Hanging and wiving goes by deſtiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Neriſſa.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; what would my lord?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To ſignify the approaching of his lord:
From whom he bringeth ſenſible regreets;
To wit, beſides commends, and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not ſeen
So likely an embaſſador of love:
A day in April never came ſo ſweet,
To ſhow how coſtly ſummer was at hand,
As this fore-ſpurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more I pray thee; I am half afeard;
Thou wilt ſay anon, he is ſome kin to thee,
Thou ſpend'ſt ſuch high-day wit in praiſing him.—
Come, come, Neriſſa; for I long to ſee
Quick Cupid's poſt, that comes ſo mannerly.

Ner. Baſſanio, lord love, if thy will it be! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SALANIO *and* SALARINO.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

SALAR. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Antonio hath a ſhip of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow ſeas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcaſes of many a tall ſhip lie buried, as they ſay, if my goſſip report be an honeſt woman of her word.

SALAN. I would ſhe were as lying a goſſip in that, as ever knapp'd ginger, or made her neighbours believe ſhe wept for the death of a third huſband: But it is true,—without any ſlips of prolixity, or croſſing the plain highway of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honeſt Antonio,——O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

SALAR. Come, the full ſtop.

SALAN. Ha,—what ſay'ſt thou?—Why the end is, he hath loſt a ſhip.

SALAR. I would it might prove the end of his loſſes!

SALAN. Let me ſay amen betimes, leſt the devil croſs my prayer; for here he comes in the likeneſs of a Jew.—

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

SHY. You knew, none ſo well, none ſo well as you, of my daughter's flight.

SALAR. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings ſhe flew withal.

SALAN. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

SHY. She's damn'd for it.

SALAR. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

SHY. My own fleſh and blood to rebel!

SALAN. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at theſe years?

Shy. I ſay, my daughter is my fleſh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy fleſh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rheniſh:—But tell us, do you hear, whether Antonio have had any loſs at ſea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare ſcarce ſhow his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that uſed to come ſo ſmug upon the mart;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me uſurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Chriſtian courteſy;—let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am ſure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his fleſh; What's that good for?

Shy. To bait fiſh withal: if it will feed nothing elſe, it will feed my revenge. He hath diſgraced me, and hindered me of half a million; laughed at my loſſes, mocked at my gains, ſcorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reaſon? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimenſions, ſenſes, affections, paſſions? fed with the ſame food, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſubject to the ſame diſeaſes, healed by the ſame means, warmed and cooled by the ſame winter and ſummer, as a Chriſtian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poiſon us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, ſhall we not revenge? if we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Chriſtian, what is his humility? revenge: If a Chriſtian wrong a Jew, what ſhould his ſufferance be by Chriſtian example? why, revenge. The villany, you teach me, I will exe-

cute; and it ſhall go hard, but I will better the inſtruction.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERV. Gentlemen, my maſter Antonio is at his houſe, and deſires to ſpeak with you both.

SALAR. We have been up and down to ſeek him.

Enter TUBAL.

SALAN. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unleſs the devil himſelf turn Jew.

[*Exeunt* SALAN. SALAR. *and* SERVANT.

SHY. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? haſt thou found my daughter?

TUB. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

SHY. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, coſt me two thouſand ducats in Frankfort! The curſe never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thouſand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would ſhe were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, ſo:—and I know not what's ſpent in the ſearch: Why, thou loſs upon loſs! the thief gone with ſo much, and ſo much to find the thief; and no ſatisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck ſtirring, but what lights o' my ſhoulders; no ſighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my ſhedding.

TUB. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

SHY. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

TUB.—hath an argoſy caſt away, coming from Tripolis.

SHY. I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I ſpoke with ſome of the ſailors that eſcaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter ſpent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourſcore ducats.

Shy. Thou ſtick'ſt a dagger in me:——I ſhall never ſee my gold again: Fourſcore ducats at a ſitting! fourſcore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that ſwear he cannot chooſe but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them ſhowed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou tortureſt me, Tubal: it was my turquoiſe; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderneſs of monkies.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, beſpeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our ſynagogue; go, good Tubal; at our ſynagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Belmont. *A Room in* PORTIA'S *Houſe.*
Enter BASSANIO, PORTIO, GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and Attendants. The caſkets are ſet out.*

Por. I pray you, tarry; pauſe a day or two,
Before you hazard; for, in chooſing wrong,

I loſe your company; therefore, forbear a while:
There's ſomething tells me, (but it is not love,)
I would not loſe you; and you know yourſelf,
Hate counſels not in ſuch a quality:
But leſt you ſhould not underſtand me well,
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,)
I would detain you here ſome month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chooſe right, but then I am forſworn;
So will I never be: ſo may you miſs me;
But if you do, you'll make me wiſh a ſin,
That I had been forſworn. Beſhrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,——
Mine own, I would ſay; but if mine, then yours,
And ſo all yours: O! theſe naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;
And ſo, though yours, not yours.—Prove it ſo,
Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.
I ſpeak too long; but 'tis to peize the time;
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To ſtay you from election.

Bass. Let me chooſe;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Baſſanio? then confeſs
What treaſon there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None, but that ugly treaſon of miſtruſt,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween ſnow and fire, as treaſon and my love.

Por. Ay, but, I fear, you ſpeak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do ſpeak any thing.

Bass. Promiſe me life, and I'll confeſs the truth.

Por. Well then, confeſs, and live.

Bass. Confeſs, and love,
Had been the very ſum of my confeſſion:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me anſwers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caſkets.

Por. Away then: I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.—
Neriſſa, and the reſt, ſtand all aloof.—
Let muſick ſound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he loſe, he makes a ſwan-like end,
Fading in muſick: that the compariſon
May ſtand more proper, my eye ſhall be the ſtream,
And wat'ry death-bed for him: He may win;
And what is muſick then? then muſick is
Even as the flouriſh when true ſubjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: ſuch it is,
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And ſummon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no leſs preſence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the ſea-monſter: I ſtand for ſacrifice,
The reſt aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared viſages, come forth to view
The iſſue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live:—With much much more diſmay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'ſt the fray.

Muſick, whilſt BASSANIO *comments on the caſkets to himſelf.*

SONG.

1. *Tell me, where is fancy bred,*
Or in the heart, or in the head?

How begot, how nouriſhed?

Reply.

2. *It is engender'd in the eyes,*
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,——Ding dong, bell.

All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Bass.—So may the outward ſhows be leaſt themſelves;
The world is ſtill deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But, being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice,
Obſcures the ſhow of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſs it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the groſſneſs with fair ornament?
There is no vice ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtairs of ſand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
Who, inward ſearch'd, have livers white as milk?
And theſe aſſume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee 'tis purchaſed by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt that wear moſt of it:
So are thoſe criſped ſnaky golden locks,
Which make ſuch wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon ſuppoſed fairneſs, often known
To be the dowry of a ſecond head,
The ſcull that bred them, in the ſepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled ſhore

To a moſt dangerous ſea; the beauteous ſcarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wiſeſt. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threat'neſt, than doſt promiſe aught,
Thy plainneſs moves me more than eloquence,
And here chooſe I; Joy be the conſequence!

Por. How all the other paſſions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and raſh-embrac'd deſpair,
And ſhudd'ring fear and green-ey'd jealouſy.
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecſtaſy,
In meaſure rain thy joy, ſcant this exceſs;
I feel too much thy bleſſing, make it leſs,
For fear I ſurfeit!

Bass. What find I here? [*Opening the leaden caſket.*
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come ſo near creation? Move theſe eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are ſever'd lips,
Parted with ſugar breath; ſo ſweet a bar
Should ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: Here in her hairs
The painter plays the ſpider; and hath woven
A golden meſh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faſter than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,—
How could he ſee to do them? having made one,
Methinks, it ſhould have power to ſteal both his,
And leave itſelf unfurniſh'd: Yet look, how far
The ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow
In underprizing it, ſo far this ſhadow
Doth limp behind the ſubſtance.—Here's the ſcroll,

The continent and ſummary of my fortune.

You that chooſe not by the view,
Chance as fair, and chooſe as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and ſeek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliſs,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiſs.

A gentle ſcroll;—Fair lady, by your leave; [*Kiſſing her.*
I come by note, to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applauſe, and univerſal ſhout,
Giddy in ſpirit, ſtill gazing, in a doubt
Whether thoſe peals of praiſe be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, ſtand I, even ſo;
As doubtful whether what I ſee be true,
Until confirm'd, ſign'd, ratify'd by you.

Por. You ſee me, lord Baſſanio, where I ſtand,
Such as I am: though, for my ſelf alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh,
To wiſh myſelf much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myſelf;
A thouſand times more fair, ten thouſand times
More rich;
That only to ſtand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full ſum of me
Is ſum of ſomething; which, to term in groſs,
Is an unleſſon'd girl, unſchool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learn; and happier than this,

She is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learn;
Happieſt of all, is, that her gentle ſpirit
Commits itſelf to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myſelf, and what is mine, to you, and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair manſion, maſter of my ſervants,
Queen o'er myſelf; and even now, but now,
This houſe, theſe ſervants, and this ſame myſelf,
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, loſe, or give away,
Let it preſage the ruin of your love,
And be my 'vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood ſpeaks to you in my veins:
And there is ſuch confuſion in my powers,
As, after ſome oration fairly ſpoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleaſed multitude;
Where every ſomething, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, ſave of joy,
Expreſs'd, and not expreſs'd: But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to ſay, Baſſanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have ſtood by, and ſeen our wiſhes proſper,
To cry, good joy; Good joy, my lord, and lady!

Gra. My lord Baſſanio, and my gentle lady,
I wiſh you all the joy that you can wiſh;
For, I am ſure, you can wiſh none from me:
And, when your honours mean to ſolemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beſeech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, ſo thou canſt get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordſhip; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as ſwift as yours:
You ſaw the miſtreſs, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermiſſion
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune ſtood upon the caſkets there;
And ſo did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here, until I ſweat again;
And ſwearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love; at laſt,—if promiſe laſt,—
I got a promiſe of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her miſtreſs.

Por. Is this true, Neriſſa?

Ner. Madam, it is, ſo you ſtand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feaſt ſhall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the firſt boy, for a thouſand ducats.

Ner. What, and ſtake down?

Gra. No; we ſhall ne'er win at that ſport, and ſtake down.——
But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new intereſt here
Have power to bid you welcome:—By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord;

They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour, for my part, my lord,
My purpoſe was not to have ſeen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, paſt all ſaying nay,
To come with him along.

Sale. I did, my lord,
And I have reaſon for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio a letter.*

Bass. Ere I ope this letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Sale. Not ſick, my lord, unleſs it be in mind;
Nor well, unleſs in mind: his letter there
Will ſhow you his eſtate.

Gra. Neriſſa, cheer yon' ſtranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio; What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know, he will be glad of our ſucceſs;
We are the Jaſons, we have won the fleece.

Sale. Would you had won the fleece that he hath loſt!

Por. There are ſome ſhrewd contents in yon' ſame paper,
That ſteal the colour from Baſſanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; elſe nothing in the world
Could turn ſo much the conſtitution
Of any conſtant man. What, worſe and worſe?—
With leave, Baſſanio; I am half yourſelf,
And I muſt freely have the half of any thing
That this ſame paper brings you.

Bass. O ſweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleaſant'ſt words,
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did firſt impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had

Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myſelf at nothing, you ſhall ſee
How much I was a braggart: When I told you
My ſtate was nothing, I ſhould then have told you
That I was worſe than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myſelf to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Iſſuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Liſbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one veſſel 'ſcape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sale. Not one, my lord.
Beſides, it ſhould appear, that if he had
The preſent money to diſcharge the Jew,
He would not take it: Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the ſhape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning, and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the ſtate,
If they deny him juſtice: twenty merchants,
The duke himſelf, and the magnificoes
Of greateſt port, have all perſuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of juſtice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him ſwear,
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's fleſh,

Than twenty times the value of the ſum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The deareſt friend to me, the kindeſt man,
The beſt condition'd and unwearied ſpirit
In doing courteſies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What ſum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thouſand ducats.

Por. What, no more?
Pay him ſix thouſand, and deface the bond;
Double ſix thouſand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this deſcription
Shall loſe a hair through Baſſanio's fault.
Firſt, go with me to church, and call me wife;
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never ſhall you lie by Portia's ſide
With an unquiet ſoul. You ſhall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Neriſſa, and myſelf, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;
For you ſhall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, ſhow a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [reads.] *Sweet Baſſanio, my ſhips have all miſcarried, my creditors grow cruel, my eſtate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and ſince, in paying it, it is impoſſible I ſhould live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I*

might but ſee you at my death: notwithſtanding, uſe your pleaſure: if your love do not perſuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love, diſpatch all buſineſs, and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haſte: but, till I come again,
No bed ſhall e'er be guilty of my ſtay,
No reſt be interpoſer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SHYLOCK, SALANIO, ANTONIO, *and* GAOLER.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him;—Tell not me of mercy;—
This is the fool that lent out money gratis;—
Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond; ſpeak not againſt my bond;
I have ſworn an oath, that I will have my bond:
Thou call'ſt me dog, before thou hadſt a cauſe:
But, ſince I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke ſhall grant me juſtice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art ſo fond
To come abroad with him at his requeſt.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me ſpeak.

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee ſpeak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore ſpeak no more.
I'll not be made a ſoft and dull-ey'd fool,
To ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh, and yield
To Chriſtian interceſſors. Follow not;
I'll have no ſpeaking; I will have my bond.
[*Exit* SHYLOCK.

Salan. It is the moſt impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone;

I'll follow him no more with bootleſs prayers.
He ſeeks my life; his reaſon well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

SALAN. I am ſure, the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

ANT. The duke cannot deny the courſe of law;
For the commodity that ſtrangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the juſtice of the ſtate;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Conſiſteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
Theſe griefs and loſſes have ſo 'bated me,
That I ſhall hardly ſpare a pound of fleſh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.——
Well, gaoler, on:—Pray God, Baſſanio come
To ſee me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Belmont. *A Room in* PORTIA'S *Houſe.*
Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* BALTHAZAR.

LOR. Madam, Although I ſpeak it in your preſence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears moſt ſtrongly
In bearing thus the abſence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you ſhow this honour,
How true a gentleman you ſend relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your huſband,
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than cuſtomary bounty can enforce you.

POR. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor ſhall not now: for in companions

That do converſe and waſte the time together,
Whoſe ſouls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There muſt be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of ſpirit;
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the boſom lover of my lord,
Muſt needs be like my lord: If it be ſo,
How little is the coſt I have beſtow'd,
In purchaſing the ſemblance of my ſoul
From out the ſtate of helliſh cruelty?
This comes too near the praiſing of myſelf;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.—
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The huſbandry and manage of my houſe,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a ſecret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Neriſſa here,
Until her huſband and my lord's return:
There is a monaſtery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do deſire you,
Not to deny this impoſition;
The which my love, and ſome neceſſity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I ſhall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jeſſica
In place of lord Baſſanio and myſelf.
So fare you well, till we ſhall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on you!

Jes. I wiſh your ladyſhip all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wiſh, and am well pleas'd

To wiſh it back on you: fare you well, Jeſſica.—
[*Exeunt* JESSICA *and* LORENZO.
Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honeſt, true,
So let me find thee ſtill: Take this ſame letter,
And uſe thou all the endeavour of a man,
In ſpeed to Padua; ſee thou render this
Into my couſin's hand, doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd ſpeed
Unto the traject, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice:—waſte no time in words,
But get thee gone; I ſhall be there before thee.
Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient ſpeed. [*Exit.*
Por. Come on, Neriſſa; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll ſee our huſbands
Before they think of us.
Ner. Shall they ſee us?
Por. They ſhall, Neriſſa; but in ſuch a habit,
That they ſhall think we are accompliſhed
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accouter'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And ſpeak, between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing ſteps
Into a manly ſtride; and ſpeak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies ſought my love,
Which I denying, they fell ſick and died;
I could not do with all;—then I'll repent,
And wiſh, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of theſe puny lies I'll tell,

That men ſhall ſwear, I have diſcontinued ſchool
Above a twelvemonth :—I have within my mind
A thouſand raw tricks of theſe bragging Jacks,
Which I will practiſe.

Ner. Why, ſhall we turn to men?

Por. Fie! what a queſtion's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter?
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which ſtays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haſte away,
For we muſt meaſure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. The ſame. A Garden.

Enter LAUNCELOT *and* JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly:—for, look you, the ſins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promiſe you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and ſo now I ſpeak my agitation of the matter: Therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of baſtard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of baſtard hope, indeed; ſo the ſins of my mother ſhould be viſited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damn'd both by father and mother: thus when I ſhun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I ſhall be ſaved by my huſband; he hath made me a Chriſtian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Chriſ-

tians enough before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another: This making of Chriſtians will raiſe the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we ſhall not ſhortly have a raſher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

JES. I'll tell my huſband, Launcelot, what you ſay; here he comes.

LOR. I ſhall grow jealous of you ſhortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

JES. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, becauſe I am a Jew's daughter: and he ſays, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Chriſtians, you raiſe the price of pork.

LOR. I ſhall anſwer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

LAUN. It is much, that the Moor ſhould be more than reaſon: but if ſhe be leſs than an honeſt woman, ſhe is, indeed, more than I took her for.

LOR. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the beſt grace of wit will ſhortly turn into ſilence; and diſcourſe grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, ſirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

LAUN. That is done, ſir; they have all ſtomachs.

LOR. Goodly lord, what a wit-ſnapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

LAUN. That is done too, ſir; only, cover is the word.

LOR. Will you cover then, ſir?

LAUN. Not ſo, ſir, neither; I know my duty.

LOR. Yet more quarrelling with occaſion! Wilt thou ſhow the whole wealth of thy wit in an inſtant? I pray

thee, underſtand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, ſerve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

LAUN. For the table, ſir, it ſhall be ſerved in; for the meat, ſir, it ſhall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, ſir, why, let it be as humours and conceits ſhall govern. [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.

LOR. O dear diſcretion, how his words are ſuited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; And I do know
A many fools, that ſtand in better place,
Garniſh'd like him, that for a trickſy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'ſt thou, Jeſſica?
And now, good ſweet, ſay thy opinion,
How doſt thou like the Lord Baſſanio's wife?

JES. Paſt all expreſſing: It is very meet,
The lord Baſſanio live an upright life;
For, having ſuch a bleſſing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reaſon he ſhould never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods ſhould play ſome heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there muſt be ſomething elſe
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

LOR. Even ſuch a huſband
Haſt thou of me, as ſhe is for a wife.

JES. Nay, but aſk my opinion too of that.

LOR. I will anon; firſt, let us go to dinner.

JES. Nay, let me praiſe you, while I have a ſtomach.

LOR. No, pray thee, let it ſerve for table-talk;
Then, howſoe'er thou ſpeak'ſt, 'mong other things

I ſhall digeſt it.

Jes. Well, I'll ſet you forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Venice. *A Court of Juſtice.*

Enter the DUKE, *the Magnificoes;* ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALANIO, *and others.*

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, ſo pleaſe your grace.

Duke. I am ſorry for thee; thou art come to anſwer
A ſtony adverſary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous courſe; but ſince he ſtands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppoſe
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To ſuffer, with a quietneſs of ſpirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Salan. He's ready at the door: he comes my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him ſtand before our face.—
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think ſo too,
That thou but lead'ſt this faſhion of thy malice
To the laſt hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt ſhow thy mercy, and remorſe, more ſtrange
Than is thy ſtrange apparent cruelty:
And, where thou now exact'ſt the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's fleſh,)

Thou wilt not only loſe the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleneſs and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his loſſes,
That have of late ſo huddled on his back;
Enough to preſs a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiſeration of his ſtate
From braſſy boſoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From ſtubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courteſy.
We all expect a gentle anſwer, Jew.

Shy. I have poſſeſs'd your grace of what I purpoſe;
And by our holy Sabbath have I ſworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll aſk me, why I rather chooſe to have
A weight of carrion fleſh, than to receive
Three thouſand ducats: I'll not anſwer that:
But, ſay, it is my humour; Is it anſwer'd?
What if my houſe be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thouſand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you anſwer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe ſings i' the noſe,
Cannot contain their urine; For affection,
Miſtreſs of paſſion, ſways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths: Now, for your anſwer:
As there is no firm reaſon to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmleſs neceſſary cat;
Why he, a ſwollen bag-pipe; but of force

Muſt yield to ſuch inevitable ſhame,
As to offend, himſelf being offended;
So can I give no reaſon, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A loſing ſuit againſt him. Are you anſwer'd?
Bass. This is no anſwer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuſe the current of thy cruelty.
Shy. I am not bound to pleaſe thee with my anſwer.
Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?
Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Every offence is not a hate at firſt. [twice?
Shy. What, would'ſt thou have a ſerpent ſting thee
Ant. I pray you, think you queſtion with the Jew:
You may as well go ſtand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his uſual height;
You may as well uſe queſtion with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noiſe,
When they are fretted with the guſts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeek to ſoften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewiſh heart:—Therefore, I do beſeech you,
Make no more offers, uſe no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgement, and the Jew his will.
Bass. For thy three thouſand ducats here is ſix.
Shy. If every ducat in ſix thouſand ducats
Were in ſix parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.
Duke. How ſhalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?
Shy. What judgement ſhall I dread, doing no wrong?

You have among you many a purchas'd ſlave,
Which, like your aſſes, and your dogs, and mules,
You uſe in abject and in ſlaviſh parts,
Becauſe you bought them:—Shall I ſay to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why ſweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as ſoft as yours, and let their palates
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch viands? You will anſwer,
The ſlaves are ours:—So do I anſwer you:
The pound of fleſh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I ſtand for judgement: anſwer; ſhall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power, I may diſmiſs this court,
Unleſs Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have ſent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Salar. My lord, here ſtays without
A meſſenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; Call the meſſenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man? courage yet!
The Jew ſhall have my fleſh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou ſhalt loſe for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meeteſt for death; the weakeſt kind of fruit
Drops earlieſt to the ground, and ſo let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Baſſanio,
Than to live ſtill, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Nerissa, dreſſed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both my lord: Bellario greets your grace.
[*Preſents a letter.*

Baſs. Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy ſole, but on thy ſoul, harſh Jew,
Thou mak'ſt thy knife keen: but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenneſs
Of thy ſharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
And for thy life let juſtice be accus'd.
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That ſouls of animals infuſe themſelves
Into the trunks of men: thy curriſh ſpirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human ſlaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell ſoul fleet,
And, whilſt thou lay'ſt in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itſelf in thee; for thy deſires
Are wolfiſh, bloody, ſtarv'd and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou can'ſt rail the ſeal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'ſt thy lungs to ſpeak ſo loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureleſs ruin.—I ſtand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court:—
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your anſwer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart:—ſome three or four of you,
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Mean time, the court ſhall hear Bellario's letter.

[Clerk *reads.*] *Your grace ſhall underſtand, that, at the*

receipt of your letter, I am very ſick: but in the inſtant that your meſſenger came, in loving viſitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balthaſar: I acquainted him with the cauſe in controverſy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turn'd o'er many books together: he is furniſh'd with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, (the greatneſs whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's requeſt in my ſtead. I beſeech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend eſtimation; for I never knew ſo young a body with ſo old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whoſe trial ſhall better publiſh his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter Portia, dreſſed like a doctor of laws.

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this preſent queſtion in the court?

Por. I am informed throughly of the cauſe.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both ſtand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a ſtrange nature is the ſuit you follow;
Yet in ſuch rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—
You ſtand within his danger, do you not? [*To Antonio.*

Ant. Ay, ſo he ſays.

Por. Do you confeſs the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then muſt the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulſion muſt I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bleſs'd;
It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His ſceptre ſhows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majeſty,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this ſcepter'd ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himſelf;
And earthly power doth then ſhow likeſt God's,
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice. Therefore, Jew,
Though juſtice be thy plea, conſider this,—
That, in the courſe of juſtice, none of us
Should ſee ſalvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that ſame prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have ſpoke thus much,
To mitigate the juſtice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this ſtrict court of Venice
Muſt needs give ſentence 'gainſt the merchant there.
Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to diſcharge the money?
Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the ſum: if that will not ſuffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not ſuffice, it muſt appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beſeech you,

Wreſt once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It muſt not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree eſtabliſhed:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the ſame example,
Will ruſh into the ſtate: it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgement! yea, a Daniel!—
O wiſe young judge, how do I honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, moſt reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my ſoul?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off
Neareſt the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.—
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your expoſition
Hath been moſt ſound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deſerving pillar,
Proceed to judgement: by my ſoul I ſwear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I ſtay here on my bond.

Ant. Moſt heartily I do beſeech the court
To give the judgement.

Por. Why then, thus it is.
You muſt prepare your boſom for his knife:

Shr. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpoſe of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shr. 'Tis very true: O wiſe and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore, lay bare your boſom.
Shr. Ay, his breaſt:
So ſays the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?—
Neareſt his heart, thoſe are the very words.
Por. It is ſo. Are there balance here, to weigh
The fleſh?
Shr. I have them ready.
Por. Have by ſome ſurgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To ſtop his wounds, leſt he do bleed to death.
Shr. Is it ſo nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not ſo expreſs'd; But what of that?
'Twere good, you do ſo much for charity.
Shr. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to ſay?
Ant. But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Baſſanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune ſhows herſelf more kind
Than is her cuſtom: it is ſtill her uſe,
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of ſuch a miſery doth ſhe cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the proceſs of Antonio's end,
Say, how I lov'd you, ſpeak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,

Whether Baſſanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you ſhall loſe your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it inſtantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itſelf;
But life itſelf, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me eſteem'd above thy life:
I would loſe all, ay, ſacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If ſhe were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I proteſt, I love;
I would ſhe were in heaven, ſo ſhe could
Entreat ſome power to change this curriſh Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wiſh would make elſe an unquiet houſe.

Shy. Theſe be the chriſtian huſbands: I have a daughter;
Would, any of the ſtock of Barrabas
Had been her huſband, rather than a Chriſtian! [*Aſide.*
We trifle time; I pray thee, purſue ſentence.

Por. A pound of that ſame merchant's fleſh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Moſt rightful judge!

Por. And you muſt cut this fleſh from off his breaſt;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Moſt learned judge!—A ſentence; come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little;—there is ſomething elſe.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expreſsly are, a pound of fleſh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of fleſh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou doſt ſhed

One drop of chriſtian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiſcate
Unto the ſtate of Venice.
GRA. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew;—O learned judge!
SHY. Is that the law?
POR. Thyſelf ſhalt ſee the act:
For, as thou urgeſt juſtice, be aſſur'd,
Thou ſhalt have juſtice, more than thou deſir'ſt.
GRA. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!
SHY. I take this offer then;—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Chriſtian go.
BASS. Here is the money.
POR. Soft;
The Jew ſhall have all juſtice;—ſoft!—no haſte;—
He ſhall have nothing but the penalty.
GRA. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
POR. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the fleſh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou leſs, nor more,
But juſt a pound of fleſh: if thou tak'ſt more,
Or leſs, than a juſt pound,—be it but ſo much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the ſubſtance,
Or the diviſion of the twentieth part
Of one poor ſcruple; nay, if the ſcale do turn
But in the eſtimation of a hair,—
Thou dieſt, and all thy goods are confiſcate.
GRA. A ſecond Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
POR. Why doth the Jew pauſe? take thy forfeiture.
SHY. Give me my principal, and let me go.
BASS. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
POR. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He ſhall have merely juſtice, and his bond.
GRA. A Daniel, ſtill ſay I; a ſecond Daniel!

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Por. Thou ſhalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be ſo taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it!
I'll ſtay no longer queſtion.
Por. Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be proved againſt an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He ſeek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainſt the which he doth contrive,
Shall ſeize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the ſtate;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainſt all other voice.
In which predicament, I ſay, thou ſtand'ſt:
For it appears by manifeſt proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou haſt contriv'd againſt the very life
Of the defendant; and thou haſt incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.
Gra. Beg, that thou may'ſt have leave to hang thyſelf:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the ſtate,
Thou haſt not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou muſt be hang'd at the ſtate's charge.
Duke. That thou ſhalt ſee the difference of our ſpirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aſk it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general ſtate,
Which humbleneſs may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the ſtate; not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
You take my houſe, when you do take the prop
That doth ſuſtain my houſe; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing elſe, for God's ſake.

Ant. So pleaſe my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content, ſo he will let me have
The other half in uſe,—to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately ſtole his daughter.
Two things provided more,—That, for this favour,
He preſently become a chriſtain;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies poſſeſs'd,
Unto his ſon Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He ſhall do this; or elſe I do recant
The pardon, that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what doſt thou ſay?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; ſend the deed after me,
And I will ſign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In chriſtening thou ſhalt have two godfathers;
Had I been judge, thou ſhould'ſt have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit Shylock.*

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do deſire your grace of pardon;

I muſt away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet, I preſently ſet forth.

DUKE. I am ſorry, that your leiſure ſerves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt DUKE, Magnificoes, and Train.*

BASS. Moſt worthy gentleman, I and my friend,
Have by your wiſdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thouſand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

ANT. And ſtand indebted, over and above,
In love and ſervice to you evermore.

POR. He is well paid, that is well ſatisfied;
And I, delivering you, am ſatisfied,
And therein do account myſelf well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wiſh you well, and ſo I take my leave.

BASS. Dear ſir, of force I muſt attempt you further;
Take ſome remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

POR. You preſs me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your ſake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:—
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love ſhall not deny me this.

BASS. This ring, good ſir,—alas, it is a trifle;
I will not ſhame myſelf to give you this.

POR. I will have nothing elſe but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

BASS. There's more depends on this, than on the value.

The deareſt ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I ſee, ſir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me firſt to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar ſhould be anſwer'd.

Bass. Good ſir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when ſhe put it on, ſhe made me vow,
That I ſhould neither ſell, nor give, nor loſe it.

Por. That 'ſcuſe ſerves many men to ſave their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deſerv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.*

Ant. My lord Baſſanio, let him have the ring;
Let his deſervings, and my love withal,
Be valued 'gainſt your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'ſt,
Unto Antonio's houſe:—away, make haſte.

[*Exit Gratiano.*

Come, you and I will thither preſently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: Come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The ſame. A Street.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. Enquire the Jew's houſe out, give him this deed,
And let him ſign it; we'll away to night,
And be a day before our huſbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

GRA. Fair ſir, you are well overtaken:
My lord Baſſanio, upon more advice,
Hath ſent you here this ring; and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

POR. That cannot be:
This ring I do accept moſt thankfully,
And ſo, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,
I pray you, ſhow my youth old Shylock's houſe.

GRA. That will I do.

NER. Sir, I would ſpeak with you:—
I'll ſee if I can get my huſband's ring, [*To* PORTIA.
Which I did make him ſwear to keep for ever.

POR. Thou may'ſt, I warrant: We ſhall have old ſwear-
That they did give the rings away to men; [ing,
But we'll outface them, and outſwear them too.
Away, make haſte; thou know'ſt where I will tarry.

NER. Come, good ſir, will you ſhow me to this houſe?
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Belmont. *Avenue to* PORTIA'S *Houſe.*

Enter LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

LOR. The moon ſhines bright:—In ſuch a night as this,
When the ſweet wind did gently kiſs the trees,
And they did make no noiſe; in ſuch a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And ſigh'd his ſoul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Creſſid lay that night.

JES. In ſuch a night,
Did Thiſbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And ſaw the lion's ſhadow ere himſelf,

And ran diſmay'd away.

Lor. In ſuch a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild ſea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In ſuch a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æſon.

Lor. In ſuch a night,
Did Jeſſica ſteal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. And in ſuch a night,
Did young Lorenzo ſwear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her ſoul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in ſuch a night,
Did pretty Jeſſica, like a little ſhrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter a Servant.

Lor. Who comes ſo faſt in ſilence of the night?

Serv. A friend.

Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Serv. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My miſtreſs will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: ſhe doth ſtray about
By holy croſſes, where ſhe kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Serv. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.

I pray you, is my maſter yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jeſſica,
And ceremoniouſly let us prepare
Some welcome for the miſtreſs of the houſe.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, ſola, wo ha, ho, ſola, ſola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you ſee maſter Lorenzo, and miſtreſs Lorenzo! ſola, ſola!

Lor. Leave hollaing, man; here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a poſt come from my maſter, with his horn full of good news; my maſter will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

Lor. Sweet ſoul, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter;—Why ſhould we go in?
My friend Stephano, ſignify, I pray you,
Within the houſe, your miſtreſs is at hand;
And bring your muſick forth into the air.—
[*Exit* SERVANT.
How ſweet the moon-light ſleeps upon this bank!
Here will we ſit, and let the ſounds of muſick
Creep in our ears; ſoft ſtillneſs, and the night,
Become the touches of ſweet harmony.
Sit, Jeſſica: Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the ſmalleſt orb, which thou behold'ſt,
But in his motion like an angel ſings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal ſouls;
But, whilſt this muddy veſture of decay

Doth groſsly cloſe it in, we cannot hear it.—

Enter Muſicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
With ſweeteſt touches pierce your miſtreſs' ear,
And draw her home with muſick.

Jes. I am never merry when I hear ſweet muſick.

[*Muſick.*

Lor. The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet ſound,
Or any air of muſick touch their ears,
You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand,
Their ſavage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze,
By the ſweet power of muſic: Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, ſtones, and floods;
Since naught ſo ſtockiſh, hard, and full of rage,
But muſick for the time doth change his nature:
The man that hath no muſick in himſelf,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoils;
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no ſuch man be truſted.—Mark the muſick.

Enter Portia *and* Nerissa, *at a diſtance.*

Por. That light we ſee, is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So ſhines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon ſhone, we did not ſee the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the leſs:
A ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a king,

Until a king be by; and then his ſtate
Empties itſelf, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Muſick! hark!

Ner. It is your muſick, madam, of the houſe.

Por. Nothing is good, I ſee, without reſpect;
Methinks, it ſounds much ſweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence beſtows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth ſing as ſweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if ſhe ſhould ſing by day,
When every gooſe is cackling, would be thought
No better a muſician than the wren.
How many things by ſeaſon ſeaſon'd are
To their right praiſe, and true perfection!—
Peace, hoa! the moon ſleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd! [*Muſick ceaſes.*

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our huſbands' welfare,
Which ſpeed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a meſſenger before,
To ſignify their coming.

Por. Go in, Neriſſa,
Give order to my ſervants, that they take
No note at all of our being abſent hence;—
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jeſſica, nor you. [*A tucket ſounds.*

Lor. Your huſband is at hand, I hear his trumpet
We are no telltales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the daylight ſick,
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the ſun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and their followers.*

Bass. We ſhould hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in abſence of the ſun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy huſband,
And never be Baſſanio ſo for me;
But God ſort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend.—
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am ſo infinitely bound.

Por. You ſhould in all ſenſe be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our houſe:
It muſt appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I ſcant this breathing courteſy.

[*Gratiano and Nerissa ſeem to talk apart.*

Gra. By yonder moon, I ſwear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, ſo much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already? what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That ſhe did give me; whoſe poſy was
For all the world, like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of the poſy, or the value?
You ſwore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death;

And that it ſhould lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You ſhould have been reſpective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face, that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little ſcrubbed boy,
No higher than thyſelf, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I muſt be plain with you,
To part ſo ſlightly with your wife's firſt gift;
A thing ſtuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted ſo with faith unto your fleſh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him ſwear
Never to part with it; and here he ſtands;
I dare be ſworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world maſters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cauſe of grief;
An 'twere to me, I ſhould be mad at it.

Bass. Why, I were beſt to cut my left hand off,
And ſwear, I loſt the ring defending it. [*Aſide.*

Gra. My lord Baſſanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deſerv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took ſome pains in writing, he begg'd mine:
And neither man, nor maſter, would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you ſee, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.
Por. Even ſo void is your falſe heart of truth,
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I ſee the ring.
Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again ſee mine.
Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the ſtrength of your diſpleaſure.
Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthineſs that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there ſo much unreaſonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modeſty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Neriſſa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but ſome woman had the ring.
Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my ſoul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuſe three thouſand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And ſuffer'd him to go diſpleas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What ſhould I ſay, ſweet lady?
I was enforc'd to ſend it after him;

I was beſet with ſhame and courteſy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much beſmear it: Pardon me, good lady;
For, by theſe bleſſed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my houſe:
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did ſwear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my huſband's bed:
Know him I ſhall, I am well ſure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus:
If you do not, If I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you ſo: let not me take him then;
For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy ſubject of theſe quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithſtanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of theſe many friends,
I ſwear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I ſee myſelf,——

Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly ſees himſelf:
In each eye, one:—ſwear by your double ſelf,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me:

Pardon this fault, and by my ſoul I ſwear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.
Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him that had your huſband's ring,
[*To Portia.*
Had quite miſcarried: I dare be bound again,
My ſoul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith adviſedly.
Por. Then you ſhall be his ſurety: Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.
Ant. Here, lord Baſſanio; ſwear to keep this ring.
Bass. By heaven, it is the ſame I gave the doctor!
Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Baſſanio;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.
Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that ſame ſcrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, laſt night did lie with me.
Gra. Why, this is like the mending of high ways
In ſummer, where the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deſerv'd it?
Por. Speak not ſo groſsly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leiſure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you ſhall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Neriſſa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witneſs, I ſet forth as ſoon as you,
And but even now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my houſe.—Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in ſtore for you,
Than you expect: unſeal this letter ſoon;
There you ſhall find, three of your argoſies
Are richly come to harbour ſuddenly:
You ſhall not know by what ſtrange accident

I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay; but the clerk, that never means to do it,
Unleſs he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you ſhall be my bedfellow;
When I am abſent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living;
For here I read for certain, that my ſhips
Are ſafely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath ſome good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you, and Jeſſica,
From the rich Jew, a ſpecial deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies poſſeſs'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of ſtarved people.

Por. It is almoſt morning,
And yet, I am ſure, you are not ſatisfied
Of theſe events at full: Let us go in;
And charge us there upon intergatories,
And we will anſwer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be ſo: The firſt intergatory,
That my Neriſſa ſhall be ſworn on, is,
Whether till the next night ſhe had rather ſtay;
Or go to bed now, being two hours to-day:
But were the day come, I ſhould wiſh it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So ſore, as keeping ſafe Neriſſa's ring. [*Exeunt.*

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Perſons repreſented.

Duke, *living in exile.*
Frederick, *brother to the* Duke, *and uſurper of his dominions.*
Amiens, } *Lords attending upon the* Duke *in his baniſh-*
Jaques, } *ment.*
Le Beau, *a courtier attending upon* Frederick:
Charles, *his wreſtler.*
Oliver, }
Jaques, } *Sons of Sir* Rowland de Bois.
Orlando, }
Adam, }
Dennis, } *Servants to* Oliver.
Touchſtone, *a clown.*
Sir Oliver Mar-text, *a vicar.*
Corin, }
Sylvius, } *Shepherds.*
William, *a country fellow, in love with* Audrey.
A perſon repreſenting Hymen.
Roſalind, *daughter to the baniſhed* Duke.
Celia, *daughter to* Frederick.
Phebe, *a ſhepherdeſs.*
Audrey, *a country wench.*

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; Pages, Foreſters, and other Attendants.

The SCENE lies, firſt, near Oliver's *houſe; afterwards, partly in the Uſurper's court, and partly in the foreſt of* Arden.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.

SCENE I. An Orchard, near OLIVER'S *Houſe.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

ORL. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this faſhion bequeathed me: By will, but a poor thouſand crowns; and, as thou ſay'ſt, charged my brother, on his bleſſing, to breed me well: and there begins my ſadneſs. My brother Jaques he keeps at ſchool, and report ſpeaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me ruſtically at home, or, to ſpeak more properly, ſtays me here at home unkept: For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the ſtalling of an ox? His horſes are bred better; for, beſides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Beſides this nothing that he ſo plentifully gives me, the ſomething that nature gave me, his countenance ſeems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that

grieves me; and the ſpirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny againſt this ſervitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wiſe remedy how to avoid it.

Enter OLIVER.

ADAM. Yonder comes my maſter, your brother.

ORL. Go apart, Adam, and thou ſhalt hear how he will ſhake me up.

OLI. Now, ſir! what make you here?

ORL. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

OLI. What mar you then, ſir?

ORL. Marry, ſir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleneſs.

OLI. Marry, ſir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

ORL. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat huſks with them? What prodigal portion have I ſpent, that I ſhould come to ſuch penury?

OLI. Know you where you are, ſir?

ORL. O, ſir, very well: here in your orchard.

OLI. Know you before whom, ſir?

ORL. Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know, you are my eldeſt brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you ſhould ſo know me: The courteſy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the firſt-born; but the ſame tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confeſs, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

OLI. What, boy!

ORL. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

OLI. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

ORL. I am no villain: I am the youngeſt ſon of ſir Rowland de Bois; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain, that ſays, ſuch a father begot villains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for ſaying ſo; thou haſt railed on thyſelf.

ADAM. Sweet maſters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

OLI. Let me go, I ſay.

ORL. I will not, till I pleaſe: you ſhall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peaſant, obſcuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the ſpirit of my father grows ſtrong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me ſuch exerciſes as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by teſtament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

OLI. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is ſpent? Well, ſir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you ſhall have ſome part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

ORL. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

OLI. Get you with him, you old dog.

ADAM. Is old dog my reward? Moſt true, I have loſt my teeth in your ſervice.—God be with my old maſter! he would not have ſpoke ſuch a word.

[*Exeunt* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

OLI. Is it even ſo? begin you to grow upon me? I will phyſick your rankneſs, and yet give no thouſand crowns neither. Hola, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worſhip?

Oli. Was not Charles, the Duke's wreſtler, here to ſpeak with me?

Den. So pleaſe you, he is here at the door, and importunes acceſs to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit* DENNIS.]—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wreſtling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worſhip.

Oli. Good monſieur Charles!—what's the news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, ſir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is baniſhed by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themſelves into voluntary exile with him, whoſe lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Roſalind, the duke's daughter, be baniſhed with her father.

Cha. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her couſin, ſo loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that ſhe would have followed her exile, or have died to ſtay behind her. She is at the court, and no leſs beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They ſay, he is already in the foreſt of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they ſay, many young gentlemen flock to him every day; and fleet the time careleſsly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wreſtle to-morrow before the new duke?

CHA. Marry, do I, ſir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, ſir, ſecretly to underſtand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a diſpoſition to come in diſguis'd againſt me to try a fall: To-morrow, ſir, I wreſtle for my credit; and he that eſcapes me without ſome broken limb, ſhall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I muſt, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might ſtay him from his intendment, or brook ſuch diſgrace well as he ſhall run into; in that it is a thing of his own ſearch, and altogether againſt my will.

OLI. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou ſhalt find I will moſt kindly requite. I had myſelf notice of my brother's purpoſe herein, and have by underhand means laboured to diſſuade him from it; but he is reſolute. I'll tell thee, Charles,——it is the ſtubborneſt young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a ſecret and villainous contriver againſt me his natural brother; therefore uſe thy diſcretion; I had as lief thou didſt break his neck as his finger: And thou wert beſt look to't; for if thou doſt him any ſlight diſgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himſelf on thee, he will practiſe againſt thee by poiſon, entrap thee by ſome treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by ſome indirect means or other: for, I aſſure thee, and almoſt with tears I ſpeak it, there is not one ſo young and ſo villainous this day living. I ſpeak but brotherly of him; but ſhould I anatomize him to thee as he is, I muſt bluſh and weep, and thou muſt look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: If ever he go alone again, I'll never wreſtle for prize more: And ſo, God keep your worſhip! [*Exit.*

Oli. Farewell good Charles.—Now will I ſtir this gameſter: I hope, I ſhall ſee an end of him; for my ſoul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never ſchool'd, and yet learn'd; full of noble device; of all ſorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, ſo much in the heart of the world, and eſpecially of my own people, who beſt know him, that I am altogether miſpriſed: but it ſhall not be ſo long; this wreſtler ſhall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Cel. I pray thee, Roſalind, ſweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I ſhow more mirth than I am miſtreſs of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unleſs you could teach me to forget a baniſhed father, you muſt not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleaſure.

Cel. Herein, I ſee, thou loveſt me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy baniſhed father, had baniſhed thy uncle, the duke my father, ſo thou hadſt been ſtill with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; ſo would'ſt thou, if the truth of thy love to me were ſo righteouſly temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my eſtate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou

ſhalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monſter: therefore, my ſweet Roſe, my dear Roſe, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and deviſe ſports: let me ſee; What think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pry'thee, do, to make ſport with all: but love no man in good earneſt; nor no further in ſport neither, than with ſafety of a pure bluſh thou may'ſt in honour come off again.

Ros. What ſhall be our ſport then?

Cel. Let us ſit and mock the good houſewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be beſtowed equally.

Ros. I would, we could do ſo; for her benefits are mightily miſplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth moſt miſtake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true: for thoſe, that ſhe makes fair, ſhe ſcarce makes honeſt; and thoſe, that ſhe makes honeſt, ſhe makes very ill-favour'dly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goeſt from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter Touchstone.

Cel. No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may ſhe not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune ſent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither,

but nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reaſon of ſuch goddeſſes, hath ſent this natural for our whetſtone: for always the dulneſs of the fool is the whetſtone of the wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

Touch. Miſtreſs, you muſt come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the meſſenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that ſwore by his honour they were good pancakes, and ſwore by his honour the muſtard was naught: now, I'll ſtand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the muſtard was good; and yet was not the knight forſworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wiſdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: ſtroke your chins, and ſwear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you ſwear by that that is not, you are not forſworn: no more was this knight, ſwearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had ſworn it away, before ever he ſaw thoſe pancakes or that muſtard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'ſt?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough! ſpeak no more of him; you'll be whip'd for taxation, one of theſe days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not ſpeak wiſely, what wiſe men do fooliſhly.

Cel. By my troth, thou ſay'ſt true: for ſince the little wit, that fools have, was ſilenced, the little foolery, that wiſe men have, makes a great ſhow. Here comes Monſieur Le Beau.

Enter Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then ſhall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we ſhall be the more marketable. *Bon jour*, Monſieur le Beau: What's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princeſs, you have loſt much good ſport.

Cel. Sport? Of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How ſhall I anſwer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the deſtinies decree.

Cel. Well ſaid; that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,——

Ros. Thou loſeſt thy old ſmell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wreſtling, which you have loſt the ſight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wreſtling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it pleaſe your ladyſhips, you may ſee the end; for the beſt is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three ſons,——

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and preſence;——

Ros. With bills on their necks,—*Be it known unto all men by theſe preſents,*——

Le Beau. The eldeſt of the three wreſtled with Charles, the duke's wreſtler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: ſo he ſerved the ſecond, and ſo the third: Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making ſuch pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the ſport, monſieur, that the ladies have loſt?

Le Beau. Why, this that I ſpeak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiſer every day! it is the firſt time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was ſport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promiſe thee.

Ros. But is there any elſe longs to ſee this broken muſick in his ſides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?——Shall we ſee this wreſtling, couſin?

Le Beau. You muſt, if you ſtay here; for here is the place appointed for the wreſtling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, ſure, they are coming: Let us now ſtay and ſee it.

Flouriſh. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on; ſince the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardneſs.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks ſucceſsfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter, and couſin? are you crept hither to ſee the wreſtling?

Ros. Ay, my liege; ſo pleaſe you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is ſuch odds in the men: In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain diſſuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; ſee if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monſieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do ſo; I'll not be by. [*Duke goes apart.*

Le Beau. Monſieur the challenger, the princeſſes call for you.

Orl. I attend them, with all reſpect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wreſtler?

Orl. No, fair princeſs; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the ſtrength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your ſpirits are too bold for your years: you have ſeen cruel proof of this man's ſtrength: if you ſaw yourſelf with your eyes, or knew yourſelf with your judgement, the fear of your adventure would counſel you to a more equal enterpriſe. We pray you, for your own ſake, to embrace your own ſafety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young ſir; your reputation ſhall not therefore be miſpriſed: we will make it our ſuit to the duke, that the wreſtling might not go forward.

Orl. I beſeech you, puniſh me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confeſs me much guilty, to deny ſo fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wiſhes, go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one ſhamed that was never

gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be ſo: I ſhall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better ſupplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little ſtrength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's deſires be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is ſo deſirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, ſir; but his will hath in it a more modeſt working.

Duke F. You ſhall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace; you ſhall not entreat him to a ſecond, that have ſo mightily perſuaded him from a firſt.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you ſhould not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy ſpeed, young man!

Cel. I would I were inviſible, to catch the ſtrong fellow by the leg. [*Charles and Orlando wreſtle.*

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who ſhould down. [*Charles is thrown. Shout.*

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beſeech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How doſt thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot ſpeak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. [*Charles is borne out.*

What is thy name, young man?

ORL. Orlando, my liege; the youngeſt ſon of Sir Rowland de Bois.

DUKE F. I would, thou hadſt been ſon to ſome man elſe.
The world eſteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him ſtill mine enemy:
Thou ſhouldſt have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadſt thou deſcended from another houſe.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would, thou hadſt told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke FRED. Train, and LE BEAU.*

CEL. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

ORL. I am more proud to be ſir Rowland's ſon,
His youngeſt ſon;—and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

ROS. My father lov'd ſir Rowland as his ſoul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his ſon,
I ſhould have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he ſhould thus have ventur'd.

CEL. Gentle couſin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious diſpoſition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deſerv'd:
If you do keep your promiſes in love,
But juſtly, as you have exceeded promiſe,
Your miſtreſs ſhall be happy.

ROS. Gentleman, [*Giving him a chain from her neck.*
Wear this for me; one out of ſuits with fortune;
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.—
Shall we go, coz?

CEL. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not ſay, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which here ſtands up,
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeleſs block.

Ros. He calls us back: My pride fell with my fortunes:
I'll aſk him what he would:—Did you call, ſir?—
Sir, you have wreſtled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you:—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* Rosalind *and* Celia.

Orl. What paſſion hangs theſe weights upon my tongue?
I cannot ſpeak to her, yet ſhe urg'd conference.

Re-enter Le Beau.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or ſomething weaker, maſters thee.

Le Beau. Good ſir, I do in friendſhip counſel you
To leave this place: Albeit you have deſerv'd
High commendation, true applauſe, and love;
Yet ſuch is now the duke's condition,
That he miſconſtrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,
More ſuits you to conceive, than me to ſpeak of.

Orl. I thank you, ſir: and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wreſtling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the ſhorter is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the baniſh'd duke,
And here detain'd by her uſurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whoſe loves

Are dearer than the natural bond of ſiſters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en diſpleaſure 'gainſt his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praiſe her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's ſake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainſt the lady
Will ſuddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I ſhall deſire more love and knowledge of you.

ORL. I reſt much bounden to you: fare you well!

[*Exit* LE BEAU.

Thus muſt I from the ſmoke into the ſmother;
From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother:—
But heavenly Roſalind! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CELIA *and* ROSALIND.

CEL. Why, couſin; why, Roſalind;—Cupid have mercy!—Not a word?

ROS. Not one to throw at a dog.

CEL. No, thy words are too precious to be caſt away upon curs, throw ſome of them at me; come, lame me with reaſons.

ROS. Then there were two couſins laid up; when the one ſhould be lamed with reaſons, and the other mad without any.

CEL. But is all this for your father?

ROS. No, ſome of it is for my child's father: O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

CEL. They are but burs, couſin, thrown upon thee in holyday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could ſhake them off my coat; theſe burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try; if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wreſtle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wreſtler than myſelf.

Cel. O, a good wiſh upon you! you will try in time, in deſpite of a fall.—But, turning theſe jeſts out of ſervice, let us talk in good earneſt: Is it poſſible, on ſuch a ſudden, you ſhould fall into ſo ſtrong a liking with old ſir Rowland's youngeſt ſon?

Ros. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore enſue, that you ſhould love his ſon dearly? By this kind of chaſe, I ſhould hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No 'faith, hate him not, for my ſake.

Cel. Why ſhould I not? doth he not deſerve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, becauſe I do:—Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, *with* Lords.

Duke F. Miſtreſs, deſpatch you with your ſafeſt haſte,
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, couſin:
Within theſe ten days if that thou be'ſt found
So near our publick court as twenty miles,
Thou dieſt for it.

Ros. I do beſeech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myſelf I hold intelligence,

Or have acquaintance with mine own deſires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,
(As I do truſt I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never, ſo much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highneſs.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did conſiſt in words,
They are as innocent as grace itſelf:—
Let it ſuffice thee, that I truſt thee not.

Ros. Yet your miſtruſt cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I, when your highneſs took his dukedom;
So was I, when your highneſs baniſh'd him:
Treaſon is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, miſtake me not ſo much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear ſovereign, hear me ſpeak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we ſtay'd her for your ſake,
Elſe had ſhe with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her ſtay,
It was your pleaſure, and your own remorſe;
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if ſhe be a traitor,
Why ſo am I; we ſtill have ſlept together,
Roſe at an inſtant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And whereſoe'er we went, like Juno's ſwans,
Still we went coupled, and inſeparable.

Duke F. She is too ſubtle for thee; and her ſmooth-
Her very ſilence, and her patience, [neſs,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.

Thou art a fool: ſhe robs thee of thy name; [tuous,
And thou wilt ſhow more bright, and ſeem more vir-
When ſhe is gone: then open not thy lips;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have paſs'd upon her; ſhe is baniſh'd.

Cel. Pronounce that ſentence then on me, my liege;
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool:—You, niece, provide yourſelf;
If you out-ſtay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatneſs of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and* Lords.

Cel. O my poor Roſalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cauſe.

Cel. Thou haſt not, couſin;
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'ſt thou not, the duke
Hath baniſh'd me his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? Roſalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be ſunder'd? ſhall we part, ſweet girl?
No; let my father ſeek another heir.
Therefore deviſe with me, how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not ſeek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourſelf, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our ſorrows pale,
Say what thou canſt, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither ſhall we go?

Cel. To ſeek my uncle.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth ſo far?

Beauty provoketh thieves ſooner than gold.
Cel. I'll put myſelf in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber ſmirch my face;
The like do you; ſo ſhall we paſs along,
And never ſtir aſſailants.
Ros. Were it not better,
Becauſe that I am more than common tall,
That I did ſuit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-ax upon my thigh,
A boar-ſpear in my hand; and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,)
We'll have a ſwaſhing and a martial outſide;
As many other manniſh cowards have,
That do outface it with their ſemblances.
Cel. What ſhall I call thee, when thou art a man?
Ros. I'll have no worſe a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me, Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?
Cel. Something that hath a reference to my ſtate;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.
Ros. But, couſin, what if we aſſay'd to ſteal
The clowniſh fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Deviſe the fitteſt time, and ſafeſt way
To hide us from purſuit that will be made
After my flight: Now go we in content,
To liberty, and not to baniſhment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. II.

SCENE I. The Foreſt of Arden.

Enter DUKE *ſenior*, AMIENS, *and other* LORDS, *in the dreſs of Foreſters.*

Duke S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old cuſtom made this life more ſweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not theſe woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The ſeaſon's difference; as, the icy fang,
And churliſh chiding of the winter's wind;
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I ſhrink with cold, I ſmile, and ſay,—
This is no flattery: theſe are counſellors
That feelingly perſuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uſes of adverſity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from publick haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it: Happy is your grace,
That can tranſlate the ſtubbornneſs of fortune
Into ſo quiet and ſo ſweet a ſtyle.

Duke S. Come, ſhall we go and kill us veniſon?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,—
Being native burghers of this deſert city,—
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, ſwears you do more uſurp
Than doth your brother that hath baniſh'd you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myſelf,

Did ſteal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whoſe antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor ſequeſter'd ſtag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languiſh; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth ſuch groans,
That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern coat
Almoſt to burſting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent noſe
In piteous chaſe: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremeſt verge of the ſwift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

DUKE S. But what ſaid Jaques?
Did he not moralize this ſpectacle?

1 *LORD.* O, yes, into a thouſand ſimiles.
Firſt, for his weeping in the needleſs ſtream;
Poor deer, quoth he, *thou mak'ſt a teſtament*
As worldlings do, giving thy ſum of more
To that which had too much: Then, being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he; *thus miſery doth part*
The flux of company: Anon, a careleſs herd,
Full of the paſture, jumps along by him,
And never ſtays to greet him; *Ay*, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greaſy citizens;
'Tis juſt the faſhion: Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus moſt invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life: ſwearing, that we
Are mere uſurpers, tyrants, and what's worſe,

To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their aſſign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 *Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the ſobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place;
I love to cope him in theſe ſullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2 *Lord.* I'll bring you to him ſtraight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke F. Can it be poſſible, that no man ſaw them?
It cannot be: ſome villains of my court
Are of conſent and ſufferance in this.

1 *Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did ſee her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreaſur'd of their miſtreſs.

2 *Lord.* My lord, the roynish clown, at whom ſo oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is alſo miſſing.
Heſperia, the princeſs' gentlewoman,
Confeſſes, that ſhe ſecretly o'er-heard
Your daughter and her couſin much commend
The parts and graces of the wreſtler
That did but lately foil the ſinewy Charles;
And ſhe believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is ſurely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;
If he be abſent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him: do this ſuddenly;
And let not ſearch and inquiſition quail
To bring again theſe fooliſh runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Before OLIVER'S *Houſe.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM, *meeting.*

ORL. Who's there?

ADAM. What! my young maſter?—O, my gentle maſter,
O, my ſweet maſter, O you memory
Of old ſir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, ſtrong, and valiant?
Why would you be ſo fond to overcome
The bony priſer of the humorous duke?
Your praiſe is come too ſwiftly home before you.
Know you not, maſter, to ſome kind of men
Their graces ſerve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle maſter,
Are ſanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

ORL. Why, what's the matter?

ADAM. O unhappy youth,
Come not within theſe doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the ſon—
Yet not the ſon;—I will not call him ſon—
Of him I was about to call his father,)—
Hath heard your praiſes; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you uſe to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practices.
This is no place, this houſe is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

ORL. Why, whither, Adam, wouldſt thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, ſo you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldſt thou have me go and beg my food?
Or, with a baſe and boiſterous ſword, enforce
A thieviſh living on the common road?
This I muſt do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will ſubject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not ſo: I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I ſav'd under your father,
Which I did ſtore, to be my foſter-nurſe,
When ſervice ſhould in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the ſparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: Let me be your ſervant;
Though I look old, yet I am ſtrong and luſty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbaſhful forehead woo
The means of weakneſs and debility;
Therefore my age is as a luſty winter,
Froſty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the ſervice of a younger man
In all your buſineſs and neceſſities.

Orl. O good old man; how well in thee appears
The conſtant ſervice of the antique world,
When ſervice ſweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the faſhion of theſe times,
Where none will ſweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their ſervice up
Even with the having: it is not ſo with thee.

But, poor old man, thou prun'ſt a rotten tree,
That cannot ſo much as a bloſſom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and huſbandry:
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages ſpent,
We'll light upon ſome ſettled low content.

ADAM. Maſter, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the laſt gaſp, with truth and loyalty.—
From ſeventeen years till now almoſt fourſcore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At ſeventeen years many their fortunes ſeek;
But at fourſcore, it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better,
Than to die well, and not my maſter's debtor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. The Foreſt of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND *in boys clothes,* CELIA *dreſt like a Shepherdeſs, and* TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my ſpirits!

TOUCH. I care not for my ſpirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to diſgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I muſt comfort the weaker veſſel, as doublet and hoſe ought to ſhow itſelf courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

CEL. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

TOUCH. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you: yet I ſhould bear no croſs, if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purſe:

Ros. Well, this is the foreſt of Arden.

TOUCH. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I;

when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers muſt be content.

Ros. Ay, be ſo, good Touchſtone:—Look you, who comes here; a young man, and an old, in ſolemn talk.

Enter CORIN *and* SILVIUS.

Cor. That is the way to make her ſcorn you ſtill.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'ſt how I do love her!

Cor. I partly gueſs; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canſt not gueſs;
Though in thy youth thou waſt as true a lover
As ever ſigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As ſure I think did never man love ſo,)
How many actions moſt ridiculous
Haſt thou been drawn to by thy fantaſy?

Cor. Into a thouſand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didſt then ne'er love ſo heartily:
If thou remember'ſt not the ſlighteſt folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou haſt not lov'd:
Or if thou haſt not ſat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy miſtreſs praiſe,
Thou haſt not lov'd:
Or if thou haſt not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my paſſion now makes me,
Thou haſt not lov'd:—O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[*Exit* SILVIUS.

Ros. Alas, poor ſhepherd! ſearching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine: I remember, when I was in love, I broke my ſword upon a ſtone, and bid him take that for coming anight to Jane Smile: and I remember the kiſſing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty

chop'd hands had milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peaſcod inſtead of her; from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them again, ſaid with weeping tears, *Wear theſe for my ſake.* We, that are true lovers, run into ſtrange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, ſo is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou ſpeak'ſt wiſer than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I ſhall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my ſhins againſt it.

Ros. Jove! Jove! this ſhepherd's paſſion
Is much upon my faſhion. [me.

Touch. And mine; but it grows ſomething ſtale with

Cel. I pray you, one of you queſtion yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almoſt to death.

Touch. Holla; you, clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinſman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, ſir.

Cor. Elſe are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I ſay:—
Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle ſir, and to you all.

Ros. I pr'ythee, ſhepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this deſert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may reſt ourſelves, and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppreſs'd,
And faints for ſuccour.

Cor. Fair ſir, I pity her,
And wiſh for her ſake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am ſhepherd to another man,
And do not ſheer the fleeces that I graze;

My maſter is of churliſh diſpoſition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hoſpitality:
Beſides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on ſale, and at our ſheepcote now,
By reaſon of his abſence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come ſee,
And in my voice moſt welcome ſhall you be.

Ros. What is he that ſhall buy his flock and paſture?

Cor. That young ſwain that you ſaw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it ſtand with honeſty,
Buy thou the cottage, paſture, and the flock,
And thou ſhalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages: I like this place,
And willingly could waſte my time in it.

Cor. Aſſuredly, the thing is to be ſold:
Go with me; if you like, upon report,
The ſoil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right ſuddenly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. The ſame.

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, *and Others.*

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the ſweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monſieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can ſuck melancholy out of a ſong, as a weazel ſucks eggs: More, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged; I know, I cannot pleaſe you.

Jaq. I do not deſire you to pleaſe me, I do deſire you to ſing: Come, more; another ſtanza; Call you them ſtanzas?

Ami. What you will, monſieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing: Will you ſing?

Ami. More at your requeſt, than to pleaſe myſelf.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment, is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, ſing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the ſong.—Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree:—he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too diſpútable for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boaſt of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition ſhun, [All together here]
And loves to live i' the ſun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;

Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verſe to this note, that I made yeſterday in deſpite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll ſing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:

If it do come to paſs,
That any man turn aſs,
Leaving his wealth and eaſe,
A ſtubborn will to pleaſe,
Ducdàme, ducdàme, ducdàme;
Here ſhall he ſee,
Groſs fools as he,
An if he will come to Ami.

Ami. What's that *ducdàme?*

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go ſleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail againſt all the firſt-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go ſeek the duke; his banquet is prepar'd. [*Exeunt ſeverally*

SCENE VI. The ſame.

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Adam. Dear maſter, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and meaſure out my grave. Farewell, kind maſter.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyſelf a little: If this uncouth foreſt yield any thing ſavage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my ſake, be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I

will here be with thee preſently; and if I bring thee not ſomething to eat, I'll give thee leave to die: but if thou dieſt before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well ſaid! thou look'ſt cheerly: and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou lieſt in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to ſome ſhelter; and thou ſhalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this deſert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. The ſame.

A table ſet out. Enter DUKE *Senior*, AMIENS, LORDS, *and Others.*

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beaſt;
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 *Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence;
Here was he merry, hearing of a ſong.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow muſical,
We ſhall have ſhortly diſcord in the ſpheres:—
Go, ſeek him; tell him, I would ſpeak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

1 *Lord.* He ſaves my labour by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monſieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends muſt woo your company?
What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the foreſt,
A motley fool;—a miſerable world!—
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and baſk'd him in the ſun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good ſet terms,—and yet a motely fool.
Good-morrow, fool, quoth I: *No, ſir*, quoth he,
Call me not fool, till heaven hath ſent me fortune:
And then he drew a dial from his poke;

And looking on it with lack-luſtre eye,
Says, very wiſely, *It is ten o'clock:*
Thus may we ſee, quoth he, *how the world wags:*
'Tis but an hour ago, ſince it was nine;
And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven;
And ſo, from hour to hour, we ripe, and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motely fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools ſhould be ſo deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, ſans intermiſſion,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier;
And ſays, if ladies be but young, and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder biſket
After a voyage,—he hath ſtrange places cramm'd
With obſervation, the which he vents
In mangled forms:—O, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motely coat.

Duke S. Thou ſhalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only ſuit;
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wiſe. I muſt have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I pleaſe; for ſo fools have:
And they that are moſt galled with my folly,
They moſt muſt laugh: And why, ſir, muſt they ſo?
The *why* is plain as way to pariſh church:

He, that a fool doth very wiſely hit,
Doth very fooliſhly, although he ſmart,
Not to ſeem ſenſeleſs of the bob: if not,
The wiſe man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the ſquandring glances of the fool.
Inveſt me in my motley; give me leave
To ſpeak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanſe the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

DUKE S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou would'ſt do.

JAQ. What, for a counter, would I do, but good?

DUKE S. Moſt miſchievous foul ſin, in chiding ſin;
For thou thyſelf haſt been a libertine,
As ſenſual as the brutiſh ſting itſelf;
And all the embоſſed ſores, and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot haſt caught,
Wouldſt thou diſgorge into the general world.

JAQ. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the ſea,
Till that the very very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I ſay, The city-woman bears
The coſt of princes on unworthy ſhoulders?
Who can come in, and ſay, that I mean her,
When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her neighbour?
Or what is he of baſeſt function,
That ſays, his bravery is not on my coſt,
(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein ſuits
His folly to the mettle of my ſpeech?
There then; How, what then? Let me ſee wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himſelf; if he be free,

Why then, my taxing like a wild gooſe flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, *with his ſword drawn.*

ORL. Forbear, and eat no more.

JAQ. Why, I have eat none yet.

ORL. Nor ſhalt not, till neceſſity be ſerv'd.

JAQ. Of what kind ſhould this cock come of?

DUKE S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy diſtreſs;
Or elſe a rude deſpiſer of good manners,
That in civility thou ſeem'ſt ſo empty?

ORL. You touch'd my vein at firſt; the thorny point
Of bare diſtreſs hath ta'en from me the ſhow
Of ſmooth civility: yet am I inland bred,
And know ſome nurture: But forbear, I ſay;
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are anſwered.

JAQ. An you will not be anſwered with reaſon,
I muſt die. [force,

DUKE S. What would you have? Your gentleneſs ſhall
More than your force move us to gentleneſs.

ORL. I almoſt die for food, and let me have it.

DUKE S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

ORL. Speak you ſo gently? Pardon me, I pray you;
I thought, that all things had been ſavage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of ſtern commandment: But whate'er you are,
That in this deſert inacceſſible,
Under the ſhade of melancholy boughs,
Loſe and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever ſat at any good man's feaſt;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,

And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleneſs my ſtrong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I bluſh, and hide my ſword.

Duke S. True is it that we have ſeen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And ſat at good men's feaſts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that ſacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore ſit you down in gentleneſs,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be miniſtred.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary ſtep
Limp'd in pure love; till he be firſt ſuffic'd—
Oppreſs'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waſte till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be bleſs'd for your good comfort! [*Exit.*

Duke S. Thou ſeeſt, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and univerſal theatre
Preſents more woeful pageants than the ſcene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a ſtage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being ſeven ages. At firſt, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms;
And then, the whining ſchool-boy, with his ſatchel,
And ſhining morning face, creeping like ſnail

Unwillingly to ſchool: And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his miſtreſs' eye-brow: Then, a ſoldier;
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, ſudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the juſtice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances,
And ſo he plays his part: The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon;
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childiſh treble, pipes
And whiſtles in his ſound: Laſt ſcene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, *with* ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome: Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you moſt for him.

Adam. So had you need;
I ſcarce can ſpeak to thank you for myſelf.

Duke S. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to queſtion you about your fortunes:—
Give us ſome muſick; and, good couſin, ſing.

Amiens ſings.

SONG.

I.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind

Thou art not ſo unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not ſo keen,
Becauſe thou art not ſeen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho! ſing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly:
Moſt friendſhip is feigning, moſt loving mere folly:
Then, heigh, ho, the holly!
This life is moſt jolly.

II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter ſky,
That doſt not bite ſo nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy ſting is not ſo ſharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh, ho! ſing, heigh, ho! &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's ſon,—
As you have whiſper'd faithfully, you were;
And as mine eye doth his effigies witneſs
Moſt truly limn'd, and living in your face,—
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke,
That lov'd your father: The reſidue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy maſter is:—
Support him by the arm —Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes underſtand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, *Oliver, Lords, and Attendants.*

Duke F. Not ſee him ſince? Sir, ſir, that cannot be:

But were I not the better part made mercy,
I ſhould not ſeek an abſent argument
Of my revenge, thou preſent: But look to it;
Find out thy brother, whereſoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To ſeek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou doſt call thine,
Worth ſeizure, do we ſeize into our hands;
Till thou canſt quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think againſt thee.

Oli. O, that your highneſs knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, puſh him out of doors;
And let my officers of ſuch a nature
Make an extent upon his houſe and lands;
Do this expediently, and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The Foreſt.

Enter Orlando, *with a paper.*

Orl. Hang there, my verſe, in witneſs of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, ſurvey
With thy chaſte eye, from thy pale ſphere above,
Thy huntreſs' name, that my full life doth ſway.
O Roſalind! theſe trees ſhall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this foreſt looks,
Shall ſee thy virtue witneſs'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve, on every tree,
The fair, the chaſte, and unexpreſſive ſhe. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin *and* Touchstone.

Cor. And how like you this ſhepherd's life, maſter Touchſtone

Touch. Truly, ſhepherd, in reſpect of itſelf, it is a good life; but in reſpect that it is a ſhepherd's life, it is naught. In reſpect that it is ſolitary, I like it very well; but in reſpect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in reſpect it is in the fields, it pleaſeth me well; but in reſpect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a ſpare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much againſt my ſtomach. Haſt any philoſophy in thee, ſhepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one ſickens, the worſe at eaſe he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends:—That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: That good paſture makes fat ſheep; and that a great cauſe of the night, is lack of the ſun: That he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philoſopher. Waſt ever in court, ſhepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope,——

Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roaſted egg, all on one ſide.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reaſon.

Touch. Why, if thou never waſt at court, thou never ſaw'ſt good manners; if thou never ſaw'ſt good manners, then thy manners muſt be wicked; and wickedneſs is ſin, and ſin is damnation: Thou art in a parlous ſtate, ſhepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchſtone: thoſe, that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is moſt mockable at the

court. You told me, you ſalute not at the court, but you kiſs your hands; that courteſy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were ſhepherds.

Touch. Inſtance, briefly; come, inſtance.

Cor. Why, we are ſtill handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greaſy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands ſweat? and is not the greaſe of a mutton as wholeſome as the ſweat of a man? Shallow, ſhallow: A better inſtance, I ſay; come.

Cor. Beſides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the ſooner. Shallow, again: A more ſounder inſtance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the ſurgery of our ſheep; And would you have us kiſs tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Moſt ſhallow man! Thou worms-meat, in reſpect of a good piece of fleſh: Indeed!—Learn of the wife, and perpend: Civet is of a baſer birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the inſtance, ſhepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll reſt.

Touch. Wilt thou reſt damn'd? God help thee, ſhallow man! God make inciſion in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happineſs; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greateſt of my pride is, to ſee my ewes graze, and my lambs ſuck.

Touch. That is another ſimple ſin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether; and to betray a ſhe-lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reaſon-

able match. If thou be'ſt not damn'd for this, the devil himſelf will have no ſhepherds; I cannot ſee elſe how thou ſhould'ſt 'ſcape.

Cor. Here comes young maſter Ganymede, my new miſtreſs's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, *reading a paper.*

Ros. *From the eaſt to weſtern Ind,*
No jewel is like Roſalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Roſalind.
All the pictures, faireſt lin'd,
Are but black to Roſalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Roſalind.

Touch. I'll rhime you ſo, eight years together; dinners, and ſuppers, and ſleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rate to market.

Ros. Out, fool.

Touch. For a taſte:——

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him ſeek out Roſalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be ſure, will Roſalind.
Winter-garments muſt be lin'd,
So muſt ſlender Roſalind.
They that reap, muſt ſheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Roſalind.
Sweeteſt nut hath ſowreſt rind,
Such a nut is Roſalind.
He that ſweeteſt roſe will find,
Muſt find love's prick, and Roſalind.

This is the very falſe gallop of verſes; Why do you infect yourſelf with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I ſhall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earlieſt fruit in the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have ſaid; but whether wiſely or no, let the foreſt judge.

Enter CELIA, *reading a paper.*

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my ſiſter, reading; ſtand aſide.

CEL. *Why ſhould this deſert ſilent be?*
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That ſhall civil ſayings ſhow.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the ſtretching of a ſpan
Buckles in his ſum of age.
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the ſouls of friend and friend:
But upon the faireſt boughs,
Or at every ſentence' end,
Will I Roſalinda write;
Teaching all that read, to know
The quinteſſence of every ſprite
Heaven would in little ſhow.
Therefore heaven nature charg'd
That one body ſhould be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature preſently diſtill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majeſty;

Atalanta's better part;
Sad Lucretia's modeſty.
Thus Roſalind of many parts
By heavenly ſynod was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches deareſt priz'd.
Heaven would that ſhe theſe gifts ſhould have,
And I to live and die her ſlave.

Ros. O moſt gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your pariſhioners withal, and never cry'd, *Have patience, good people!*

Cel. How now! back friends?—Shepherd, go off a little:—Go with him, ſirrah.

Touch. Come, ſhepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with ſcrip and ſcrippage. [*Exeunt* Corin *and* Touchstone.

Cel. Didſt thou hear theſe verſes?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for ſome of them had in them more feet than the verſes would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verſes.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themſelves without the verſe, and therefore ſtood lamely in the verſe.

Cel. But didſt thou hear, without wondering how thy name ſhould be hang'd and carved upon theſe trees?

Ros. I was ſeven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never ſo be-rhimed ſince Pythagoras' time, that I was an Iriſh rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be remov'd with earthquakes, and ſo encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it poſſible?

Ros. Nay, I pray thee now, with moſt petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and moſt wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! doſt thou think, though I am capariſon'd like a man, I have a doublet and hoſe in my diſpoſition? One inch of delay more is a South-ſea-off diſcovery. I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and ſpeak apace: I would thou couldſt ſtammer, that thou might'ſt pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once or none at all. I pry'thee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will ſend more, if the man will be thankful: let me ſtay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando; that tripp'd up the wreſtler's heels, and your heart, both in an inſtant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; ſpeak ſad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what ſhall I do with my doublet and hoſe?—What did he, when thou ſaw'ſt him? What ſaid he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he aſk for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when ſhalt thou ſee him again? Anſwer me in one word.

Cel. You muſt borrow me Garagantua's mouth firſt: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's ſize: To ſay, ay and no, to theſe particulars, is more than to anſwer in a catechiſm.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this foreſt, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freſhly as he did the day he wreſtled?

Cel. It is as eaſy to count atomies, as to reſolve the propoſitions of a lover:—but take a taſte of my finding him, and reliſh it with a good obſervance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth ſuch fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, ſtretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to ſee ſuch a ſight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets very unſeaſonably. He was furniſh'd like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would ſing my ſong without a burden: thou bring'ſt me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I muſt ſpeak. Sweet, ſay on.

Enter ORLANDO *and* JAQUES.

Cel. You bring me out:—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he; Slink by, and note him.

[*Celia and Rosalind retire.*

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myſelf alone.

Orl. And ſo had I; but yet, for faſhion ſake, I thank you too for your ſociety.

Jaq. God be with you; let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do deſire we may be better ſtrangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-ſongs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verſes with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Roſalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, juſt.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleaſing you, when ſhe was chriſten'd.

Jaq. What ſtature is ſhe of?

Orl. Juſt as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty anſwers: Have you not been acquainted with goldſmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orl. Not ſo; but I anſwer you right painted cloth, from whence you have ſtudied your queſtions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you ſit down with me? and we two will rail againſt our miſtreſs the world, and all our miſery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world, but myſelf; againſt whom I know moſt faults.

Jaq. The worſt fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your beſt virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was ſeeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you ſhall ſee him.

Jaq. There I ſhall ſee mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good ſignior love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good monſieur melancholy.

[*Exit* JAQUES.—*Celia and* ROSALIND *come forward.*

Ros. I will ſpeak to him like a ſaucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, foreſter?

Orl. Very well; What would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't a clock?

Orl. You ſhould aſk me, what time o'day; there's no clock in the foreſt.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the foreſt; elſe ſighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the ſwift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, ſir: Time travels in divers paces with divers perſons: I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he ſtands ſtill withal.

Orl. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is ſolemnized: if the interim be but a ſe'nnight, time's pace is ſo hard that it ſeems the length of ſeven years.

Orl. Who ambles time withal?

Ros. With a prieſt that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one ſleeps eaſily, becauſe he cannot ſtudy; and the other lives merrily, becauſe he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and waſteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: Theſe time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as ſoftly as foot can fall, he thinks himſelf too ſoon there.

Orl. Who ſtays it ſtill withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation: for they ſleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this ſhepherdeſs, my ſiſter; here in the ſkirts of the foreſt, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the coney, that you ſee dwell where ſhe is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is ſomething finer than you could purchaſe in ſo removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told ſo of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to ſpeak, who was in his youth an in-land man; one that knew courtſhip too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures againſt it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with ſo many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole ſex withal.

ORL. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are: every one fault ſeeming monſtrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

ORL. I pr'ythee, recount ſome of them.

Ros. No; I will not caſt away my phyſick, but on thoſe that are ſick. There is a man haunts the foreſt, that abuſes our young plants with carving Roſalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forſooth, deifying the name of Roſalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him ſome good counſel, for he ſeems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

ORL. I am he that is ſo love-ſhaked; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of ruſhes, I am ſure, you are not priſoner.

ORL. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye, and ſunken; which you have not: an unqueſtionable ſpirit; which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not:—but I pardon you for that; for, ſimply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue:—Then your hoſe ſhould be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your ſleeve unbuttoned, your ſhoe untied, and every thing about you demonſtrating a careleſs deſolation. But you are no ſuch man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements; as loving yourſelf, than ſeeming the lover of any other.

ORL. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as ſoon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, ſhe is apter to do, than to confeſs ſhe does: that is one of the points in the which women ſtill give the lie to their conſciences. But, in good ſooth, are you he that hangs the verſes on the trees, wherein Roſalind is ſo admired?

Orl. I ſwear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Roſalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you ſo much in love as your rhimes ſpeak?

Orl. Neither rhime nor reaſon can expreſs how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madneſs; and, I tell you, deſerves as well a dark houſe and a whip, as madmen do: and the reaſon why they are not ſo puniſhed and cured, is, that the lunacy is ſo ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profeſs curing it by counſel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any ſo?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his miſtreſs; and I ſet him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonifh youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantaſtical, apiſh, ſhallow, inconſtant, full of tears, full of ſmiles; for every paſſion ſomething, and for no paſſion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the moſt part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forſwear him; now weep for him, then ſpit at him; that I drave my ſuitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madneſs; which was, to forſwear the full ſtream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monaſtick: And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to waſh your liver as clean as a ſound ſheep's heart, that there ſhall not be one ſpot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Roſalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll ſhow it you: and, by the way, you ſhall tell me where in the foreſt you live: Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you muſt call me Roſalind:—Come, ſiſter, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey; Jaques at a diſtance, obſerving them.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my ſimple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the moſt capricious poet, honeſt Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. O knowledge ill-inhabited! worſe than Jove in a thatch'd houſe! [*Aſide.*

Touch. When a man's verſes cannot be underſtood, nor a man's good wit ſeconded with the forward child, underſtanding, it ſtrikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room:—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: Is it honeſt in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the trueſt poetry is the moſt feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they ſwear in poetry, may be ſaid, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wiſh then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou ſwear'ſt to me, thou art honeſt; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have ſome hope thou didſt feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honeſt?

Touch. No truly, unleſs thou wert hard-favoured: for honeſty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a ſauce to ſugar.

Jaq. A material fool! [*Aſide.*

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honeſt!

Touch. Truly, and to caſt away honeſty upon a foul ſlut, were to put good meat into an unclean diſh.

Aud. I am not a ſlut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praiſed be the gods for thy foulneſs! ſluttiſhneſs may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promiſed to meet me in this place of the foreſt, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain ſee this meeting. [*Aſide.*

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, ſtagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no aſſembly but horn-beaſts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are neceſſary. It is ſaid,—Many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even ſo;——Poor men alone?——No, no; the nobleſt deer

hath them as huge as the raſcal. Is the ſingle man therefore bleſſed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, ſo is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence is better than no ſkill, by ſo much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT.

Here comes Sir Oliver:—Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: Will you diſpatch us here under this tree, or ſhall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, ſhe muſt be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*Diſcovering himſelf.*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good maſter *What ye call't:* How do you, ſir? you are very well met: God'ild you for your laſt company: I am very glad to ſee you:—Even a toy in hand here, ſir:—Nay; pray, be cover'd.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, ſir, the horſe his curb, and the faulcon her bells, ſo man hath his deſires; and as pigeons bill, ſo wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a buſh, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good prieſt that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainſcot; then one of you will prove a ſhrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuſe for me hereafter to leave my wife. [*Aſide.*

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counſel thee.

Touch. Come, ſweet Audrey;
We muſt be married, or we muſt live in bawdry.
Farewell, good maſter Oliver!
Not—O ſweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behi' thee;
But—Wind away,
Begone, I ſay,
I will not to wedding wi' thee.

[*Exeunt* JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, *and* AUDREY.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantaſtical knave of them all ſhall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. The ſame. Before a Cottage.

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to conſider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cauſe to weep?

Cel. As good cauſe as one would deſire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the diſſembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kiſſes are Judas's own children.

Ros. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your cheſnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kiſſing is as full of ſanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of caſt lips of Diana: a nun of winter's ſiſterhood kiſſes not more religiouſly; the very ice of chaſtity is in them.

Ros. But why did he ſwear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think ſo?

Cel. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purſe, nor a horſe-ſtealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him ſwear downright, he was.

Cel. *Was* is not *is:* beſides, the oath of a lover is no ſtronger than the word of a tapſter; they are both the confirmers of falſe reckonings: He attends here in the foreſt on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yeſterday, and had much queſtion with him: He aſked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; ſo he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is ſuch a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verſes, ſpeaks brave words, ſwears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverſe, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that ſpurs his horſe but on one ſide, breaks his ſtaff like a noble gooſe: but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides:—Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Miſtreſs, and maſter, you have oft enquired
After the ſhepherd that complain'd of love;
Who you ſaw ſitting by me on the turf,
Praiſing the proud diſdainful ſhepherdeſs
That was his miſtreſs.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will ſee a pageant truly play'd,

Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of ſcorn and proud diſdain,
Go hence a little, and I ſhall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove;
The ſight of lovers feedeth thoſe in love:—
Bring us unto this ſight, and you ſhall ſay
I'll prove a buſy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Another part of the Foreſt.

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not ſcorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say, that you love me not; but ſay not ſo
In bitterneſs: The common executioner,
Whoſe heart the accuſtomed ſight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But firſt begs pardon; Will you ſterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN *at a diſtance.*

Phe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'ſt me there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, ſure, and very probable,
That eyes,—that are the frail'ſt and ſofteſt things,
Who ſhut their coward gates on atomies,—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now counterfeit to ſwoon; why now fall down;
Or, if thou canſt not, O, for ſhame, for ſhame,
Lie not, to ſay mine eyes are murderers.
Now ſhow the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains

Some ſcar of it; lean but upon a ruſh,
The cicatrice and capable impreſſure
Thy palm ſome moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am ſure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever, (as that ever may be near,)
You meet in ſome freſh cheek the power of fancy,
Then ſhall you know the wounds inviſible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time, I ſhall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? [*Advancing.*] Who might be your mother,
That you inſult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have more beauty,
(As, by my faith, I ſee no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
Muſt you be therefore proud and pitileſs?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I ſee no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's ſale-work:—Od's my little life!
I think, ſhe means to tangle my eyes too:—
No, 'faith, proud miſtreſs, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black-ſilk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my ſpirits to your worſhip.—
You fooliſh ſhepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy ſouth, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thouſand times a properer man,

Than ſhe a woman: 'Tis ſuch fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glaſs, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you ſhe ſees herſelf more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can ſhow her.—
But, miſtreſs, know yourſelf; down on your knees,
And thank heaven, faſting, for a good man's love:
For I muſt tell you friendly in your ear,—
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;
Foul is moſt foul, being foul to be a ſcoffer.
So, take her to thee, ſhepherd;—fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together; I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with her foulneſs, and ſhe'll fall in love with my anger: If it be ſo, as faſt as ſhe anſwers thee with frowning looks, I'll ſauce her with bitter words.—Why look you ſo upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falſer than vows made in wine:
Beſides, I like you not: If you will know my houſe,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:—
Will you go, ſiſter?—Shepherd, ply her hard:—
Come, ſiſter:—Shepherdeſs, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could ſee,
None could be ſo abus'd in ſight as he.
Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt* Rosalind, Celia, *and* Corin.

Phe. Dead ſhepherd! now I find thy ſaw of might;
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at firſt ſight?

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha! what ſay'ſt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am ſorry for thee, gentle Silvius.
Sil. Wherever ſorrow is, relief would be:
If you do ſorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your ſorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.
Phe. Thou haſt my love; Is not that neighbourly?
Sil. I would have you.
Phe. Why, that were covetouſneſs.
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love:
But ſince that thou canſt talk of love ſo well,
Thy company, which erſt was irkſome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompenſe,
Than thine own gladneſs that thou art employ'd.
Sil. So holy, and ſo perfect is my love,
And I in ſuch a poverty of grace,
That I ſhall think it a moſt plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harveſt reaps: looſe now and then
A ſcatter'd ſmile, and that I'll live upon.
Phe. Know'ſt thou the youth that ſpoke to me erewhile?
Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old carlot once was maſter of.
Phe. Think not I love him, though I aſk for him;
'Tis but a peeviſh boy:—yet he talks well;—
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that ſpeaks them pleaſes thoſe that hear.
It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—
But, ſure, he's proud: and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: The beſt thing in him
Is his complexion; and faſter than his tongue

Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but ſo ſo; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redneſs in his lip;
A little riper and more luſty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas juſt the difference
Betwixt the conſtant red, and mingled damaſk.
There be ſome women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cauſe to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He ſaid, mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, ſcorn'd at me:
I marvel, why I anſwer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou ſhalt bear it; Wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it ſtraight;
The matter is in my head, and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and paſſing ſhort:
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The ſame.

Enter Rosalind, Celia, *and* Jaques.

Jaq. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They ſay, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am ſo; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Thoſe, that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows; and betray themſelves to every modern cenſure, worſe than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be ſad and ſay nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a poſt.

Jaq. I have neither the ſcholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the muſician's, which is fantaſtical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the ſoldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politick; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all theſe: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many ſimples, extracted from many objects: and, indeed, the ſundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me, is a moſt humorous ſadneſs.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reaſon to be ſad: I fear, you have ſold your own lands, to ſee other men's; then, to have ſeen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

Ros. And your experience makes you ſad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me ſad; and to travel for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happineſs, dear Roſalind!

Jaq. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verſe. [*Exit.*

Ros. Farewell, monſieur traveller: Look, you liſp, and wear ſtrange ſuits; diſable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almoſt chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will ſcarce think you have ſwam in a gondola. —Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all

this while? You a lover?—An you ſerve me ſuch another trick, never come in my ſight more.

Orl. My fair Roſalind, I come within an hour of my promiſe.

Ros. Break an hour's promiſe in love? He that will divide a minute into a thouſand parts, and break but a part of the thouſandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be ſaid of him, that Cupid hath clap'd him o' the ſhoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Roſalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be ſo tardy, come no more in my ſight; I had as lief be woo'd of a ſnail.

Orl. Of a ſnail?

Ros. Ay, of a ſnail; for though he comes ſlowly, he carries his houſe on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman: Beſides, he brings his deſtiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which ſuch as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the ſlander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Roſalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Roſalind.

Cel. It pleaſes him to call you ſo; but he hath a Roſalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to conſent:—What would you ſay to me now, an I were your very very Roſalind?

Orl. I would kiſs, before I ſpoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better ſpeak firſt; and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occa-

ſion to kiſs. Very good orators, when they are out, they will ſpit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanlieſt ſhift is to kiſs.

ORL. How if the kiſs be denied?

ROS. Then ſhe puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

ORL. Who could be out, being before his beloved miſtreſs?

ROS. Marry, that ſhould you, if I were your miſtreſs; or I ſhould think my honeſty ranker than my wit.

ORL. What, of my ſuit?

ROS. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your ſuit. Am not I your Roſalind?

ORL. I take ſome joy to ſay you are, becauſe I would be talking of her.

ROS. Well, in her perſon, I ſay—I will not have you.

ORL. Then, in mine own perſon, I die.

ROS. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almoſt ſix thouſand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own perſon, *videlicet*, in a love-cauſe. Troilus had his brains daſh'd out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midſummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to waſh him in the Helleſpont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the fooliſh chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Seſtos. But theſe are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

ORL. I would not have my right Roſalind of this mind; for, I proteſt, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your Roſalind in a more coming-on diſpoſition; and aſk me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Roſalind.

Ros. Yes, faith will I, fridays, and ſaturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty ſuch.

Orl. What ſay'ſt thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope ſo.

Ros. Why then, can one deſire too much of a good thing?—Come, ſiſter, you ſhall be the prieſt, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you ſay, ſiſter?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot ſay the words.

Ros. You muſt begin,——*Will you, Orlando,*—

Cel. Go to:——Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Roſalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as faſt as ſhe can marry us.

Ros. Then you muſt ſay,—*I take thee, Roſalind, for wife.*

Orl. I take thee, Roſalind, for wife.

Ros. I might aſk you for your commiſſion; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my huſband: There a girl goes before the prieſt; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have poſſeſs'd her.

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the ſky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot againſt rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my deſires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are diſpos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to ſleep.

Orl. But will my Roſalind do ſo?

Ros. By my life, ſhe will do as I do.

Orl. O, but ſhe is wiſe.

Ros. Or elſe ſhe could not have the wit to do this: the wiſer, the waywarder: Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the caſement; ſhut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; ſtop that, 'twill fly with the ſmoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with ſuch a wit, he might ſay,—*Wit, whither wilt?*

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuſe that?

Ros. Marry, to ſay,—ſhe came to ſeek you there. You ſhall never take her without her anſwer, unleſs you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her huſband's occaſion, let her never nurſe her child herſelf, for ſhe will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For theſe two hours Roſalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I muſt attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no leſs:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one caſt away, and ſo,—come, death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, ſweet Roſalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earneſt, and ſo God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promiſe, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the moſt pathetical break-promiſe, and the moſt hollow lover, and the moſt unworthy of her you call Roſalind, that may be choſen out of the groſs band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my cenſure, and keep your promiſe.

Orl. With no leſs religion, than if thou wert indeed my Roſalind: So, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old juſtice that examines all ſuch offenders, and let time try: Adieu! [*Exit Orlando.*

Cel. You have ſimply miſus'd our ſex in your love-prate; we muſt have your doublet and hoſe pluck'd over your head, and ſhow the world what the bird hath done to her own neſt.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didſt know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be ſounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomleſs; that as faſt as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that ſame wicked baſtard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of ſpleen, and born of madneſs; that blind raſcally boy, that abuſes every one's eyes, becauſe his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of

the ſight of Orlando: I'll go find a ſhadow, and ſigh till he come.

CEL. And I'll ſleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Another part of the Foreſt.

Enter JAQUES and LORDS, *in the habit of Foreſters.*

JAQ. Which is he that kill'd the deer?

1 *LORD.* Sir, it was I.

JAQ. Let's preſent him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to ſet the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:—Have you no ſong, foreſter, for this purpoſe?

2 *LORD.* Yes, ſir.

JAQ. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, ſo it make noiſe enough.

SONG.

1. *What ſhall he have, that kill'd the deer?*
2. *His leather ſkin, and horns to wear.*
1. *Then ſing him home:*
Take thou no ſcorn, to wear the horn;
It was a creſt ere thou waſt born.
1. *Thy father's father wore it;*
2. *And thy father bore it:*

The reſt ſhall bear this burden.

All. *The horn, the horn, the luſty horn,*
Is not a thing to laugh to ſcorn. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The Foreſt.

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

ROS. How ſay you now? Is it not paſt two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

CEL. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to ſleep: Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;—
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this: [*Giving a letter.*
I know not the contents; but, as I gueſs,
By the ſtern brow, and waſpiſh action
Which ſhe did uſe as ſhe was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me,
I am but as a guiltleſs meſſenger.

Ros. Patience herſelf would ſtartle at this letter,
And play the ſwaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She ſays, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and, that ſhe could not love me
Were man as rare as phœnix; Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes ſhe ſo to me?—Well, ſhepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I proteſt, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I ſaw her hand: ſhe has a leathern hand,
A freeſtone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
She has a huſwife's hand: but that's no matter:
I ſay, ſhe never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boiſterous and a cruel ſtile,
A ſtile for challengers; why, ſhe defies me,
Like Turk to Chriſtian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth ſuch giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance:—Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So pleaſe you; for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: Mark how the tyrant writes.

Art thou the god to ſhepherd turn'd, [Reads.
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?—

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'ſt thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear ſuch railing?—

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.—

Meaning me a beaſt.—

If the ſcorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raiſe ſuch love in mine,
Alack, in me what ſtrange effect
Would they work in mild aſpect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him ſeal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or elſe by him my love deny,
And then I'll ſtudy how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor ſhepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deſerves no pity.—Wilt thou love ſuch a woman?—What, to make thee an inſtrument, and play falſe ſtrains upon thee! not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for, I ſee, love

hath made thee a tame ſnake,) and ſay this to her;—
That if ſhe love me, I charge her to love thee: if ſhe
will not, I will never have her, unleſs thou entreat for
her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for
here comes more company. [*Exit* SILVIUS.

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know
Where, in the purlieus of this foreſt, ſtands
A ſheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. Weſt of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,
The rank of oſiers, by the murmuring ſtream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this hour the houſe doth keep itſelf,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then I ſhould know you by deſcription;
Such garments, and ſuch years: *The boy is fair,*
Of female favour, and beſtows himſelf
Like a ripe ſiſter: but the woman low,
And browner than her brother. Are not you
The owner of the houſe I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boaſt, being aſk'd, to ſay, we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth, he calls his Roſalind,
He ſends this bloody napkin; Are you he?

Ros. I am: What muſt we underſtand by this?

Oli. Some of my ſhame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was ſtain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When laſt the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promiſe to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the foreſt,

Chewing the food of ſweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aſide,
And, mark, what object did preſent itſelf!
Under an oak, whoſe boughs were moſs'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay ſleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded ſnake had wreath'd itſelf,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but ſuddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itſelf,
And with indented glides did ſlip away
Into a buſh: under which buſh's ſhade
A lioneſs, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the ſleeping man ſhould ſtir; for 'tis
The royal diſpoſition of that beaſt,
To prey on nothing that doth ſeem as dead:
This ſeen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him ſpeak of that ſame brother;
And he did render him the moſt unnatural
That liv'd 'mongſt men.

Oli. And well he might ſo do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando;—Did he leave him there,
Food to the ſuck'd and hungry lioneſs?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd ſo:
But kindneſs, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, ſtronger than his juſt occaſion,
Made him give battle to the lioneſs,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling
From miſerable ſlumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?
Ros. Was it you he reſcu'd?
Cel. Was't you that did ſo oft contrive to kill him?
Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not ſhame
To tell you what I was, ſince my converſion
So ſweetly taſtes, being the thing I am.
Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?—
Oli. By, and by.
When from the firſt to laſt, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had moſt kindly bath'd,
As, how I came into that deſert place;——
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me freſh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me inſtantly unto his cave,
There ſtripp'd himſelf, and here upon his arm
The lioneſs had torn ſome fleſh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd, in fainting, upon Roſalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after ſome ſmall ſpace, being ſtrong at heart,
He ſent me hither, ſtranger as I am,
To tell this ſtory, that you might excuſe
His broken promiſe, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the ſhepherd youth
That he in ſport doth call his Roſalind.
Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? ſweet Ganymede?
[*Rosalind faints.*
Oli. Many will ſwoon when they do look on blood.
Cel. There is more in it:—Couſin—Ganymede!
Oli. Look, he recovers.
Ros. I would, I were at home.
Cel. We'll lead you thither:—

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth:—You a man?—You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do ſo, I confeſs it. Ah, ſir, a body would think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho!—

Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great teſtimony in your complexion, that it was a paſſion of earneſt.

Ros. Counterfeit, I aſſure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i'faith I ſhould have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards:—Good ſir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I muſt bear anſwer back
How you excuſe my brother, Roſalind.

Ros. I ſhall deviſe ſomething: But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him:—Will you go? [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. The ſame.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touch. We ſhall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the prieſt was good enough, for all the old gentleman's ſaying.

Touch. A moſt wicked ſir Oliver, Audrey, a moſt vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the foreſt lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no intereſt in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to ſee a clown: By my troth, we that have good wits, have much to anſwer for; we ſhall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, ſir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, ſir.

Touch. A ripe age: Is thy name, William?

Will. William, ſir.

Touch. A fair name: Waſt born i' the foreſt here?

Will. Ay, ſir, I thank God.

Touch. *Thank God;*—a good anſwer: Art rich?

Will. 'Faith, ſir, ſo, ſo.

Touch. *So, ſo,* is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet is is not; it is but ſo ſo. Art thou wiſe?

Will. Ay, ſir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou ſay'ſt well. I do now remember a ſaying; *The fool doth think he is wiſe, but the wiſe man knows himſelf to be a fool.* The heathen philoſopher, when he had a deſire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, ſir.

Touch. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

Will. No, ſir.

Touch. Then learn this of me; To have, is to have: For it is a figure in rhetorick, that drink, being pour'd out of a cup into a glaſs, by filling the one doth empty

the other: For all your writers do conſent, that *ipſe* is he; now you are not *ipſe*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, ſir?

Touch. He, ſir, that muſt marry this woman: Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the ſociety,—which in the booriſh is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is,—woman, which together is, abandon the ſociety of this female; or, clown thou periſheſt; or, to thy better underſtanding, dieſt; to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, tranſlate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poiſon with thee, or in baſtinado, or in ſteel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God reſt you merry, ſir. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our maſter and miſtreſs ſeek you; come, away, away.

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey;—I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The ſame.

Enter Orlando and Oliver.

Orl. Is't poſſible, that on ſo little acquaintance you ſhould like her? that, but ſeeing, you ſhould love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, ſhe ſhould grant? And will you perſéver to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddineſs of it in queſtion, the poverty of her, the ſmall acquaintance, my ſudden wooing, nor her ſudden conſenting; but ſay with me, I love Aliena; ſay with her, that ſhe loves me; conſent with

both, that we may enjoy each other: it ſhall be to your good; for my father's houſe, and all the revenue that was old ſir Rowland's, will I eſtate upon you, and here live and die a ſhepherd.

Enter ROSALIND.

Orl. You have my conſent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Roſalind.

Ros. God ſave you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair ſiſter.

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to ſee thee wear thy heart in a ſcarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to ſwoon, when he ſhow'd me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing ſo ſudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæſar's thraſonical brag of—I *came*, *ſaw*, and *overcame:* For your brother and my ſiſter no ſooner met, but they look'd; no ſooner look'd, but they lov'd; no ſooner lov'd, but they ſigh'd; no ſooner ſigh'd, but they aſk'd one another the reaſon; no ſooner knew the reaſon, but they ſought the remedy: and in theſe degrees have they made a pair of ſtairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or elſe be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They ſhall be married to-morrow; and I will bid

the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happineſs through another man's eyes! By ſo much the more ſhall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heavineſs, by how much I ſhall think my brother happy, in having what he wiſhes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot ſerve your turn for Roſalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I ſpeak to ſome purpoſe,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I ſpeak not this, that you ſhould bear a good opinion of my knowledge, inſomuch, I ſay, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater eſteem than may in ſome little meaſure draw a belief from you, to do yourſelf good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you pleaſe, that I can do ſtrange things: I have, ſince I was three years old, converſed with a magician, moſt profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Roſalind ſo near the heart as your geſture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, you ſhall marry her: I know into what ſtraits of fortune ſhe is driven; and it is not impoſſible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to ſet her before your eyes to-morrow, human as ſhe is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'ſt thou in ſober meanings.

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I ſay I am a magician: Therefore, put you in your beſt array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you ſhall; and to Roſalind, if you will.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleneſs,

To ſhow the letter that I writ to you.
Ros. I care not, if I have: it is my ſtudy,
To ſeem deſpiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there followed by a faithful ſhepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worſhips you.
Phe. Good ſhepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.
Sil. It is to be all made of ſighs and tears;—
And ſo am I for Phebe.
Phe. And I for Ganymede.
Orl. And I for Roſalind.
Ros. And I for no woman.
Sil. It is to be all made of faith and ſervice;—
And ſo am I for Phebe.
Phe. And I for Ganymede.
Orl. And I for Roſalind.
Ros. And I for no woman.
Sil. It is to be all made of fantaſy,
All made of paſſion, and all made of wiſhes;
All adoration, duty and obſervance,
All humbleneſs, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all obſervance;—
And ſo am I for Phebe.
Phe. And ſo am I for Ganymede.
Orl. And ſo am I for Roſalind.
Ros. And ſo am I for no woman.
Phe. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?
[*To* ROSALIND.
Sil. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?
[*To* PHEBE.
Orl. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?
Ros. Who do you ſpeak to, *why blame you me to love you?*
Orl. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Iriſh wolves againſt the moon.—I will help you, [*To SILVIUS*] if I can:—I would love you, [*To PHEBE*] if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [*To PHEBE*] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will ſatisfy you, [*To ORLANDO*] if ever I ſatisfy'd man, and you ſhall be married to-morrow:—I will content you, [*To SILVIUS*] if what pleaſes you contents you, and you ſhall be married to-morrow.—As you [*To ORLANDO*] love Roſalind, meet;—as you [*To SILVIUS*] love Phebe, meet;—And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well; I have left you commands.

SIL. I'll not fail, if I live.

PHE. Nor I.

ORL. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The ſame.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

TOUCH. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

AUD. I do deſire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no diſhoneſt deſire, to deſire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the baniſh'd duke's pages.

Enter two PAGES.

1 *PAGE.* Well met, honeſt gentleman.

TOUCH. By my troth, well met: Come, ſit, ſit, and a ſong.

2 *PAGE.* We are for you: ſit i'the middle.

1 *PAGE.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or ſpitting, or ſaying we are hoarſe; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 *PAGE.* I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gypſies on a horſe.

SONG.

I.

It was a lover and his laſs,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did paſs,
In the ſpring time, the only pretty rank time,
When birds do ſing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the ſpring.

II.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
Theſe pretty country folks would lie,
In the ſpring time, &c.

III.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In ſpring time, &c.

IV.

And therefore take the preſent time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In ſpring time, &c.

TOUCH. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

1 PAGE. You are deceiv'd, ſir; we kept time, we loſt not our time.

TOUCH. By my troth, yes; I count it but time loſt to hear ſuch a fooliſh ſong. God be with you; and God mend your voices!—Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Another part of the Foreſt.

Enter DUKE *ſenior*, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, *and* CELIA.

DUKE S. Doſt thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promiſed?

ORL. I ſometimes do believe, and ſometimes do not;
As thoſe that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

ROS. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:—
You ſay, if I bring in your Roſalind, [*To the* DUKE.
You will beſtow her on Orlando here? [her.

DUKE S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with

ROS. And you ſay, you will have her, when I bring her? [*To* ORLANDO.

ORL. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

ROS. You ſay, you'll marry me, if I be willing.
[*To* PHEBE.

PHE. That will I, ſhould I die the hour after.

ROS. But, if you do refuſe to marry me,
You'll give yourſelf to this moſt faithful ſhepherd?

PHE. So is the bargain.

ROS. You ſay, that you'll have Phebe, if ſhe will?
[*To* SILVIUS.

SIL. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

ROS. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me;—
Or elſe, refuſing me, to wed this ſhepherd:—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If ſhe refuſe me:—and from hence I go,
To make theſe doubts all even.
[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

DUKE S. I do remember in this ſhepherd-boy

Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the firſt time that I ever ſaw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is foreſt-born;
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many deſperate ſtudies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obſcured in the circle of this foreſt.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Jaq. There is, ſure, another flood toward, and theſe couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very ſtrange beaſts, which in all tongues are call'd fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: This is the motely-minded gentleman, that I have ſo often met in the foreſt: he hath been a courtier, he ſwears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a meaſure; I have flatter'd a lady; I have been politick with my friend, ſmooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the ſeventh cauſe.

Jaq. How ſeventh cauſe?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God'ild you, ſir; I deſire you of the like. I preſs in here, ſir, amongſt the reſt of the country copulatives, to ſwear, and to forſwear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:—A poor virgin, ſir, an ill-favour'd thing, ſir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, ſir, to take that that no man elſe will: Rich ho-

neſty dwells like a miſer, ſir, in a poor houſe; as your pearl, in your foul oyſter.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very ſwift and ſententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, ſir, and ſuch dulcet diſeaſes.

Jaq. But, for the ſeventh cauſe; how did you find the quarrel on the ſeventh cauſe?

Touch. Upon a lie ſeven times removed;—Bear your body more ſeeming, Audrey:—as thus, ſir. I did diſlike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he ſent me word, if I ſaid his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the *Retort courteous*. If I ſent him word again, it was not well cut, he would ſend me word, he cut it to pleaſe himſelf: This is called the *Quip modeſt*. If again, it was not well cut, he diſabled my judgment: This is call'd the *Reply churliſh*. If again, it was not well cut, he would anſwer, I ſpake not true: This is call'd the *Reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would ſay, I lie: This is called the *Countercheck quarrelſome:* and ſo to the *Lie circumſtantial*, and the *Lie direct*.

Jaq. And how oft did you ſay, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durſt go no further than the *Lie circumſtantial*, nor he durſt not give me the *Lie direct;* and ſo we meaſured ſwords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O ſir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The firſt, the Retort courteous; the ſecond, the Quip modeſt; the third, the Reply churliſh; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quar-

relſome; the ſixth, the Lie with circumſtance; the ſeventh, the Lie direct. All theſe you may avoid, but the Lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when ſeven juſtices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themſelves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, *If you ſaid ſo, then I ſaid ſo*; and they ſhook hands, and ſwore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uſes his folly like a ſtalking-horſe, and under the preſentation of that, he ſhoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, *leading* ROSALIND *in woman's clothes; and* CELIA.

Still Muſick.

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heaven,*
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither;
That thou might'ſt join her hand with his,
Whoſe heart within her boſom is.

Ros. To you I give myſelf, for I am yours.
[*To* DUKE S.

To you I give myſelf, for I am yours. [*To* ORLANDO.

Duke S. If there be truth in ſight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in ſight, you are my Roſalind.

Phe. If ſight and ſhape be true,
Why then,—my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:—
[*To* DUKE S.

I'll have no huſband, if you be not he:— [*To* ORLANDO.

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not ſhe. [*To* PHEBE.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confuſion:
'Tis I muſt make concluſion
Of theſe moſt ſtrange events:
Here's eight that muſt take hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you no croſs ſhall part;
[*To* ORLANDO *and* ROSALIND.
You and you are heart in heart:
[*To* OLIVER *and* CELIA.
You [*To* PHEBE] to his love muſt accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:—
You and you are ſure together,
[*To* TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock hymn we ſing,
Feed yourſelves with queſtioning;
That reaſon wonder may diminiſh,
How thus we met, and theſe things finiſh.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;
O bleſſed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

DUKE S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;
Even daughter, welcome in no leſs degree.

PHE. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine. [*To* SILVIUS.

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

JAQ. DE B. Let me have audience for a word, or two;

I am the ſecond ſon of old Sir Rowland,
That bring theſe tidings to this fair aſſembly:—
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth reſorted to this foreſt,
Addreſs'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purpoſely to take
His brother here, and put him to the ſword:
And to the ſkirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After ſome queſtion with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crown bequeathing to his baniſh'd brother,
And all their lands reſtor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd: This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'ſt fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one, his lands with-held; and to the other,
A land itſelf at large, a potent dukedom.
Firſt, in this foreſt, let us do thoſe ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd ſhrewd days and nights with us,
Shall ſhare the good of our returned fortune,
According to the meaſure of their ſtates.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our ruſtick revelry:—
Play, muſick;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With meaſure heap'd in joy, to the meaſures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience:—If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of theſe convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You to your former honour I bequeath;
[*To Duke S.*
Your patience, and your virtue, well deſerves it:—
You [*To Orlando*] to a love, that your true faith doth merit:—
You [*To Oliver*] to your land, and love, and great allies:—
You [*To Silvius*] to a long and well deſerved bed;—
And you [*To Touchstone*] to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd:—So to your pleaſures;
I am for other than for dancing meaſures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, ſtay.

Jaq. To ſee no paſtime, I:—what you would have
I'll ſtay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin theſe rites,
As we do truſt they'll end, in true delights. [*A dance.*

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the faſhion to ſee the lady the epilogue: but it is no more unhandſome, than to ſee the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no buſh*, 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do uſe good buſhes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a caſe am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot inſinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furniſh'd like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleaſe them: and ſo I charge you, O men, for the love you

Perſons repreſented.

King of France.
Duke of Florence.
Bertram, *Count of* Rouſillon.
Lafeu, *an old Lord.*
Parolles, *a follower of* Bertram.
Several young French *Lords, that ſerve with* Bertram *in the* Florentine *war.*
Steward,
Clown, } *Servants to the Counteſs of* Rouſillon.
A Page.

Counteſs of Rouſillon, *mother to* Bertram.
Helena, *a gentlewoman protected by the Counteſs.*
An old widow of Florence.
Diana, *daughter to the widow.*
Violenta,
Mariana, } *Neighbours and friends to the widow.*

Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c. French *and* Florentine.

SCENE, partly in France, *and partly in* Tuſcany.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rouſillon. *A Room in the* COUNTESS's *Palace. Enter* BERTRAM, *the Counteſs of* ROUSILLON, HELENA, *and* LAFEU, *in mourning.*

Count. In delivering my ſon from me, I bury a ſecond huſband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I muſt attend his majeſty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in ſubjection.

Laf. You ſhall find of the king a huſband, madam; —you, ſir, a father: He that ſo generally is at all times good, muſt of neceſſity hold his virtue to you; whoſe worthineſs would ſtir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is ſuch abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majeſty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his phyſicians, madam; under whoſe practices he hath perſecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the proceſs, but only the loſing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had!* how ſad a paſſage 'tis!) whoſe ſkill was almoſt

as great as his honeſty; had it ſtretch'd ſo far, would have made nature immortal, and death ſhould have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's ſake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the king's diſeaſe.

Laf. How call'd you the man you ſpeak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, ſir, in his profeſſion, and it was his great right to be ſo: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately ſpoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly: he was ſkilful enough to have liv'd ſtill, if knowledge could be ſet up againſt mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languiſhes of?

Laf. A fiſtula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would, it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His ſole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have thoſe hopes of her good, that her education promiſes: her diſpoſitions ſhe inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their ſimpleneſs; ſhe derives her honeſty, and achieves her goodneſs.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the beſt brine a maiden can ſeaſon her praiſe in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her ſorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; leſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a ſorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, exceſſive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the exceſs makes it ſoon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I deſire your holy wiſhes.

Laf. How underſtand we that?

Count. Be thou bleſt, Bertram! and ſucceed thy father
In manners, as in ſhape! thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodneſs
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, truſt a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than uſe; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for ſilence,
But never tax'd for ſpeech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furniſh, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord,
'Tis an unſeaſon'd courtier; good my lord,
Adviſe him.

Laf. He cannot want the beſt
That ſhall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bleſs him!—Farewell, Bertram.

[*Exit Countess.*

Ber. The beſt wiſhes, that can be forged in your thoughts, [*To Helena.*] be ſervants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your miſtreſs, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: You muſt hold the credit of your father. [*Exeunt Bertram and Lafeu.*

Hel. O, were that all!—I think not on my father;
And theſe great tears grace his remembrance more,
Than thoſe I ſhed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in it, but Bertram's.

I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I ſhould love a bright particular ſtar,
And think to wed it, he is ſo above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Muſt I be comforted, not in his ſphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itſelf:
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Muſt die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To ſee him every hour; to ſit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his ſweet favour:
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Muſt ſanctify his relicks. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

One that goes with him: I love him for his ſake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, ſolely a coward;
Yet theſe fix'd evils ſit ſo fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's ſteely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we ſee
Cold wiſdom waiting on ſuperfluous folly.

PAR. Save you, fair queen.

HEL. And you, monárch.

PAR. No.

HEL. And no.

PAR. Are you meditating on virginity?

HEL. Ay. You have ſome ſtain of ſoldier in you; let me aſk you a queſtion: Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it againſt him?

PAR. Keep him out.

HEL. But he aſſails; and our virginity, though valiant

in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us ſome warlike reſiſtance.

Par. There is none; man, ſitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bleſs our poor virginity from underminers, and blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourſelves made, you loſe your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature, to preſerve virginity. Loſs of virginity is rational increaſe; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was firſt loſt. That, you were firſt made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once loſt, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever loſt: 'tis too cold a companion; away with it.

Hel. I will ſtand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be ſaid in't; 'tis againſt the rule of nature. To ſpeak on the part of virginity, is to accuſe your mothers; which is moſt infallible diſobedience. He, that hangs himſelf, is a virgn: virginity murders itſelf; and ſhould be buried in highways, out of all ſanctified limit, as a deſperate offendreſs againſt nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheeſe; conſumes itſelf to the very paring, and ſo dies with feeding his own ſtomach. Beſides, virginity is peeviſh, proud, idle, made of ſelf love, which is the moſt inhibited ſin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot chooſe but loſe by't: Out with't: within ten years it will make itſelf ten, which is a goodly increaſe; and the principal itſelf not much the worſe: Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, ſir, to loſe it to her own liking?

Par. Let me ſee: Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will loſe the gloſs with lying; the longer kept, the leſs worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible: anſwer the time of requeſt. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of faſhion; richly ſuited, but unſuitable: juſt like the brooch and tooth-pick, which wear not now: Your date is better in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek: And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a wither'd pear; Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

There ſhall your maſter have a thouſand loves,
A mother, and a miſtreſs, and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddeſs, and a ſovereign,
A counſellor, a traitreſs, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his diſcord dulcet,
His faith, his ſweet diſaſter; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious chriſtendoms,
That blinking Cupid goſſips. Now ſhall he——
I know not what he ſhall:—God ſend him well!—
The court's a learning-place;—and he is one——

Par. What one, i'faith?

Hel. That I wiſh well.—'Tis pity——

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wiſhing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,
Whoſe baſer ſtars do ſhut us up in wiſhes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,

And ſhow what we alone muſt think; which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a PAGE.

Page. Monſieur Parolles, my lord calls for you?

[*Exit* PAGE.

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monſieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable ſtar.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I eſpecially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have ſo kept you under, that you muſt needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you ſo?

Hel. You go ſo much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear propoſes the ſafety: But the compoſition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am ſo full of buſineſſes, I cannot anſwer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my inſtruction ſhall ſerve to naturalize thee, ſo thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counſel, and underſtand what advice ſhall thruſt upon thee; elſe thou dieſt in thine unthankfulneſs, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou haſt leiſure, ſay thy prayers; when thou haſt none, remember thy friends: get thee a good huſband, and uſe him as he uſes thee: ſo farewell. [*Exit.*

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourſelves do lie,
Which we aſcribe to heaven: the fated ſky
Gives us free ſcope; only, doth backward pull
Our ſlow deſigns, when we ourſelves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love ſo high;
That makes me ſee, and cannot feed my eye?
The mightieſt ſpace in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiſs like native things.
Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts, to thoſe
That weigh their pains in ſenſe; and do ſuppoſe,
What hath been cannot be: Who ever ſtrove
To ſhow her merit, that did miſs her love?
The king's diſeaſe—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Paris. *A Room in the* KING'S *Palace.*

Flouriſh of cornets. Enter the King of FRANCE, *with letters;* Lords *and others attending.*

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 *Lord.* So 'tis reported, ſir.

King. Nay, 'tis moſt credible; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our couſin Auſtria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For ſpeedy aid; wherein our deareſt friend
Prejudicates the buſineſs, and would ſeem
To have us make denial.

1 *Lord.* His love and wiſdom,
Approv'd ſo to your majeſty, may plead
For ampleſt credence.

King. He hath arm'd our anſwer,
And Florence is denied before he comes:

Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to ſee
The Tuſcan ſervice, freely have they leave
To ſtand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It may well ſerve
A nurſery to our gentry, who are ſick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafeu and Parolles.

1 *Lord.* It is the count Rouſillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'ſt thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haſte,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'ſt thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majeſty's.

King. I would I had that corporal ſoundneſs now,
As when thy father, and myſelf, in friendſhip
Firſt try'd our ſoldierſhip! He did look far
Into the ſervice of the time, and was
Diſcipled of the braveſt: he laſted long;
But on us both did haggiſh age ſteal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father: In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well obſerve
To-day in our young lords; but they may jeſt,
Till their own ſcorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterneſs
Were in his pride or ſharpneſs; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itſelf, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him ſpeak, and, at this time,
His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below him

He us'd as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praiſe he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copy to theſe younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would démonſtrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, ſir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal ſpeech.

King. 'Would, I were with him! He would always
(Methinks, I hear him now; his plauſive words [ſay,
He ſcatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear,)—*Let me not live,*——
Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the cataſtrophe and heel of paſtime,
When it was out,—*let me not live*, quoth he,
After my flame lacks oil, to be the ſnuff
Of younger ſpirits, whoſe apprehenſive ſenſes
All but new things diſdain; whoſe judgements are
Mere fathers of their garments; whoſe conſtancies
Expire before their faſhions:——This he wiſh'd:
I, after him, do after him wiſh too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were diſſolved from my hive,
To give ſome labourers room.

2 *Lord.* You are lov'd, ſir;
They, that leaſt lend it you, ſhall lack you firſt.

King. I fill a place, I know't.—How long is't, count,
Since the phyſician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some ſix months ſince, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the reſt have worn me out
With ſeveral applications:—nature and ſickneſs
Debate it at their leiſure. Welcome, count;
My ſon's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majeſty. [*Exeunt. Flouriſh.*

SCENE III. Rouſillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.

Count. I will now hear: what ſay you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wiſh might be found in the calendar of my paſt endeavours; for then we wound our modeſty, and make foul the clearneſs of our deſervings, when of ourſelves we publiſh them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, ſirrah: The complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my ſlowneſs, that I do not: for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make ſuch knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, ſir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not ſo well, that I am poor; though many of the rich are damn'd: But, if I may have your ladyſhip's good will to go to the world, Iſbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good-will in this caſe.

Count. In what caſe?

Clo. In Iſbel's caſe, and mine own. Service is no heritage: and, I think, I ſhall never have the bleſſing of

God, till I have iſſue of my body; for, they ſay, bearns are bleſſings.

Count. Tell me thy reaſon why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the fleſh; and he muſt needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worſhip's reaſon?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reaſons, ſuch as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all fleſh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, ſooner than thy wickedneſs.

Clo. I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's ſake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You are ſhallow, madam; e'en great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of. He, that ears my land, ſpares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: He, that comforts my wife, is the cheriſher of my fleſh and blood; he, that cheriſhes my fleſh and blood, loves my fleſh and blood; he, that loves my fleſh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he that kiſſes my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poyſam the papiſt, howſoe'er their hearts are ſever'd in religion, their heads are both one, they may joll horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I ſpeak the truth the next way:

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true ſhall find;
Your marriage comes by deſtiny,
Your cuckoo ſings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, ſir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it pleaſe you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to ſpeak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would ſpeak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. *Was this fair face the cauſe, quoth ſhe,* [Singing.
Why the Grecians ſacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond,
Was this king Priam's joy.
With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood,
With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood,
And gave this ſentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the ſong, ſirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the ſong: 'Would God would ſerve the world ſo all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe woman, if I were the parſon: One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing ſtar, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, ſir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man ſhould be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honeſty be no puritan, yet

it will do no hurt; it will wear the ſurplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—I am going, forſooth: the buſineſs is for Helen to come hither.

[*Exit* CLOWN.

COUNT. Well, now.

STEW. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

COUNT. Faith, I do: her father bequeath'd her to me; and ſhe herſelf, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as ſhe finds: there is more owing her, than is paid; and more ſhall be paid her, than ſhe'll demand.

STEW. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, ſhe wiſh'd me: alone ſhe was, and did communicate to herſelf, her own words to her own ears; ſhe thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any ſtranger ſenſe. Her matter was, ſhe lov'd your ſon: Fortune, ſhe ſaid, was no goddeſs, that had put ſuch difference betwixt their two eſtates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would ſuffer her poor knight to be ſurpriſed, without reſcue, in the firſt aſſault, or ranſom afterward: This ſhe deliver'd in the moſt bitter touch of ſorrow, that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty, ſpeedily to acquaint you withal; ſithence, in the loſs that may happen, it concerns you ſomething to know it.

COUNT. You have diſcharged this honeſtly; keep it to yourſelf: many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung ſo tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor miſdoubt: Pray you, leave me: ſtall this in your boſom, and I thank you for your honeſt care: I will ſpeak with you further anon. [*Exit* STEW.

Enter HELENA.

COUNT. Even ſo it was with me, when I was young:
If we are nature's, theſe are ours; this thorn
Doth to our roſe of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the ſhow and ſeal of nature's truth,
Where love's ſtrong paſſion is impreſs'd in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults;—or then we thought them none.
Her eye is ſick on't; I obſerve her now.

HEL. What is your pleaſure, madam?

COUNT. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

HEL. Mine honourable miſtreſs.

COUNT. Nay, a mother;
Why not a mother? when I ſaid, a mother,
Methought you ſaw a ſerpent: What's in mother,
That you ſtart at it? I ſay, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of thoſe
That were enwombed mine: 'Tis often ſeen,
Adoption ſtrives with nature; and choice breeds
A native ſlip to us from foreign ſeeds:
You ne'er oppreſs'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I expreſs to you a mother's care:—
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,
To ſay, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this diſtemper'd meſſenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why?——that you are my daughter?

HEL. That I am not.

COUNT. I ſay, I am your mother.

HEL. Pardon, madam;
The count Rouſillon cannot be my brother:

I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My maſter, my dear lord he is; and I
His ſervant live, and will his vaſſal die:
He muſt not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam; 'Would you were
(So that my lord, your ſon, were not my brother,)
Indeed, my mother!—or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for, than I do for heaven,
So were I not his ſiſter: Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he muſt be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law;
God ſhield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother,
So ſtrive upon your pulſe: What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondneſs: Now I ſee
The myſtery of your loneline ſs, and find
Your ſalt tears' head. Now to all ſenſe 'tis groſs,
You love my ſon; invention is aſham'd,
Againſt the proclamation of thy paſſion,
To ſay, thou doſt not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis ſo:—for, look, thy cheeks
Confeſs it, one to the other; and thine eyes
See it ſo groſsly ſhown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they ſpeak it; only ſin
And helliſh obſtinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth ſhould be ſuſpected: Speak, is't ſo?
If it be ſo, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it be not, forſwear't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven ſhall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me!

Count. Do you love my ſon?

Hel. Your pardon, noble miſtreſs!
Count. Love you my ſon?
Hel. Do not you love him, madam?
Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, diſcloſe
The ſtate of your affection; for your paſſions
Have to the full appeach'd.
Hel. Then, I confeſs,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your ſon:—
My friends were poor, but honeſt; ſo's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of preſumptuous ſuit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deſerve him;
Yet never know how that deſert ſhould be.
I know I love in vain, ſtrive againſt hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenible ſieve,
I ſtill pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to loſe ſtill: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The ſun, that looks upon his worſhipper,
But knows of him no more. My deareſt madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do: but, if yourſelf,
Whoſe aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in ſo true a flame of liking,
Wiſh chaſtly, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herſelf and Love; O then, give pity
To her, whoſe ſtate is ſuch, that cannot chooſe
But lend and give, where ſhe is ſure to loſe;
That ſeeks not to find that her ſearch implies,

But, riddle-like, lives ſweetly where ſhe dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, ſpeak truly,
To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itſelf, I ſwear.
You know, my father left me ſome preſcriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, ſuch as his reading,
And manifeſt experience, had collected
For general ſovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfulleſt reſervation to beſtow them,
As notes, whoſe faculties incluſive were,
More than they were in note: amongſt the reſt,
There is a remedy, approv'd, ſet down,
To cure the deſperate languiſhings, whereof
The king is render'd loſt.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? ſpeak.

Hel. My lord your ſon made me to think of this;
Elſe Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the converſation of my thoughts,
Haply, been abſent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you ſhould tender your ſuppoſed aid,
He would receive it? He and his phyſicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help: How ſhall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the ſchools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itſelf?

Hel. There's ſomething hints,
More than my father's ſkill, which was the greateſt
Of his profeſſion, that his good receipt

Shall, for my legacy, be ſanctified
By the luckieſt ſtars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try ſucceſs, I'd venture
The well-loſt life of mine on his grace's cure,
By ſuch a day, and hour.

Count. Doſt thou believe't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou ſhalt have my leave, and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To thoſe of mine in court; I'll ſtay at home,
And pray God's bleſſing into thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow; and be ſure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou ſhalt not miſs. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. Paris. *A Room in the* King's *Palace.*

Flouriſh. Enter King, *with young* Lords *taking leave for the* Florentine *war;* Bertram, Parolles, *and Attendants.*

King. Farewell, young lord, theſe warlike principles
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lord, farewell:—
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth ſtretch itſelf as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord.* It is our hope, ſir,
After well-enter'd ſoldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confeſs he owes the malady
That doth my life beſiege. Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the ſons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy

(Thoſe 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the laſt monarchy,) ſee, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The braveſt queſtant ſhrinks, find what you ſeek,
That fame may cry you loud: I ſay, farewell.

2 *Lord.* Health, at your bidding, ſerve your majeſty!

King. Thoſe girls of Italy, take heed of them;
They ſay, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you ſerve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[*The King retires to a couch.*

1 *Lord.* O my ſweet lord, that you will ſtay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the ſpark——

2 *Lord.* O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Moſt admirable: I have ſeen thoſe wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with;
Too young, and *the next year*, and *'tis too early*.

Par. An thy mind ſtand to it, boy, ſteal away bravely.

Ber. I ſhall ſtay here the forehorſe to a ſmock,
Creaking my ſhoes on the plain maſonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no ſword worn,
But one to dance with! By heaven, I'll ſteal away.

1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 *Lord.* I am your acceſſary; and ſo farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

1 *Lord.* Farewell, captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet monſieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my ſword and yours are kin.
Good ſparks and luſtrous, a word, good metals:—You
ſhall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spu-

rio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his ſiniſter cheek; it was this very ſword entrench'd it: ſay to him, I live; and obſerve his reports for me.

2 *Lord.* We ſhall, noble captain.

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! [*Exeunt Lords.*] What will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king—— [*Seeing him riſe.*

Par. Uſe a more ſpacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have reſtrain'd yourſelf within the liſt of too cold an adieu: be more expreſſive to them; for they wear themſelves in the cap of the time, there do muſter true gait, eat, ſpeak, and move under the influence of the moſt received ſtar; and though the devil lead the meaſure, ſuch are to be follow'd: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do ſo.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove moſt ſinewy ſword-men. [*Exeunt Bertram and Parolles.*

Enter Lafeu.

Laf. Pardon, my lord, [*Kneeling.*] for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to ſtand up.

Laf. Then here's a man
Stands, that has brought his pardon. I would, you
Had kneel'd, my lord, to aſk me mercy; and
That, at my bidding, you could ſo ſtand up.

King. I would I had; ſo I had broke thy pate,
And aſk'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith, acroſs:
But, my good lord, 'tis thus; Will you be cur'd
Of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat

No grapes, my royal fox? yes, but you will,
My noble grapes, an if my royal fox
Could reach them: I have ſeen a medicine,
That's able to breathe life into a ſtone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,
With ſpritely fire and motion; whoſe ſimple touch
Is powerful to araiſe king Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand,
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor ſhe: My lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will ſee her,—now, by my faith and honour,
If ſeriouſly I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have ſpoke
With one, that, in her ſex, her years, profeſſion,
Wiſdom, and conſtancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakneſs: Will you ſee her,
(For that is her demand,) and know her buſineſs?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May ſpend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wond'ring how thou took'ſt it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit Lafeu.*

King. Thus he his ſpecial nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter Lafeu, with Helena.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haſte hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways;
This is his majeſty, ſay your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but ſuch traitors
His majeſty ſeldom fears: I am Creſſid's uncle

That dare leave two together; fare you well. [*Exit.*

King. Now, fair one, does your buſineſs follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was
My father; in what he did profeſs, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I ſpare my praiſes towards him;
Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the deareſt iſſue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me ſtore up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have ſo:
And, hearing your high majeſty is touch'd
With that malignant cauſe wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift ſtands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleneſs.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be ſo credulous of cure,—
When our moſt learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ranſom nature
From her inaidable eſtate,—I ſay we muſt not
So ſtain our judgement, or corrupt our hope,
To proſtitute our paſt-cure malady
To empiricks; or to diſſever ſo
Our great ſelf and our credit, to eſteem
A ſenſeleſs help, when help paſt ſenſe we deem.

Hel. My duty then ſhall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modeſt one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee leſs, to be call'd grateful:

Thou thought'ſt to help me; and ſuch thanks I give,
As one near death to thoſe that wiſh him live:
But, what at full I know, thou know'ſt no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you ſet up your reſt 'gainſt remedy:
He that of greateſt works is finiſher,
Oft does them by the weakeſt miniſter:
So holy writ in babes hath judgement ſhown,
When judges have been babes. Great floods have flown
From ſimple ſources; and great ſeas have dried,
When miracles have by the greateſt been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and moſt oft there
Where moſt it promiſes; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldeſt, and deſpair moſt fits.

King. I muſt not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains, not us'd, muſt by thyſelf be paid:
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inſpired merit ſo by breath is barr'd:
It is not ſo with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that ſquare our gueſs by ſhows:
But moſt it is preſumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear ſir, to my endeavours give conſent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impoſtor, that proclaim
Myſelf againſt the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know moſt ſure,
My art is not paſt power, nor you paſt cure.

King. Art thou ſo confident? Within what ſpace
Hop'ſt thou my cure.

Hel. The greateſt grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horſes of the ſun ſhall bring

Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moiſt Heſperus hath quench'd his ſleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glaſs
Hath told the thieviſh minutes how they paſs;
What is infirm from your ſound parts ſhall fly,
Health ſhall live free, and ſickneſs freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'ſt thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,—
A ſtrumpet's boldneſs, a divulged ſhame,—
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwiſe; no worſe of worſt extended,
With vileſt torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in thee ſome bleſſed ſpirit doth ſpeak;
His powerful ſound, within an organ weak:
And what impoſſibility would ſlay
In common ſenſe, ſenſe ſaves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath eſtimate;
Youth, beauty, wiſdom, courage, virtue, all
That happineſs and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs muſt intimate
Skill infinite, or monſtrous deſperate.
Sweet practiſer, thy phyſic I will try;
That miniſters thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I ſpoke, unpitied let me die;
And well deſerv'd: Not helping, death's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promiſe me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my ſceptre, and my hopes of heaven.

Hel. Then ſhalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What huſband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To chooſe from forth the royal blood of France;
My low and humble name to propogate
With any branch or image of thy ſtate:
But ſuch a one, thy vaſſal, whom I know
Is free for me to aſk, thee to beſtow.

King. Here is my hand; the premiſes obſerv'd,
Thy will by my performance ſhall be ſerv'd:
So make the choice of thy own time; for I,
Thy reſolv'd patient, on thee ſtill rely.
More ſhould I queſtion thee, and more I muſt;
Though, more to know, could not be more to truſt;
From whence thou cam'ſt, how tended on,—But reſt
Unqueſtion'd welcome, and undoubted bleſt.—
Give me ſome help here, ho!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed ſhall match thy deed.

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Rouſillon. *A Room in the* Countess's *Palace.*

Enter Countess *and* Clown.

Count. Come on, ſir; I ſhall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will ſhow myſelf highly fed, and lowly taught: I know my buſineſs is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you ſpecial, when you put off that with ſuch contempt? But to the court!

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may eaſily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiſs his hand, and ſay nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, ſuch a

fellow, to ſay preciſely, were not for the court: but, for me, I have an anſwer will ſerve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful anſwer, that fits all queſtions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your anſwer ſerve fit to all queſtions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffata punk, as Tib's ruſh for Tom's fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove-tueſday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a ſcolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his ſkin.

Count. Have you, I ſay, an anſwer of ſuch fitneſs for all queſtions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your conſtable, it will fit any queſtion.

Count. It muſt be an anſwer of moſt monſtrous ſize, that muſt fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned ſhould ſpeak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't: Aſk me, if I am a courtier; it ſhall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could:—I will be a fool in queſtion, hoping to be the wiſer by your anſwer. I pray you, ſir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, ſir,——There's a ſimple putting off;—more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, ſir,—Thick, thick, ſpare not me.

Count. I think, ſir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, ſir,—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipp'd, ſir, I think.

Clo. O Lord, ſir,—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, *O Lord, ſir*, at your whipping, and *ſpare not me?* Indeed, your *O Lord, ſir*, is very ſequent to your whipping; you would anſwer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worſe luck in my life, in my—*O Lord, ſir:* I ſee, things may ſerve long, but not ſerve ever.

Count. I play the noble houſewife with the time, to entertain it ſo merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, ſir,—Why, there't ſerves well again.

Count. An end, ſir, to your buſineſs: Give Helen this,
And urge her to a preſent anſwer back:
Commend me to my kinſmen, and my ſon;
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them. [ſtand me?

Count. Not much employment for you: You under-

Clo. Moſt fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haſte you again. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE III. Paris. *A Room in the* KING'S *Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

Laf. They ſay, miracles are paſt; and we have our philoſophical perſons, to make modern and familiar things, ſupernatural and cauſeleſs. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; enſconcing ourſelves into ſeeming knowledge, when we ſhould ſubmit ourſelves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rareſt argument of wonder, that hath ſhot out in our latter times.

Ber. And ſo 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquiſh'd of the artiſts,——

Par. So I ſay; both of Galen and Paracelſus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentick fellows,—

Par. Right, ſo I ſay.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis; ſo ſay I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd,—

Par. Right; as 'twere, a man aſſur'd of an—

Laf. Uncertain life, and ſure death.

Par. Juſt, you ſay well; ſo would I have ſaid.

Laf. I may truly ſay, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in ſhowing, you ſhall read it in,——What do you call there?—

Laf. A ſhowing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it I would have ſaid; the very ſame.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not luſtier: 'fore me I ſpeak in reſpect——

Par. Nay, 'tis ſtrange, 'tis very ſtrange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a moſt facinorous ſpirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the——

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Ay, ſo I ſay.

Laf. In a moſt weak——

Par. And debile miniſter, great power, great tranſcendence: which ſhould, indeed, give us a further uſe to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be——

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, Helena, and Attendants.

Par. I would have ſaid it; you ſay well: Here comes the king.

Laf. Luſtick, as the Dutchman ſays; I'll like a maid the better, whilſt I have a tooth in my head: Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. Mort du Vinaigre! Is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think ſo.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Sit, my preſerver, by thy patient's ſide;
And with this healthful hand, whoſe baniſh'd ſenſe
Thou haſt repeal'd, a ſecond time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter ſeveral Lords.

Fair maid, ſend forth thine eye; this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors ſtand at my beſtowing,
O'er whom both ſovereign power and father's voice
I have to uſe: thy frank election make;
Thou haſt power to chooſe, and they none to forſake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous miſtreſs
Fall, when love pleaſe!—marry, to each, but one!

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than theſe boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruſe them well:
Not one of thoſe, but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, reſtor'd the king to health.

All. We underſtand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a ſimple maid; and therein wealthieſt,
That, I proteſt, I ſimply am a maid:——
Pleaſe it your majeſty, I have done already:
The bluſhes in my cheeks thus whiſper me,
We bluſh, that thou ſhould'ſt chooſe; but, be refus'd,

Let the white death ſit on thy cheek for ever;
We'll ne'er come there again.

KING. Make choice; and, ſee,
Who ſhuns thy love, ſhuns all his love in me.

HEL. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that god moſt high,
Do my ſighs ſtream.—Sir, will you hear my ſuit?

1 LORD. And grant it.

HEL. Thanks, ſir; all the reſt is mute.

LAF. I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-ace for my life.

HEL. The honour, ſir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I ſpeak, too threat'ningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that ſo wiſhes, and her humble love!

2 LORD. No better, if you pleaſe.

HEL. My wiſh receive,
Which great love grant! and ſo I take my leave.

LAF. Do all they deny her? An they were ſons of mine, I'd have them whipp'd; or I would ſend them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

HEL. Be not afraid [*To a* Lord.] that I your hand ſhould take;
I'll never do you wrong for your own ſake:
Bleſſing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

LAF. Theſe boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her; ſure, they are baſtards to the Engliſh; the French ne'er got them.

HEL. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourſelf a ſon out of my blood.

4 LORD. Fair one, I think not ſo.

LAF. There's one grape yet,—I am ſure, thy father

drank wine.—But if thou be'ſt not an aſs, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already. [I give

Hel. I dare not ſay, I take you; [*To Bertram.*] but Me, and my ſervice, ever whilſt I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her, ſhe's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I ſhall beſeech your highneſs,
In ſuch buſineſs give me leave to uſe
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'ſt thou not, Bertram,
What ſhe has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I ſhould marry her.

King. Thou know'ſt, ſhe has rais'd me from my ſickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Muſt anſwer for your raiſing? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor phyſician's daughter my wife!—Diſdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou diſdain'ſt in her, the which I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd altogether,
Would quite confound diſtinction, yet ſtand off
In differences ſo mighty: If ſhe be
All that is virtuous, (ſave what thou diſlik'ſt,
A poor phyſician's daughter,) thou diſlik'ſt
Of virtue for the name: but do not ſo:
From loweſt place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions ſwell, and virtue none,
It is a dropſied honour: good alone

Is good, without a name; vileneſs is ſo:
The property by what it is ſhould go,
Not by the title. She is young, wiſe, fair;
In theſe to nature ſhe's immediate heir;
And theſe breed honour: that is honour's ſcorn,
Which challenges itſelf as honour's born,
And is not like the ſire: Honours beſt thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a ſlave,
Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where duſt, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What ſhould be ſaid?
If thou canſt like this creature as a maid,
I can create the reſt: virtue, and ſhe,
Is her own dower; honour, and wealth, from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will ſtrive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'ſt thyſelf, if thou ſhould'ſt ſtrive to chooſe.

Hel. That you are well reſtor'd, my lord, I am glad;
Let the reſt go.

King. My honour's at the ſtake; which to defeat,
I muſt produce my power: Here, take her hand,
Proud ſcornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That doſt in vile miſpriſion ſhackle up
My love, and her deſert; that canſt not dream,
We, poizing us in her defective ſcale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We pleaſe to have it grow: Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy diſdain, but preſently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,

Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Into the ſtaggars, and the careleſs lapſe
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate,
Looſing upon thee in the name of juſtice,
Without all terms of pity: Speak; thine anſwer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I ſubmit
My fancy to your eyes: When I conſider,
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I find, that ſhe, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts moſt baſe, is now
The praiſed of the king; who, ſo ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born ſo.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, ſhe is thine: to whom I promiſe
A counterpoize; if not to thy eſtate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
Smile upon this contract; whoſe ceremony
Shall ſeem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night: the ſolemn feaſt
Shall more attend upon the coming ſpace,
Expecting abſent friends. As thou lov'ſt her,
Thy love's to me religious; elſe, does err.

[*Exeunt* King, Bertram, Helena, Lords, *and Attendants.*

Laf. Do you hear, monſieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleaſure, ſir?

Laf. Your lord and maſter did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation? My lord? my maſter?

Laf Ay; Is it not a language, I ſpeak?

PAR. A moſt harſh one; and not to be underſtood without bloody ſucceeding. My Maſter?

LAF. Are you companion to the count Rouſillon?

PAR. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

LAF. To what is count's man; count's maſter is of another ſtyle.

PAR. You are too old, ſir; let it ſatisfy you, you are too old.

LAF. I muſt tell thee, ſirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

PAR. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

LAF. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wiſe fellow; thou didſt make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might paſs: yet the ſcarfs, and the bannerets, about thee, did manifoldly diſſuade me from believing thee a veſſel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I loſe thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou art ſcarce worth.

PAR. Hadſt thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,——

LAF. Do not plunge thyſelf too far in anger, leſt thou haſten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy caſement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

PAR. My lord, you give me moſt egregious indignity.

LAF. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

PAR. I have not, my lord, deſerv'd it.

LAF. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a ſcruple.

PAR. Well, I ſhall be wiſer.

LAF. E'en as ſoon as thou canſt, for thou haſt to pull

at a ſmack o'the contrary. If ever thou be'ſt bound in thy ſcarf, and beaten, thou ſhalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a deſire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge; that I may ſay, in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me moſt inſupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy ſake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am paſt; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou haſt a ſon ſhall take this diſgrace off me; ſcurvy, old, filthy, ſcurvy lord!—Well, I muſt be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter Lafeu.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and maſter's married, there's news for you; you have a new miſtreſs.

Par. I moſt unfeignedly beſeech your lordſhip to make ſome reſervation of your wrongs: He is my good lord: whom I ſerve above, is my maſter.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, ſir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy maſter. Why doſt thou garter up thy arms o' this faſhion? doſt make hoſe of thy ſleeves? do other ſervants ſo? Thou wert beſt ſet thy lower part where thy noſe ſtands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man ſhould beat thee. I think, thou waſt created for men to breathe themſelves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeſerved meaſure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, ſir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more ſaucy with lords, and honourable perſonages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commiſſion. You are not worth another word, elſe I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter Bertram.

Par. Good, very good; it is ſo then.—Good, very good; let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, ſweet heart?

Ber. Although before the ſolemn prieſt I have ſworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, ſweet heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me:—
I'll to the Tuſcan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: To the wars, my boy, to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box unſeen,
That hugs his kickſy-wickſy here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which ſhould ſuſtain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery ſteed: To other regions!
France is a ſtable; we that dwell in't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It ſhall be ſo; I'll ſend her to my houſe,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durſt not ſpeak: His preſent gift

Shall furniſh me to thoſe Italian fields,
Where noble fellows ſtrike: War is no-ſtrife
To the dark houſe, and the deteſted wife.

PAR. Will this capricio hold in thee, art ſure?

BER. Go with me to my chamber, and adviſe me.
I'll ſend her ſtraight away: To-morrow
I'll to the wars, ſhe to her ſingle ſorrow. ['Tis hard;

PAR. Why, theſe balls bound; there's noiſe in it.—
A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
The king has done you wrong; but, huſh! 'tis ſo. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. The ſame. Another Room in the ſame.

Enter HELENA *and* CLOWN.

HEL. My mother greets me kindly: Is ſhe well?

CLO. She is not well; but yet ſhe has her health: ſhe's very merry; but yet ſhe is not well: but thanks be given, ſhe's very well, and wants nothing i'the world; but yet ſhe is not well.

HEL. If ſhe be very well, what does ſhe ail, that ſhe's not very well?

CLO. Truly, ſhe's very well, indeed, but for two things.

HEL. What two things?

CLO. One, that ſhe's not in heaven, whither God ſend her quickly! the other, that ſhe's in earth, from whence God ſend her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

PAR. Bleſs you, my fortunate lady!

HEL. I hope, ſir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

PAR. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them ſtill.—O, my knave! How does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would ſhe did as you ſay.

Par. Why, I ſay nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiſer man; for many a man's tongue ſhakes out his maſter's undoing: To ſay nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You ſhould have ſaid, ſir, before a knave thou art a knave; that is, before me thou art a knave: this had been truth, ſir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourſelf, ſir? or were you taught to find me? The ſearch, ſir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleaſure, and the increaſe of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very ſerious buſineſs calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off by a compell'd reſtraint;
Whoſe want, and whoſe delay, is ſtrew'd with ſweets,
Which they diſtil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleaſure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will elſe?

Par. That you will take your inſtant leave o'the king,
And make this haſte as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you preſently Attend his further pleaſure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I ſhall report it ſo.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, ſirrah. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Another Room in the ſame.

Enter LAFEU *and* BERTRAM.

Laf. But, I hope, your lordſhip thinks not him a ſoldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted teſtimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do aſſure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then ſinned againſt his experience, and tranſgreſs'd againſt his valour; and my ſtate that way is dangerous, ſince I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will purſue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Theſe things ſhall be done, ſir. [*To* BERTRAM.

Laf. 'Pray you, ſir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well: Ay, ſir; he, ſir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is ſhe gone to the king? [*Aſide to* PAROLLES.

Par. She is.

Ber. Will ſhe away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, caſketed my treaſure,

Given order for our horſes; and to-night,
When I ſhould take poſſeſſion of the bride,—
And ere I do begin,——

Laf. A good traveller is ſomething at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uſes a known truth to paſs a thouſand nothings with, ſhould be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God ſave you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindneſs between my lord and you, monſieur?

Par. I know not how I have deſerv'd to run into my lord's diſpleaſure.

Laf. You have made ſhift to run into't, boots and ſpurs and all, like him that leap'd into the cuſtard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than ſuffer queſtion for your reſidence.

Ber. It may be, you have miſtaken him, my lord.

Laf. And ſhall do ſo ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord: and believe this of me, There can be no kernel in this light nut; the ſoul of this man is his clothes: truſt him not in matter of heavy conſequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monſieur: I have ſpoken better of you, than you have or will deſerve at my hand; but we muſt do good againſt evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I ſwear.

Ber. I think ſo.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common ſpeech Gives him a worthy paſs. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, ſir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave

For preſent parting; only, he deſires
Some private ſpeech with you.
Ber. I ſhall obey his will.
You muſt not marvel, Helen, at my courſe,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The miniſtration and required office
On my particular: prepar'd I was not
For ſuch a buſineſs; therefore am I found
So much unſettled: This drives me to entreat you,
That preſently you take your way for home;
And rather muſe, than aſk, why I entreat you:
For my reſpects are better than they ſeem;
And my appointments have in them a need,
Greater than ſhows itſelf, at the firſt view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother:
[*Giving a letter.*
'Twill be two days ere I ſhall ſee you; ſo
I leave you to your wiſdom.
Hel. Sir, I can nothing ſay,
But that I am your moſt obedient ſervant.
Ber. Come, come, no more of that.
Hel. And ever ſhall
With true obſervance ſeek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my homely ſtars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.
Ber. Let that go:
My haſte is very great: Farewell, hie home.
Hel. Pray, ſir, your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you ſay?
Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nore dare I ſay, 'tis mine; and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, moſt fain would ſteal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have? [deed.—I

Hel. Something; and ſcarce ſo much:—nothing, in-
I would not tell you what I would; my lord—'faith, yes;—
Strangers, and foes, do ſunder, and not kiſs,

Ber. I pray you, ſtay not, but in haſte to horſe.

Hel. I ſhall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monſieur?—Fare-
well. [*Exit* Helena.

Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilſt I can ſhake my ſword, or hear the drum:—
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio! [*Exeunt.*

ACT. III.

SCENE I. Florence. *A Rooom in the* Duke's *Palace. Flouriſh. Enter the* Duke *of* Florence, *attended; two* French *Lords, and Others.*

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reaſon of this war;
Whoſe great deciſion hath much blood let forth,
And more thirſts after.

1 *Lord.* Holy ſeems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the oppoſer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our couſin France
Would, in ſo juſt a buſineſs, ſhut his boſom
Againſt our borrowing prayers.

2 *Lord.* Good my lord,
The reaſons of our ſtate I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By ſelf-unable motion: therefore dare not

Say what I think of it; ſince I have found
Myſelf in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I gueſs'd.

Duke. Be it his pleaſure.

2 *Lord.* But I am ſure, the younger of our nature,
That ſurfeit on their eaſe, will, day by day,
Come here for phyſick.

Duke. Welcome ſhall they be;
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them ſettle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [*Flouriſh.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Rouſillon. *A Room in the* Countess's *Palace.*

Enter Countess *and* Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, ſave, that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what obſervance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and ſing; mend the ruff, and ſing; aſk queſtions, and ſing; pick his teeth, and ſing: I know a man that had this trick of melancholy, ſold a goodly manor for a ſong.

Count. Let me ſee what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Opening a Letter.*

Clo. I have no mind to Iſbel, ſince I was at court: our old lings and our Iſbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Iſbels o' the court: the brains of my Cupid's knock'd out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no ſtomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.*

COUNT. [Reads.] *I have ſent you a daughter-in-law: ſhe hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and ſworn to make the* not *eternal. You ſhall hear, I am run away; know it, before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long diſtance. My duty to you.*

Your unfortunate ſon,

BERTRAM.

This is not well, raſh and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of ſo good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the miſprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter CLOWN.

CLO. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two ſoldiers and my young lady.

COUNT. What is the matter?

CLO. Nay, there is ſome comfort in the news, ſome comfort; your ſon will not be kill'd ſo ſoon as I thought he would.

COUNT. Why ſhould he be kill'd?

CLO. So ſay I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in ſtanding to't; that's the loſs of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more: for my part, I only hear, your ſon was run away. [*Exit* CLOWN.

Enter HELENA *and two* GENTLEMEN.

1 GEN. Save you, good madam.

HEL. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 GEN. Do not ſay ſo.

COUNT. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen,—
I have felt ſo many quirks of joy, and grief,

That the firſt face of neither, on the ſtart,
Can woman me unto't:—Where is my ſon, I pray you?

2 GEN. Madam, he's gone to ſerve the duke of Florence:
We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after ſome diſpatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

HEL. Look on his letter, madam; here's my paſſport.

[Reads.] *When thou canſt get the ring upon my finger, which never ſhall come off, and ſhow me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me huſband: but in ſuch a* then *I write a* never.

This is a dreadful ſentence.

COUNT. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 GEN. Ay, madam;
And, for the contents' ſake, are ſorry for our pains.

COUNT. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engroſſeſt all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'ſt me of a moiety: He was my ſon;
But I do waſh his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?

2 GEN. Ay, madam.

COUNT. And to be a ſoldier?

2 GEN. Such is his noble purpoſe: and, believe't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

COUNT. Return you thither?

1 GEN. Ay, madam, with the ſwifteſt wing of ſpeed.

HEL. [Reads.] *'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*

'Tis bitter.

COUNT. Find you that there?

HEL. Ay, madam.

1 GEN. 'Tis but the boldneſs of his hand, haply, which

His heart was not conſenting to.

COUNT. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only ſhe; and ſhe deſerves a lord,
That twenty ſuch rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly, miſtreſs. Who was with him?

1 *GEN.* A ſervant only, and a gentleman
Which I have ſome time known.

COUNT. Parolles, was't not?

1 *GEN.* Ay, my good lady, he.

COUNT. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedneſs.
My ſon corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 *GEN.* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
Which holds him much to have.

COUNT. You are welcome, gentlemen,
I will entreat you, when you ſee my ſon,
To tell him, that his ſword can never win
The honour that he loſes: more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

2 *GEN.* We ſerve you, madam,
In that and all your worthieſt affairs.

COUNT. Not ſo, but as we change our courteſies.
Will you draw near?

[*Exeunt* COUNTESS *and* GENTLEMEN.

HEL. Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou ſhalt have none, Rouſillon, none in France,
Then haſt thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
That chaſe thee from thy country, and expoſe
Thoſe tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-ſparing war? and is it I

That drive thee from the ſportive court, where thou
Waſt ſhot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of ſmoky muſkets? O you leaden meſſengers,
That ride upon the violent ſpeed of fire,
Fly with falſe aim; move the ſtill-piecing air,
That ſings with piercing, do not touch my lord!
Whoever ſhoots at him, I ſet him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breaſt,
I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cauſe
His death was ſo effected: better 'twere,
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd
With ſharp conſtraint of hunger; better 'twere
That all the miſeries, which nature owes,
Were mine at once: No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a ſcar,
As oft it loſes all; I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence:
Shall I ſtay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradiſe did fan the houſe,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To conſolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll ſteal away. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. Florence. *Before the* DUKE's *Palace.*
Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of FLORENCE, BERTRAM, LORDS, *Officers, Soldiers, and Others.*

Duke. The general of our horſe thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our beſt love and credence,
Upon thy promiſing fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my ſtrength; but yet

We'll ſtrive to bear it for your worthy ſake,
To the extreme edge of hazard.
Duke. Then go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy proſperous helm,
As thy auſpicious miſtreſs!
Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myſelf into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts; and I ſhall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Rouſillon. *A Room in the* COUNTESS's *Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS *and* STEWARD.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know, ſhe would do as ſhe has done,
By ſending me a letter? Read it again.
Stew. I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone;
Ambitious love hath ſo in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With ſainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that, from the bloody courſe of war,
My deareſt maſter, your dear ſon may hie;
Bleſs him at home in peace, whilſt I from far,
His name with zealous fervour ſanctify:
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his deſpiteful Juno ſent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:
He is too good and fair for death and me;
Whom I myſelf embrace, to ſet him free.
Count. Ah, what ſharp ſtings are in her mildeſt words!——
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice ſo much,
As letting her paſs ſo; had I ſpoke with her,

I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus ſhe hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet ſhe writes,
Purſuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel ſhall
Bleſs this unworthy huſband? he cannot thrive,
Unleſs her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greateſt juſtice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy huſband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greateſt grief,
Though little he do feel it, ſet down ſharply.
Deſpatch the moſt convenient meſſenger:—
When, haply, he ſhall hear that ſhe is gone,
He will return; and hope I may, that ſhe,
Hearing ſo much, will ſpeed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love: which of them both
Is deareſt to me, I have no ſkill in ſenſe
To make diſtinction:—Provide this meſſenger:—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and ſorrow bids me ſpeak.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Without the Walls of Florence.

A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow *of* Florence, *Diana, Violenta, Mariana, and other Citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we ſhall loſe all the ſight.

Dia. They ſay, the French count has done moſt honourable ſervice.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greateſt commander; and that with his own hand he ſlew the duke's brother. We have loſt our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and ſuffice ourſelves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is ſo rich as honeſty.

Wid. I have lold my neighbour, how you have been ſolicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in thoſe ſuggeſtions for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their promiſes, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all theſe engines of luſt, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been ſeduced by them; and the miſery is, example, that ſo terrible ſhows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that diſſuade ſucceſſion, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to adviſe you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modeſty which is ſo loſt.

Dia. You ſhall not need to fear me.

Enter Helena, *in the dreſs of a Pilgrim.*

Wid. I hope ſo.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know ſhe will lie at my houſe: thither they ſend one another: I'll queſtion her.—

God ſave you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le grand.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beſeech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beſide the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you. [*A march afar off.*
They come this way:—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you ſhall be lodg'd;
The rather, for, I think, I know your hoſteſs
As ample as myſelf.

Hel. Is it yourſelf?

Wid. If you ſhall pleaſe ſo, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will ſtay upon your leiſure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did ſo.

Wid. Here you ſhall ſee a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy ſervice,

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The count Rouſillon: Know you ſuch a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears moſt nobly of him:
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatſoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He ſtole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Againſt his liking: Think you it is ſo?

Hel. Ay, ſurely, mere the truth; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman, that ſerves the count,
Reports but coarſely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monſieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praiſe, or to the worth
Of the great count himſelf, ſhe is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deſerving
Is a reſerved honeſty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!

'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a deteſting lord.

Wid. A right good creature: whereſoe'er ſhe is,
Her heart weighs ſadly: this young maid might do her
A ſhrewd turn, if ſhe pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count ſolicits her
In the unlawful purpoſe.

Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes with all that can in ſuch a ſuit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But ſhe is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honeſteſt defence.

Enter with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine *army,* Bertram, *and* Parolles.

Mar. The gods forbid elſe!

Wid. So, now they come:—
That is Antonio, the duke's eldeſt ſon;
That, Eſcalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He;
That with the plume: 'tis a moſt gallant fellow;
I would, he lov'd his wife: if he were honeſter,
He were much goodlier:—Is't not a handſome gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity, he is not honeſt: Yond's that ſame knave,
That leads him to theſe places; were I his lady,
I'd poiſon that vile raſcal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with ſcarfs: Why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i'the battle.

Par. Loſe our drum! well.

Mar. He's ſhrewdly vex'd at ſomething: Look, he has ſpied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courteſy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt* Bertram, Parolles, *Officers, and Soldiers.*

Wid. The troop is paſt: Come, pilgrim, I will bring
Where you ſhall hoſt: of enjoin'd penitents [you
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my houſe.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Pleaſe it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thanking,
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will beſtow ſome precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Camp before Florence.

Enter Bertram, *and the two* French Lords.

1 *Lord.* Nay, good, my lord, put him to't; let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordſhip find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your reſpect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think, I am ſo far deceived in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to ſpeak of him as my kinſman, he's a moſt notable coward, an infinite and endleſs liar, an hourly promiſe-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordſhip's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him; leſt, repoſing too

far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at ſome great and truſty buſineſs, in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him ſo confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will ſuddenly ſurprize him; ſuch I will have, whom, I am ſure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hood-wink him ſo, that he ſhall ſuppoſe no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adverſaries, when we bring him to our tents: Be but your lordſhip preſent at his examination; if he do not, for the promiſe of his life, and in the higheſt compulſion of baſe fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power againſt you, and that with the divine forfeit of his ſoul upon oath, never truſt my judgement in any thing.

2 *Lord.* O for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he ſays, he has a ſtratagem for't: when your lordſhip ſees the bottom of his ſucceſs in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter Parolles.

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his deſign; let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monſieur? this drum ſticks ſorely in your diſpoſition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on't let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum ſo loſt! —There was an excellent command! to charge in with

our horſe upon our own wings, and to rend our own ſoldiers.

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the ſervice; it was a diſaſter of war that Cæſar himſelf could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our ſucceſs: ſome diſhonour we had in the loſs of that drum; but it is not to be recover'd.

Par. It might have been recover'd.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recover'd: but that the merit of ſervice is ſeldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet.*

Ber. Why, if you have a ſtomach to't, monſieur, if you think your myſtery in ſtratagem can bring this inſtrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you ſpeed well in it, the duke ſhall both ſpeak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatneſs, even to the utmoſt ſyllable of your worthineſs.

Par. By the hand of a ſoldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you muſt not now ſlumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will preſently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myſelf in my certainty, put myſelf into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the ſucceſs will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know, thou art valiant; and, to the poſſibility of thy ſoldierſhip, will ſubſcribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* No more than a fiſh loves water.—Is not this a ſtrange fellow, my lord? that ſo confidently ſeems to undertake this buſineſs, which he knows is not to be done; damns himſelf to do, and dares better be damn'd than to do't.

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will ſteal himſelf into a man's favour, and, for a week, eſcape a great deal of diſcoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that ſo ſeriouſly he does addreſs himſelf unto?

1 *Lord.* None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almoſt embоſs'd him, you ſhall ſee his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordſhip's reſpect.

2 *Lord.* We'll make you ſome ſport with the fox, ere we caſe him. He was firſt ſmoked by the old lord Lafeu: when his diſguiſe and he is parted, tell me what a ſprat you ſhall find him; which you ſhall ſee this very night.

1 *Lord.* I muſt go look my twigs; he ſhall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he ſhall go along with me.

1 *Lord.* As't pleaſe your lordſhip: I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the houſe, and ſhow you
The laſs I ſpoke of.

2 *Lord.* But, you ſay, ſhe's honeſt.

Ber. That's all the fault: I ſpoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I ſent to her,
By this ſame coxcomb that we have i'the wind,
Tokens and letters which ſhe did re-ſend;

And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature;
Will you go ſee her?

2 *Lord.* With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. Florence. *A Room in the* Widow's *Houſe.*

Enter Helena *and* Widow.

Hel. If you miſdoubt me that I am not ſhe,
I know not how I ſhall aſſure you further,
But I ſhall loſe the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my eſtate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with theſe buſineſſes;
And would not put my reputation now
In any ſtaining act.

Hel. Nor would I wiſh you.
Firſt, give me truſt, the count he is my huſband;
And, what to your ſworn counſel I have ſpoken,
Is ſo, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you ſhall borrow,
Err in beſtowing it.

Wid. I ſhould believe you;
For you have ſhow'd me that, which well approves
You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purſe of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again, [ter,
When I have found it. The count he wooes your daugh-
Lays down his wanton ſiege before her beauty,
Reſolves to carry her; let her, in fine, conſent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis beſt to bear it,
Now his important blood will nought deny
That ſhe'll demand: A ring the county wears,
That downward hath ſucceeded in his houſe,
From ſon to ſon, ſome four or five deſcents

Since the firſt father wore it: this ring he holds
In moſt rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not ſeem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I ſee
The bottom of your purpoſe.

Hel. You ſee it lawful then: It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere ſhe ſeems as won,
Deſires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herſelf moſt chaſtely abſent: after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thouſand crowns
To what is paſt already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Inſtruct my daughter how ſhe ſhall perſever,
That time and place, with this deceit ſo lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With muſicks of all ſorts, and ſongs compos'd
To her unworthineſs: it nothing ſteads us,
To chide him from our eaves; for he perſiſts,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to-night
Let us aſſay our plot; which, if it ſpeed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
Where both not ſin, and yet a ſinful fact:
But let's about it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Without the Florentine *Camp.*

Enter firſt Lord, *with five or ſix* Soldiers *in ambuſh.*

1 *Lord.* He can come no other way but by this hedge

corner: When you ſally upon him, ſpeak what terrible language you will; though you underſtand it not yourſelves, no matter: for we muſt not ſeem to underſtand him; unleſs ſome one among us, whom we muſt produce for an interpreter.

1 *Sold.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 *Lord.* Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1 *Sold.* No, ſir, I warrant you.

1 *Lord.* But what linſy-woolſy haſt thou to ſpeak to us again?

1 *Sold.* Even ſuch as you ſpeak to me.

1 *Lord.* He muſt think us ſome band of ſtrangers i'the adverſary's entertainment. Now he hath a ſmack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we muſt every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we ſpeak one to another; ſo we ſeem to know, is to know ſtraight our purpoſe: chough's language, gabble enough and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you muſt ſeem very politick. But couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a ſleep, and then to return and ſwear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten o'clock: within theſe three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What ſhall I ſay I have done? It muſt be a very plauſive invention that carries it: They begin to ſmoke me; and diſgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 *Lord.* This is the firſt truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aſide.*

PAR. What the devil ſhould move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impoſſibility, and knowing I had no ſuch purpoſe? I muſt give myſelf ſome hurts, and ſay, I got them in exploit: Yet ſlight ones will not carry it: They will ſay, Came you off with ſo little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the inſtance? Tongue, I muſt put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into theſe perils.

1 LORD. Is it poſſible, he ſhould know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aſide.*

PAR. I would the cutting of my garments would ſerve the turn; or the breaking of my Spaniſh ſword.

1 LORD. We cannot afford you ſo. [*Aſide.*

PAR. Or the baring of my beard; and to ſay, it was in ſtratagem.

1 LORD. 'Twould not do. [*Aſide.*

PAR. Or to drown my clothes, and ſay, I was ſtripp'd.

1 LORD. Hardly ſerve. [*Aſide.*

PAR. Though I ſwore I leap'd from the window of the citadel——

1 LORD. How deep? [*Aſide.*

PAR. Thirty fathom.

1 LORD. Three great oaths would ſcarce make that be believed. [*Aſide.*

PAR. I would, I had any drum of the enemy's; I would ſwear, I recover'd it.

1 LORD. You ſhall hear one anon. [*Aſide.*

PAR. A drum now of the enemy's! [*Alarum within.*

1 LORD. *Throca movouſus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

ALL. *Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

PAR. O! ranſom, ranſom:—Do not hide mine eyes.

[*They ſeize him and blindfold him.*

1 *Sold.* *Boſkos thromuldo boſkos.*

Par. I know you are the Muſko's regiment,
And I ſhall loſe my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him ſpeak to me,
I will diſcover that which ſhall undo
The Florentine.

1 *Sold.* *Boſkos vauvado:*——
I underſtand thee, and can ſpeak thy tongue:——
Kerelybonto:——Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for ſeventeen poniards
Are at thy boſom.

Par. Oh!

1 *Sold.* O, pray, pray, pray.——
Manka revania dulche.

1 *Lord.* *Oſcorbi dulchos volivorco.*

1 *Sold.* The general is content to ſpare thee yet;
And, hood-wink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply, thou may'ſt inform
Something to ſave thy life.

Par. O, let me live,
And all the ſecrets of our camp I'll ſhow,
Their force, their purpoſes: nay, I'll ſpeak that
Which you will wonder at.

1 *Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1 *Sold.* *Acordo linta.*——
Come on, thou art granted ſpace.

[*Exit, with* Parolles *guarded.*

1 *Lord.* Go, tell the count Rouſillon and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled,
Till we do hear from them.

2 *Sold.* Captain, I will.

1 *Lord.* He will betray us all unto ourſelves;—
Inform 'em that.

2 *Sold.* So I will, ſir.

1 *Lord.* Till then, I'll keep him dark, and ſafely lock'd.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Florence. *A Room in the Widow's Houſe.*
Enter Bertram and Diana.

Ber. They told me, that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddeſs;
And worth it, with addition! But, fair ſoul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you ſhould be ſuch a one
As you are now, for you are cold and ſtern;
And now you ſhould be as your mother was,
When your ſweet ſelf was got.

Dia. She then was honeſt.

Ber. So ſhould you be.

Dia. No:
My mother did but duty; ſuch, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more of that!
I pr'ythee, do not ſtrive againſt my vows:
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own ſweet conſtraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of ſervice.

Dia. Ay, ſo you ſerve us,
Till we ſerve you: but when you have our roſes,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourſelves,
And mock us with our bareneſs.

Ber. How have I ſworn?

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;
But the plain ſingle vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we ſwear not by,
But take the Higheſt to witneſs: Then, pray you, tell me,
If I ſhould ſwear by Jove's great attributes,
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To ſwear by him whom I proteſt to love,
That I will work againſt him; Therefore, your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions; but unſeal'd;
At leaſt, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it;
Be not ſo holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But give thyſelf unto my ſick deſires,
Who then recover: ſay, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, ſhall ſo perſéver.

Dia. I ſee, that men make hopes, in ſuch affairs,
That we'll forſake ourſelves. Give me that ring.

Ber: I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our houſe,
Bequeathed down from many anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i'the world
In me to loſe.

Dia. Mine honour's ſuch a ring:
My chaſtity's the jewel of our houſe,
Bequeathed down from many anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i'the world
In me to loſe: Thus your own proper wiſdom

Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Againſt your vain aſſault.
Ber. Here, take my ring:
Mine houſe, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee. [window;
Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber
I'll order take, my mother ſhall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor ſpeak to me:
My reaſons are moſt ſtrong; and you ſhall know them,
When back again this ring ſhall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our paſt deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not: You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.
Ber. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee. [*Exit.*
Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may ſo in the end.——
My mother told me juſt how he would woo,
As if ſhe ſat in his heart; ſhe ſays, all men
Have the like oaths: he had ſworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him,
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are ſo braid,
Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid:
Only, in this diſguiſe, I think't no ſin
To cozen him, that would unjuſtly win. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. The Florentine *Camp.*

Enter the two French *Lords, and two or three Soldiers.*

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?
2 *Lord.* I have deliver'd it an hour ſince: there is

ſomething in't that ſtings his nature; for, on the reading it, he changed almoſt into another man.

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for ſhaking off ſo good a wife, and ſo ſweet a lady.

2 *Lord.* Eſpecially he hath incurred the everlaſting diſpleaſure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to ſing happineſs to him. I will tell you a thing, but you ſhall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have ſpoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a moſt chaſte renown; and this night he fleſhes his will in the ſpoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himſelf made in the unchaſte compoſition.

1 *Lord.* Now, God delay our rebellion; as we are ourſelves, what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Merely our own traitors. And as in the common courſe of all treaſons, we ſtill ſee them reveal themſelves, till they attain to their abhorr'd ends; ſo he, that in this action contrives againſt his own nobility, in his proper ſtream o'erflows himſelf.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We ſhall not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord.* Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him ſee this company anatomiz'd; that he might take a meaſure of his own judgements, wherein ſo curiouſly he had ſet this counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he come; for his preſence muſt be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of theſe wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I aſſure you, a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will count Rouſillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 *Lord.* I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, ſir! ſo ſhould I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife, ſome two months ſince, fled from his houſe; her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking, with moſt auſtere ſanctimony, ſhe accompliſh'd: and, there reſiding, the tenderneſs of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her laſt breath, and now ſhe ſings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this juſtified?

1 *Lord.* The ſtronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her ſtory true, even to the point of her death: her death itſelf, which could not be her office to ſay, is come, was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily ſorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily, ſometimes, we make us comforts of our loſſes!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily, ſome other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, ſhall at home be encounter'd with a ſhame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn,

good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would deſpair, if they were not cheriſh'd by our virtues.—

Enter a SERVANT.

How now? where's your maſter?

Serv. He met the duke in the ſtreet, ſir, of whom he hath taken a ſolemn leave; his lordſhip will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 *Lord.* They ſhall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too ſweet for the king's tartneſs. Here's his lordſhip now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night deſpatched ſixteen buſineſſes, a month's length a-piece, by an abſtract of ſucceſs: I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu with his neareſt; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and, between theſe main parcels of deſpatch, effected many nicer needs; the laſt was the greateſt, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the buſineſs be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haſte of your lordſhip.

Ber. I mean, the buſineſs is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: But ſhall we have this dialogue between the fool and the ſoldier?——Come, bring forth this counterfeit module; he has deceived me, like a double-meaning propheſier.

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth: [*Exeunt Soldiers.*] he has ſat in the ſtocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deſerved it, in uſurping his ſpurs ſo long. How does he carry himſelf?

1 *Lord.* I have told your lordſhip already; the ſtocks carry him. But, to anſwer you as you would be underſtood; he weeps, like a wench that had ſhed her milk: he hath confeſs'd himſelf to Morgan, whom he ſuppoſes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very inſtant diſaſter of his ſetting i' the ſtocks: And what think you he hath confeſſed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord.* His confeſſion is taken, and it ſhall be read to his face: if your lordſhip be in't, as, I believe you are, you muſt have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, *with* Parolles.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can ſay nothing of me; huſh! huſh!

1 *Lord.* Hoodman comes!—*Porto tartaroſſa.*

1 *Sold.* He calls for the tortures; What will you ſay without 'em?

Par. I will confeſs what I know without conſtraint; if ye pinch me like a paſty, I can ſay no more.

1 *Sold.* *Boſko chimurcho.*

2 *Lord.* *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

1 *Sold.* You are a merciful general:—Our general bids you anſwer to what I ſhall aſk you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* *Firſt demand of him how many horſe the duke is ſtrong.* What ſay you to that?

Par. Five or ſix thouſand; but very weak and unſerviceable: the troops are all ſcatter'd, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* Shall I ſet down your anſwer ſo?

Par. Do; I'll take the ſacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a paſt-ſaving ſlave is this!

1 *Lord.* You are deceived, my lord; this is monſieur Parolles, the gallant militariſt, (that was his own phraſe,) that had the whole theorick of war in the knot of his ſcarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord.* I will never truſt a man again, for keeping his ſword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's ſet down.

Par. Five or ſix thouſand horſe, I ſaid,—I will ſay true,—or thereabouts, ſet down,—for I'll ſpeak truth.

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for it, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, ſay.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's ſet down.

Par. I humbly thank you, ſir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 *Sold.* *Demand of him, of what ſtrength they are a-foot.* What ſay you to that?

Par. By my troth, ſir, if I were to live this preſent hour, I will tell true. Let me ſee: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebaſtian ſo many, Corambus ſo many, Jaques ſo many; Guiltian, Coſmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: ſo that the muſter-file, rotten and ſound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thouſand poll; half of the which dare not ſhake the ſnow from off their caſſocks, leſt they ſhake themſelves to pieces.

BER. What ſhall be done to him?

1 *LORD.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the duke.

1 *SOLD.* Well, that's ſet down. *You ſhall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honeſty, and expertneſs in wars; or whether he thinks, it were not poſſible, with well-weighing ſums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.* What ſay you to this? what do you know of it?

PAR. I beſeech you, let me anſwer to the particular of the interrogatories: Demand them ſingly.

1 *SOLD.* Do you know this captain Dumain?

PAR. I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipp'd for getting the ſheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not ſay him, nay.

[*DUMAIN lifts up his hand in anger.*

BER. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1 *SOLD.* Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

PAR. Upon my knowledge, he is, and louſy.

1 *LORD.* Nay, look not ſo upon me; we ſhall hear of your Lordſhip anon.

1 *SOLD.* What is his reputation with the duke?

PAR. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day, to turn him out o' the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

1 *SOLD.* Marry, we'll ſearch.

PAR. In good ſadneſs, I do not know; either it is there,

or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 *Sold.* Here 'tis: here's a paper; Shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know, if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

1 *Sold.* Dian. *The count's a fool, and full of gold,*—

Par. That is not the duke's letter, ſir; that is an advertiſement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one count Rouſillon, a fooliſh idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttiſh: I pray you, ſir, put it up again.

1 *Sold.* Nay, I'll read it firſt, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I proteſt, was very honeſt in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and laſcivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both ſides rogue!

1 Sold. *When he ſwears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;*
After he ſcores, he never pays the ſcore:
Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it;
He ne'er pays after debts, take it before;
And ſay, a ſoldier, Dian, *told thee this,*
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiſs:
For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear,
Parolles.

Ber. He ſhall be whipp'd through the army, with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, ſir, the manifold linguiſt, and the armipotent ſoldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 *Sold.* I perceive, ſir, by the general's looks, we ſhall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, ſir, in any caſe: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, ſir, in a dungeon, i'the ſtocks, or any where, ſo I may live.

1 *Sold.* We'll ſee what may be done, ſo you confeſs freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain: You have anſwer'd to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: What is his honeſty?

Par. He will ſteal, ſir, an egg out of a cloiſter; for rapes and raviſhments he parallels Neſſus. He profeſſes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them, he is ſtronger than Hercules. He will lie, ſir, with ſuch volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenneſs is his beſt virtue; for he will be ſwine-drunk; and in his ſleep he does little harm, ſave to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in ſtraw. I have but little more to ſay, ſir, of his honeſty: he has every thing that an honeſt man ſhould not have; what an honeſt man ſhould have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this deſcription of thine honeſty? A pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

1 *Sold.* What ſay you to his expertneſs in war?

Par. Faith, ſir, he has led the drum before the Engliſh tragedians,—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his ſoldierſhip I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there, called Mile-end, to inſtruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath out-villain'd villainy ſo far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat ſtill.

1 *Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not aſk you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu* he will ſell the fee-ſimple of his ſalvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual ſucceſſion for it perpetually.

1 *Sold.* What's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

2 *Lord.* Why does he aſk him of me?

1 *Sold.* What's he?

Par. E'en a crow of the ſame neſt; not altogether ſo great as the firſt in goodneſs, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the beſt that is: In a retreat he out-runs any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 *Sold.* If your life be ſaved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horſe, count Rouſillon.

1 *Sold.* I'll whiſper with the general, and know his pleaſure.

Par. I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to ſeem to deſerve well, and to beguile the ſuppoſition of that laſcivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet, who would have ſuſpected an ambuſh where I was taken? [*Aſide.*

1 *Sold.* There is no remedy, ſir, but you muſt die: the general ſays, you, that have ſo traiterouſly diſcovered the ſecrets of your army, and made ſuch peſtiferous reports of men very nobly held, can ſerve the world for

no honeſt uſe; therefore you muſt die. Come, headſman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, ſir; let me live, or let me ſee my death!

1 *Sold.* That ſhall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unmuffling him.*

So, look about you; Know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* God bleſs you, captain Parolles.

1 *Lord.* God ſave you, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1 *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the ſonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rouſillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt Bertram, Lords, &c.*

1 *Sold.* You are undone, captain; all but your ſcarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be cruſh'd with a plot?

1 *Sold.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received ſo much ſhame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, ſir; I am for France too; we ſhall ſpeak of you there. [*Exit.*

Par. Yet I am thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burſt at this: Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and ſleep as ſoft
As captain ſhall: ſimply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himſelf a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to paſs,
That every braggart ſhall be found an aſs.
Ruſt, ſword! cool, bluſhes! and, Parolles, live
Safeſt in ſhame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place, and means, for every man alive,
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. Florence. *A Room in the* WIDOW'S *Houſe.*
Enter HELENA, WIDOW, *and* DIANA.

HEL. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd
One of the greateſt in the chriſtian world [you,
Shall be my ſurety; 'fore whoſe throne, 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
Time was, I did him a deſired office,
Dear almoſt as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's boſom would peep forth,
And anſwer, thanks: I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at Marſeilles; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You muſt know,
I am ſuppoſed dead: the army breaking,
My huſband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be, before our welcome.

WID. Gentle madam,
You never had a ſervant, to whoſe truſt
Your buſineſs was more welcome.

HEL. Nor you, miſtreſs,
Ever a friend, whoſe thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your love; doubt not, but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a huſband. But O ſtrange men!
That can ſuch ſweet uſe make of what they hate,
When ſaucy truſting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night! ſo luſt doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away:
But more of this hereafter:—You, Diana,
Under my poor inſtructions yet muſt ſuffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honeſty
Go with your impoſitions, I am yours
Upon your will to ſuffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you,——
But with the word, the time will bring on ſummer,
When briars ſhall have leaves, as well as thorns,
And be as ſweet as ſharp. We muſt away;
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us:
All's well that ends well: ſtill the fine's the crown;
Whate'er the courſe, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Rouſillon. *A Room in the* Countess's *Palace.*

Enter Countess, Lafeu, *and* Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your ſon was miſled with a ſnipt-taffata fellow there; whoſe villainous ſaffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour; and your ſon here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I ſpeak of.

Count. I would, I had not known him! it was the death of the moſt virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praiſe for creating: if ſhe had partaken of my fleſh, and coſt me the deareſt groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thouſand ſallads, ere we light on ſuch another herb.

Clo. Indeed, ſir, ſhe was the ſweet-marjoram of the ſallad, or, rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not ſallad-herbs, you knave, they are noſe-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, ſir, I have not much ſkill in graſs.

Laf. Whether doſt thou profeſs thyſelf; a knave, or a fool?

Clo. A fool, ſir, at a woman's ſervice, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your diſtinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his ſervice.

Laf. So you were a knave at his ſervice, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, ſir, to do her ſervice.

Laf. I will ſubſcribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your ſervice.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, ſir, if I cannot ſerve you, I can ſerve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, ſir, he has an Engliſh name; but his phiſnomy is more hotter in France, than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, ſir, *alias*, the prince of darkneſs; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purſe: I give thee not this to ſuggeſt thee from thy maſter thou talk'ſt of; ſerve him ſtill.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, ſir, that always loved a great fire; and the maſter I ſpeak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, ſure, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the houſe with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: ſome, that humble themſelves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire,

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee ſo before, becauſe I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horſes be well look'd to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, ſir, they ſhall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A ſhrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himſelf much ſport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his ſaucineſs; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiſs: and I was about to tell you, Since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your ſon was upon his return home, I moved the king my maſter, to ſpeak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majeſty, out of a ſelf-gracious remembrance, did firſt propoſe: his highneſs hath promiſed me to do it: and, to ſtop up the diſpleaſure he hath conceived againſt your ſon, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyſhip like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord, and I wiſh it happily effected.

Laf. His highneſs comes poſt from Marſeilles, of as able body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in ſuch intelligence hath ſeldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I ſhall ſee him ere I die. I have letters, that my ſon will be here to-night: I ſhall beſeech your lordſhip, to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might ſafely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your ſon with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a ſcar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A ſcar nobly got, or a noble ſcar, is a good livery of honour: ſo, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonado'd face.

Laf. Let us go ſee your ſon, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble ſoldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and moſt courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Marſeilles. *A Street.*

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding poſting, day and night,
Muſt wear your ſpirits low: we cannot help it;
But, ſince you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do ſo grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;——

Enter a gentle Aſtringer.

This man may help me to his majeſty's ear,

If he would ſpend his power.—God ſave you, ſir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have ſeen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been ſometimes there.

Hel. I do preſume, ſir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodneſs;
And therefore, goaded with moſt ſharp occaſions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The uſe of your own virtues, for the which
I ſhall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will pleaſe you
To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that ſtore of power you have,
To come into his preſence.

Gent. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, ſir?

Gent. Not, indeed:
He hence remov'd laſt night, and with more haſte
Than is his uſe.

Wid. Lord, how we loſe our pains!

Hel. All's well that ends well, yet;
Though time ſeem ſo adverſe, and means unfit.—
I do beſeech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Roufillon;
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beſeech you, ſir,
Since you are like to ſee the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I preſume, ſhall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it:
I will come after you, with what good ſpeed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you ſhall find yourſelf to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more.—We muſt to horſe again;—
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Rouſillon. *The inner Court of the Countess's Palace.*

Enter Clown and Parolles.

Par. Good monſieur Lavatch, give my lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, ſir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with freſher clothes; but I am now, ſir, muddied in fortunes moat, and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong diſpleaſure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's diſpleaſure is but ſluttiſh, if it ſmells ſo ſtrong as thou ſpeak'ſt of: I will henceforth eat no fiſh of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to ſtop your noſe, ſir; I ſpake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, ſir, if your metaphor ſtink, I will ſtop my noſe; or againſt any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, ſir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, pr'ythee, ſtand away; A paper from fortune's cloſe-ſtool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himſelf.

Enter Lafeu.

Here is a pur of fortune's, ſir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a muſk-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fiſhpond of her diſpleaſure, and, as he ſays, is muddied withal: Pray you, ſir, uſe the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decay'd, ingenious, fooliſh, raſcally knave. I do pity his diſtreſs in my ſmiles of comfort, and leave him to your Lordſhip. [*Exit Clown.*

PAR. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly ſcratch'd.

LAF. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with fortune, that ſhe ſhould ſcratch you, who of herſelf is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart d'ecu* for you: Let the juſtices make you and fortune friends; I am for other buſineſs.

PAR. I beſeech your honour, to hear me one ſingle word.

LAF. You beg a ſingle penny more: come, you ſhall ha't; ſave your word.

PAR. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

LAF. You beg more than one word then.—Cox' my paſſion! give me your hand:—How does your drum?

PAR. O my good lord, you were the firſt that found me.

LAF. Was I, in ſooth? and I was the firſt that loſt thee.

PAR. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in ſome grace, for you did bring me out.

LAF. Out upon thee, knave! doſt thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets ſound.*] The king's coming, I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you laſt night: though you are a fool and a knave, you ſhall eat; go to, follow.

PAR. I praiſe God for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The ſame. A Room in the COUNTESS's *Palace.*

Flouriſh. Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, LORDS, GENTLEMEN, *Guards, &c.*

KING. We loſt a jewel of her; and our eſteem

Was made much poorer by it: but your ſon,
As mad in folly, lack'd the ſenſe to know
Her eſtimation home.

Count. 'Tis paſt, my liege:
And I beſeech your majeſty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth;
When oil and fire, too ſtrong for reaſon's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to ſhoot.

Laf. This I muſt ſay,——
But firſt I beg my pardon,—The young lord
Did to his majeſty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himſelf
The greateſt wrong of all: he loſt a wife,
Whoſe beauty did aſtoniſh the ſurvey
Of richeſt eyes; whoſe words all ears took captive;
Whoſe dear perfection, hearts that ſcorn'd to ſerve,
Humbly call'd miſtreſs.

King. Praiſing what is loſt,
Makes the remembrance dear.——Well, call him hither;——
We are reconcil'd, and the firſt view ſhall kill
All repetition:—Let him not aſk our pardon;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incenſing relicks of it: let him approach,
A ſtranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he ſhould.

Gent. I ſhall, my liege. [*Exit Gentleman.*

King. What ſays he to your daughter? have you ſpoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highneſs.
King. Then ſhall we have a match. I have letters ſent me,
That ſet him high in fame.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't.
King. I am not a day of ſeaſon,
For thou may'ſt ſee a ſun-ſhine and a hail
In me at once: But to the brighteſt beams
Diſtracted clouds give way; ſo ſtand thou forth,
The time is fair again.
Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear ſovereign pardon to me.
King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the conſumed time.
Let's take the inſtant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'ſt decrees
The inaudible and noiſeleſs foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them: You remember
The daughter of this lord?
Ber. Admiringly,
My liege: At firſt
I ſtuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durſt make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impreſſion of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his ſcornful perſpective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or expreſs'd it ſtolen;
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a moſt hideous object: Thence it came,
That ſhe, whom all men prais'd, and whom myſelf,
Since I have loſt, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The duſt that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:
That thou didſt love her, ſtrikes ſome ſcores away
From the great compt: But love, that comes too late,
Like a remorſeful pardon ſlowly carried,
To the great ſender turns a ſour offence,
Crying, That's good that's gone: our raſh faults
Make trivial price of ſerious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:
Oft our diſpleaſures, to ourſelves unjuſt,
Deſtroy our friends, and after weep their duſt:
Our own love waking cries to ſee what's done,
While ſhameful hate ſleeps out the afternoon.
Be this ſweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main conſents are had; and here we'll ſtay
To ſee our widower's ſecond marriage-day. [bleſs!
Count. Which better than the firſt, O dear heaven,
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, ceaſe!
Laf. Come on, my ſon, in whom my houſe's name
Muſt be digeſted, give a favour from you,
To ſparkle in the ſpirits of my daughter,
That ſhe may quickly come.—By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a ſweet creature; ſuch a ring as this,
The laſt that e'er I took her leave at court,
I ſaw upon her finger.
Ber. Hers it was not.
King. Now, pray you, let me ſee it; for mine eye,
While I was ſpeaking, oft was faſten'd to't.—
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever ſtood
Neceſſitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her: Had you that craft, to reave her

Of what ſhould ſtead her moſt?
Ber. My gracious ſovereign,
Howe'er it pleaſes you to take it ſo,
The ring was never her's.
Count. Son, on my life,
I have ſeen her wear it; and ſhe reckon'd it
At her life's rate.
Laf. I am ſure, I ſaw her wear it.
Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, ſhe never ſaw it:
In Florence was it from a caſement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble ſhe was, and thought
I ſtood ingag'd: but when I had ſubſcrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not anſwer in that courſe of honour
As ſhe had made the overture, ſhe ceas'd,
In heavy ſatisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.
King. Plutus himſelf,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's myſtery more ſcience,
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you: Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourſelf,
Confeſs 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her: ſhe call'd the ſaints to ſurety,
That ſhe would never put it from her finger,
Unleſs ſhe gave it to yourſelf in bed,
(Where you have never come,) or ſent it us
Upon her great diſaſter.
Ber. She never ſaw it.
King. Thou ſpeak'ſt it falſely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'ſt conjectural fears to come into me,

Which I would fain ſhut out: If it ſhould prove
That thou art ſo inhuman,—'twill not prove ſo;—
And yet I know not:—thou didſt hate her deadly,
And ſhe is dead; which nothing, but to cloſe
Her eyes myſelf, could win me to believe,
More than to ſee this ring.—Take him away.—
[*Guards ſeize* BERTRAM.
My fore-paſt proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him;—
We'll ſift this matter further.

Ber. If you ſhall prove
This ring was ever hers, you ſhall as eaſy
Prove that I huſbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet ſhe never was. [*Exit* BERTRAM, *guarded.*

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

King. I am wrapp'd in diſmal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious ſovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not;
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes, come ſhort
To tender it herſelf. I undertook it,
Vanquiſh'd thereto by the fair grace and ſpeech
Of the poor ſuppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her buſineſs looks in her
With an importing viſage; and ſhe told me,
In a ſweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highneſs with herſelf.

King. [Reads.]—*Upon his many proteſtations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I bluſh to ſay it, he won me. Now is the count Rouſillon a widower; his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He ſtole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for juſtice: Grant*

it me, O king; in you it beſt lies; otherwiſe a ſeducer flouriſhes, and a poor maid is undone.

DIANA CAPULET.

LAF. I will buy me a ſon-in-law in a fair, and toll him; for this, I'll none of him.

KING. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this diſcovery.—Seek theſe ſuitors:—
Go, ſpeedily, and bring again the count.

[*Exeunt GENTLEMAN, and ſome Attendants.*

I am afeard, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully ſnatch'd.

COUNT. Now, juſtice on the doers!

Enter BERTRAM, guarded.

KING. I wonder, ſir, ſince wives are monſters to you,
And that you fly them as you ſwear them lordſhip,
Yet you deſire to marry.—What woman's that?

Re-enter GENTLEMAN, with WIDOW, and DIANA.

DIA. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet;
My ſuit, as I do underſtand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

WID. I am her mother, ſir, whoſe age and honour
Both ſuffer under this complaint we bring,
And both ſhall ceaſe, without your remedy.

KING. Come hither, count; Do you know theſe women?

BER. My lord, I neither can, nor will deny
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

DIA. Why do you look ſo ſtrange upon your wife?

BER. She's none of mine, my lord.

DIA. If you ſhall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and thoſe are mine;
You give away myſelf, which is known mine;

For I by vow am ſo embodied yours,
That ſhe, which marries you, muſt marry me,
Either both, or none.

Laf. Your reputation [*To Bertram.*] comes too ſhort for my daughter, you are no huſband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and deſperate creature,
Whom ſometime I have laugh'd with: let your highneſs
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would ſink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my lord,
Aſk him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What ſay'ſt thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gameſter to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were ſo,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,
Whoſe high reſpect, and rich validity,
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He bluſhes, and 'tis it:
Of ſix preceding anceſtors, that gem
Conferr'd by teſtament to the ſequent iſſue,
Hath it been ow'd, and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thouſand proofs.

King. Methought, you ſaid,
You ſaw one here in court could witneſs it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce

So bad an inſtrument; his name's Parolles.
LAF. I ſaw the man to-day, if man he be.
KING. Find him, and bring him hither.
BER. What of him?
He's quoted for a moſt perfidious ſlave,
With all the ſpots o' the world tax'd and deboſh'd;
Whoſe nature ſickens, but to ſpeak a truth:
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will ſpeak any thing?
KING. She hath that ring of yours.
BER. I think, ſhe has: certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth:
She knew her diſtance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerneſs with her reſtraint,
As all impediments in fancy's courſe
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her inſuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: ſhe got the ring;
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.
DIAN. I muſt be patient;
You, that turn'd off a firſt ſo noble wife,
May juſtly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will loſe a huſband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.
BER. I have it not.
KING. What ring was yours, I pray you?
DIA. Sir, much like
The ſame upon your finger.
KING. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.
DIA. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.
KING. The ſtory then goes falſe, you threw it him

Out of a caſement.

Dia. I have ſpoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confeſs, the ring was hers.

King. You boggle ſhrewdly, every feather ſtarts you.—Is this the man you ſpeak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, but, ſirrah, tell me true, I charge you, Not fearing the diſpleaſure of your maſter,
(Which, on your juſt proceeding, I'll keep off,)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So pleaſe your majeſty, my maſter hath been an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpoſe: Did he love this woman?

Par. 'Faith, ſir, he did love her; But how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, ſir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, ſir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave:—What an equivocal companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majeſty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promiſed me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll ſpeak.

King. But wilt thou not ſpeak all thou know'ſt?

Par. Yes, ſo pleaſe your majeſty; I did go between them, as I ſaid; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in

that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promiſing her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to ſpeak of, therefore I will not ſpeak what I know.

KING. Thou haſt ſpoken all already, unleſs thou canſt ſay they are married: but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore ſtand aſide.—
This ring, you ſay was yours?

DIA. Ay, my good lord.

KING. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

DIA. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

KING. Who lent it you?

DIA. It was not lent me neither.

KING. Where did you find it then?

DIA. I found it not.

KING. If it were yours by none of all theſe ways,
How could you give it him?

DIA. I never gave it him.

LAF. This woman's an eaſy glove, my lord; ſhe goes off and on at pleaſure.

KING. This ring was mine, I gave it his firſt wife.

DIA. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

KING. Take her away, I do not like her now;
To priſon with her: and away with him.—
Unleſs thou tell'ſt me where thou had'ſt this ring,
Thou dieſt within this hour.

DIA. I'll never tell you.

KING. Take her away.

DIA. I'll put in bail, my liege.

KING. I think thee now ſome common cuſtomer.

DIA. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

KING. Wherefore haſt thou accus'd him all this while?

DIA. Becauſe he's guilty, and he is not guilty;

He knows, I am no maid, and he'll ſwear to't:
I'll ſwear, I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no ſtrumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or elſe this old man's wife.
[*Pointing to* LAFEU.

KING. She does abuſe our ears; to priſon with her.

DIA. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal ſir;
[*Exit* WIDOW.
The jeweller, that owes the ring, is ſent for,
And he ſhall ſurety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himſelf,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
He knows himſelf, my bed he hath defil'd;
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though ſhe be, ſhe feels her young one kick;
So there's my riddle, One, that's dead, is quick:
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter WIDOW, *with* HELENA.

KING. Is there no exorciſt
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real, that I ſee?

HEL. No, my good lord;
'Tis but the ſhadow of a wife you ſee,
The name, and not the thing.

BER. Both, both; O, pardon!

HEL. O, my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wond'rous kind. There is your ring,
And, look you, here's your letter; This it ſays,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c.—This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

BER. If ſhe, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce ſtep between me and you!—
O, my dear mother, do I ſee you living?

Laf. Mine eyes ſmell onions, I ſhall weep anon:—
Good Tom Drum, [*To Parolles.*] lend me a handkerchief: So, I thank thee; wait on me home, I'll make ſport with thee: Let thy courteſies alone, they are ſcurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this ſtory know,
To make the even truth in pleaſure flow:—
If thou be'ſt yet a freſh uncropped flower, [*To Diana.*
Chooſe thou thy huſband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can gueſs, that, by thy honeſt aid,
Thou kept'ſt a wife herſelf, thyſelf a maid.—
Of that, and all the progreſs, more and leſs,
Reſolvedly more leiſure ſhall expreſs:
All yet ſeems well; and, if it end ſo meet,
The bitter paſt, more welcome is the ſweet. [*Flouriſh.*

Advancing.

The king's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, *if this ſuit be won,*
That you expreſs content; which we will pay,
With ſtrife to pleaſe you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts. [*Exeunt.*

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Perſons repreſented.

A Lord.
Chriſtopher Sly, *a drunken tinker.*
Hoſteſs, Page, Players, Huntſmen, and other ſervants attending on the Lord.
} *Perſons in the Induction.*

Baptiſta, *a rich gentleman of* Padua.
Vincentio, *an old gentleman of* Piſa.
Lucentio, *ſon to* Vincentio, *in love with* Bianca.
Petruchio, *a gentleman of* Verona, *a ſuitor to* Katharina.
Gremio,
Hortenſio,
} *Suitors to* Bianca.
Tranio,
Biondello,
} *Servants to* Lucentio.
Grumio,
Curtis,
} *Servants to* Petruchio.
Pedant, *an old fellow ſet up to perſonate* Vincentio.

Katharina, *the Shrew;*
Bianca, *her ſiſter,*
} *Daughters to* Baptiſta.
Widow.

Tailor, Haberdaſher, and Servants attending on Baptiſta *and* Petruchio.

SCENE, ſometimes in Padua; *and ſometimes in* Petruchio's *Houſe in the Country.*

Characters in the Induction

to the Original Play of *The Taming of a Shrew*, entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and printed in quarto in 1607.

A Lord, &c.
Sly.
A Tapster.
Page, Players, Huntsmen, &c.

Persons represented.

Alphonsus, *a merchant of* Athens.
Jerobel, *Duke of* Cestus.
Aurelius, *his son*,
Ferando, } *Suitors to the daughters of* Alphonsus.
Polidor,
Valeria, *servant to* Aurelius.
Sander, *servant to* Ferando.
Phylotus, *a merchant who personates the* Duke.

Kate,
Emelia, } *Daughters to* Alphonsus.
Phylema,

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants to Ferando *and* Alphonsus.

SCENE, Athens; *and sometimes* Ferando's *Country House.*

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I. *Before an Alehouse on a Heath.*

Enter HOSTESS *and* SLY.

Sly. I'll pheese you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues; Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*; let the world slide: [illegible]

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you [illegible]

Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, says Jeronimo, [illegible] to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the [illegible] borough.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll [illegible] him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy, [illegible] and kindly. [*Lies down on the ground, and falls [illegible]*

Wind Horns. *Enter a Lord from hunting, with [illegible] men and [illegible]*

Lord. [illegible]

Brach [illegible]

And [illegible]

Saw'ſt thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge' corner, in the coldeſt fault?
I would not loſe the dog for twenty pound.

1 *Hun.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the mereſt loſs,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dulleſt ſcent:
Truſt me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would eſteem him worth a dozen ſuch.
But ſup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hun.* I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth
he breathe? [with ale,

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my lord: Were he not warm'd
This were a bed but cold to ſleep ſo ſoundly.

Lord. O monſtrous beaſt! how like a ſwine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathſome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practiſe on this drunken man.——
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in ſweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A moſt delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himſelf?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot chooſe.

2 *Hun.* It would ſeem ſtrange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthleſs fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jeſt:—
Carry him gently to my faireſt chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head with warm diſtilled waters,
And burn ſweet wood to make the lodging ſweet:
Procure me muſick ready when he wakes,

To make a dulcet and a heavenly ſound;
And if he chance to ſpeak, be ready ſtraight,
And, with a low ſubmiſſive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a ſilver baſon,
Full of roſe-water, and beſtrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And ſay,—Will't pleaſe your lordſhip cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a coſtly ſuit,
And aſk him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horſe,
And that his lady mourns at his diſeaſe:
Perſuade him, that he hath been lunatick;
And when he ſays he is—, ſay, that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle ſirs;
It will be paſtime paſſing excellent,
If it be huſbanded with modeſty.

1 *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,
As he ſhall think, by our true diligence,
He is no leſs than what we ſay he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office, when he wakes.—

[*Some bear out* Sly. *A trumpet ſounds.*

Sirrah, go ſee what trumpet 'tis that ſounds:—

[*Exit* Servant.

Belike, ſome noble gentleman; that means,
Travelling ſome journey, to repoſe him here.—

Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An it pleaſe your honour,
Players that offer ſervice to your lordſhip.

Lord. Bid them come near:

Enter PLAYERS.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

1 *Play.* We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to ſtay with me to-night?

2 *Play.* So pleaſe your lordſhip to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldeſt ſon;—
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman ſo well:
I have forgot your name; but, ſure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 *Play.* I think, 'twas Soto that your honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true;—thou didſt it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have ſome ſport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can aſſiſt me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modeſties;
Leſt, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)
You break into ſome merry paſſion,
And ſo offend him; for I tell you, ſirs,
If you ſhould ſmile, he grows impatient.

1 *Play.* Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourſelves,
Were he the verieſt antick in the world.

Lord. Go, ſirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one;
Let them want nothing that my houſe affords.—
[*Exeunt* SERVANT *and* PLAYERS.
Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew, my page,
[*To a* SERVANT.
And ſee him dreſs'd in all ſuits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him—madam, do him obeiſance.

Tell him from me, (as he will win my love,)
He bear himſelf with honourable action,
Such as he hath obſerv'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accompliſhed:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With ſoft low tongue, and lowly courteſy;
And ſay,—What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May ſhow her duty, and make known her love?
And then, with kind embracements, tempting kiſſes,
And with declining head into his boſom,—
Bid him ſhed tears, as being overjoy'd
To ſee her noble lord reſtor'd to health,
Who, for twice ſeven years, hath eſteem'd him
No better than a poor and loathſome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a ſhower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for ſuch a ſhift;
Which in a napkin being cloſe convey'd,
Shall in deſpite enforce a watry eye.
See this deſpatch'd with all the haſte thou canſt;
Anon I'll give thee more inſtructions.— [*Exit* SERVANT.
I know, the boy will well uſurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard, huſband;
And how my men will ſtay themſelves from laughter,
When they do homage to this ſimple peaſant.
I'll in to counſel them: haply, my preſence
May well abate the over-merry ſpleen,
Which otherwiſe would grow into extremes. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A Bedchamber in the LORD'S *Houſe.*

SLY is diſcovered in a rich night gown, with Attendants;

ſome with apparel, others with baſon, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter LORD, *dreſs'd like a Servant.*

Sly. For God's ſake, a pot of ſmall ale.

1 *Serv.* Will't pleaſe your lordſhip drink a cup of ſack?

2 *Serv.* Will't pleaſe your honour taſte of theſe conſerves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Chriſtophero Sly; call not me—honour, nor lordſhip: I ne'er drank ſack in my life; and if you give me any conſerves, give me conſerves of beef: Ne'er aſk me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more ſtockings than legs, nor no more ſhoes than feet; nay, ſometimes, more feet than ſhoes, or ſuch ſhoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven ceaſe this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man, of ſuch deſcent,
Of ſuch poſſeſſions, and ſo high eſteem,
Should be infuſed with ſo foul a ſpirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Chriſtopher Sly, old Sly's ſon of Burton-heath; by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by tranſmutation a bear-herd, and now by preſent profeſſion a tinker? Aſk Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if ſhe know me not: If ſhe ſay I am not fourteen pence on the ſcore for ſheer ale, ſcore me up for the lying'ſt knave in Chriſtendom. What, I am not beſtraught: Here's—

1 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your ſervants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred ſhun your houſe,
As beaten hence by your ſtrange lunacy.
O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from baniſhment,

And baniſh hence theſe abject lowly dreams:
Look, how thy ſervants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have muſick? hark! Apollo plays, [*Muſick.*
And twenty caged nightingales do ſing:
Or wilt thou ſleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and ſweeter than the luſtful bed
On purpoſe trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say, thou wilt walk; we will beſtrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horſes ſhall be trapp'd,
Their harneſs ſtudded all with gold and pearl.
Doſt thou love hawking? thou haſt hawks will ſoar
Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds ſhall make the welkin anſwer them,
And fetch ſhrill echoes from the hollow earth. [ſwift

1 *Serv.* Say, thou wilt courſe; thy greyhounds are as
As breathed ſtags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 *Serv.* Doſt thou love pictures? we will fetch thee
Adonis, painted by a running brook; [ſtraight
And Cytherea all in ſedges hid;
Which ſeem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving ſedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll ſhow thee Io, as ſhe was a maid;
And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Serv.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood;
Scratching her legs, that one ſhall ſwear ſhe bleeds:
And at that ſight ſhall ſad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou haſt a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 *Serv.* And, till the tears, that ſhe hath ſhed for thee,

Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the faireſt creature in the world;
And yet ſhe is inferior to none.

Slr. Am I a lord? and have I ſuch a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not ſleep: I ſee, I hear, I ſpeak,
I ſmell ſweet ſavours, and I feel ſoft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Chriſtophero Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our ſight;
And once again, a pot o' the ſmalleſt ale.

2 *Serv.* Will't pleaſe your mightineſs to waſh your hands?

[*Servants preſent an ewer, baſon, and napkin.*

O, how we joy to ſee your wit reſtor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
Theſe fifteen years you have been in a dream:
Or, when you wak'd, ſo wak'd as if you ſlept.

Slr. Theſe fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap,
But did I never ſpeak of all that time?

1 *Serv.* O, yes, my lord; but very idle words:—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you ſay, ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hoſteſs of the houſe;
And ſay, you would preſent her at the leet,
Becauſe ſhe brought ſtone jugs, and no ſeal'd quarts:
Sometimes, you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Slr. Ay, the woman's maid of the houſe. [maid;

3 *Serv.* Why, ſir, you know no houſe, nor no ſuch
Nor no ſuch men, as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more ſuch names and men as theſe,

Which never were, nor no man ever ſaw.

Slr. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Slr. I thank thee; thou ſhalt not loſe by it.

Enter the Page, as a lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Slr. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough. Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord; What is thy will with her?

Slr. Are you my wife, and will not call me—huſband? My men ſhould call me—lord; I am your goodman.

Page. My huſband and my lord, my lord and huſband; I am your wife in all obedience.

Slr. I know it well:—What muſt I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Slr. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing elſe; ſo lords call ladies.

Slr. Madam wife, they ſay, that I have dream'd, and ſlept Above ſome fifteen year and more.

Page. Ay, and the time ſeems thirty unto me; Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Slr. 'Tis much;—Servants, leave me and her alone.— Madam, undreſs you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you, To pardon me yet for a night or two; Or, if not ſo, until the ſun be ſet: For your phyſicians have expreſsly charg'd, In peril to incur your former malady, That I ſhould yet abſent me from your bed: I hope, this reaſon ſtands for my excuſe.

Slr. Ay, it ſtands ſo, that I may hardly tarry ſo long. But I would be loth to fall into my dreams again; I will therefore tarry, in deſpite of the fleſh and the blood.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleaſant comedy,
For ſo your doctors hold it very meet;
Seeing too much ſadneſs hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurſe of frenzy,
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thouſand harms, and lengthens life.

Slr. Marry, I will; let them play it: Is not a commonty a Chriſtmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleaſing ſtuff.

Slr. What, houſhold ſtuff?

Page. It is a kind of hiſtory.

Slr. Well, we'll ſee't: Come, madam wife, ſit by my ſide, and let the world ſlip; we ſhall ne'er be younger.

[*They ſit down.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. Padua. *A public Place.*

Enter LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, ſince—for the great deſire I had
To ſee fair Padua, nurſery of arts,—
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleaſant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
Moſt truſty ſervant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily inſtitute
A courſe of learning, and ingenious ſtudies.
Piſa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father firſt,

A merchant of great traffick through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio his ſon, brought up in Florence,
It ſhall become, to ſerve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I ſtudy,
Virtue, and that part of philoſophy
Will I apply, that treats of happineſs
By virtue 'ſpecially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Piſa left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A ſhallow plaſh, to plunge him in the deep,
And with ſatiety ſeeks to quench his thirſt.
Tra. Mi perdonate, gentle maſter mine,
I am in all affected as yourſelf;
Glad that you thus continue your reſolve,
To ſuck the ſweets of ſweet philoſophy.
Only, good maſter, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral diſcipline,
Let's be no ſtoicks, nor no ſtocks, I pray;
Or ſo devote to Ariſtotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcaſt quite abjur'd:
Talk logick with acquaintance that you have,
And practice rhetorick in your common talk;
Muſick and poeſy uſe, to quicken you;
The mathematicks, and the metaphyſicks,
Fall to them, as you find your ſtomach ſerves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleaſure ta'en;—
In brief, ſir, ſtudy what you moſt affect.
Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well doſt thou adviſe.
If, Biondello, thou wert come aſhore,
We could at once put us in readineſs;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain

Such friends as time in Padua ſhall beget.
But ſtay awhile: What company is this?
Tra. Maſter, ſome ſhow, to welcome us to town.
Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, *and* HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO *ſtand aſide.*
Bap. Gentlemen, impórtune me no further,
For how I firmly am reſolv'd you know;
That is,—not to beſtow my youngeſt daughter,
Before I have a huſband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Becauſe I know you well, and love you well,
Leave ſhall you have to court her at your pleaſure.
Gre. To cart her rather: She's too rough for me:—
There, there Hortenſio, will you any wife?
Kath. I pray you, ſir, [*To Bap.*] is it your will
To make a ſtale of me amongſt theſe mates?
Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unleſs you were of gentler, milder mould.
Kath. I'faith, ſir, you ſhall never need to fear;
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:
But, if it were, doubt not, her care ſhould be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd ſtool,
And paint your face, and uſe you like a fool.
Hor. From all ſuch devils, good Lord, deliver us!
Gre. And me too, good Lord!
Tra. Huſh, maſter! here is ſome good paſtime toward;
That wench is ſtark mad, or wonderful froward.
Luc. But in the other's ſilence I do ſee
Maids' mild behaviour and ſobriety.
Peace, Tranio.
Tra. Well ſaid, maſter; mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may ſoon make good
What I have ſaid,—Bianca, get you in:
And let it not diſpleaſe thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the leſs, my girl.
Kath. A pretty peat! 'tis beſt
Put finger in the eye,—an ſhe knew why.
Bian. Siſter, content you in my diſcontent.—
Sir, to your pleaſure humbly I ſubſcribe:
My books, and inſtruments, ſhall be my company;
On them to look, and practiſe by myſelf.
Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'ſt hear Minerva ſpeak.
[*Aſide.*
Hor. Signior Baptiſta, will you be ſo ſtrange?
Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.
Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptiſta, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?
Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am reſolv'd:—
Go in, Bianca. [*Exit Bianca.*
And for I know, ſhe taketh moſt delight
In muſick, inſtruments, and poetry,
Schoolmaſters will I keep within my houſe,
Fit to inſtruct her youth.—If you, Hortenſio,
Or ſignior Gremio, you,—know any ſuch,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up;
And ſo farewell. Katharina you may ſtay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*
Kath. Why, and I truſt, I may go too, May I not?
What, ſhall I be appointed hours; as though, belike, I
knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha! [*Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts are ſo good, here is none will hold you. Their love is not ſo great, Hortenſio, but we may blow our nails together, and faſt it fairly out; our cake's dough on both ſides. Farewell:—Yet, for the love I bear my ſweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man, to teach her that wherein ſhe delights, I will wiſh him to her father.

Hor. So will I, ſignior Gremio: But a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have acceſs to our fair miſtreſs, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing 'ſpecially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, ſir, to get a huſband for her ſiſter.

Gre. A huſband! a devil.

Hor. I ſay, a huſband.

Gre. I ſay, a devil: Think'ſt thou, Hortenſio, though her father be very rich, any man is ſo very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tuſh, Gremio! though it paſs your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipp'd at the high-croſs every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you ſay, there's ſmall choice in rotten apples. But, come; ſince this bar in law makes us friends, it ſhall be ſo far forth friendly maintain'd,—till by helping Baptiſta's eldeſt daughter to a huſband, we ſet his youngeſt free for a huſband, and then have

to't afreſh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole! He that runs faſteſt, gets the ring.—How ſay you, ſignior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the beſt horſe in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the houſe of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt* Gremio *and* Hortensio.

Tra. [*Advancing.*] I pray, ſir, tell me,—Is it poſſible
That love ſhould of a ſudden take ſuch hold?

Luc. O, Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it poſſible, or likely;
But ſee! while idly I ſtood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleneſs:
And now in plainneſs do confeſs to thee,—
That art to me as ſecret, and as dear,
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I periſh, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modeſt girl:
Counſel me Tranio, for I know thou canſt;
Aſſiſt me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Maſter, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but ſo,—
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents;
The reſt will comfort, for thy counſel's ſound.

Tra. Maſter, you look'd ſo longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I ſaw ſweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiſs'd the Cretan ſtrand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her ſiſter
Began to ſcold; and raiſe up ſuch a ſtorm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?
Luc. Tranio, I ſaw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath ſhe did perfume the air;
Sacred, and ſweet, was all I ſaw in her.
Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to ſtir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, ſir; If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it ſtands:—
Her elder ſiſter is ſo curſt and ſhrewd,
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Maſter, your love muſt live a maid at home;
And therefore has he cloſely mew'd her up,
Becauſe ſhe ſhall not be annoy'd with ſuitors.
Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took ſome care
To get her cunning ſchoolmaſters to inſtruct her?
Tra. Ay, marry, am I, ſir; and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it, Tranio.
Tra. Maſter, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine firſt.
Tra. You will be ſchoolmaſter,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.
Luc. It is: May it be done?
Tra. Not poſſible; For who ſhall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's ſon?
Keep houſe, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Viſit his countrymen, and banquet them?
Luc. Baſta; content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been ſeen in any houſe;

Nor can we be diſtinguiſh'd by our faces,
For man, or maſter: then it follows thus;—
Thou ſhalt be maſter, Tranio, in my ſtead,
Keep houſe, and port, and ſervants, as I ſhould:
I will ſome other be; ſome Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or mean man of Piſa.—
'Tis hatch'd, and ſhall be ſo:—Tranio, at once
Uncaſe thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him firſt to keep his tongue.

TRA. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*
In brief, ſir, ſith it your pleaſure is,
And I am tied to be obedient;
(For ſo your father charg'd me at our parting;
Be ſerviceable to my ſon, quoth he,
Although, I think, 'twas in another ſenſe,)
I am content to be Lucentio,
Becauſe ſo well I love Lucentio.

LUC. Tranio, be ſo, becauſe Lucentio loves:
And let me be a ſlave, to achieve that maid
Whoſe ſudden ſight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been?

BION. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where are you?
Maſter, has my fellow Tranio ſtol'n your clothes?
Or you ſtol'n his? or both? pray, what's the news?

LUC. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jeſt,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to ſave my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my eſcape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, ſince I came aſhore,

I kill'd a man, and fear I was deſcried:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to ſave my life:
You underſtand me?

Bion. I, ſir? ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him; 'Would, I were ſo too!

Tra. So would I, 'faith, boy, to have the next wiſh after,—
That Lucentio indeed had Baptiſta's youngeſt daughter.
But, ſirrah,—not for my ſake, but your maſter's,—I adviſe
You uſe your manners diſcreetly in all kind of companies;
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places elſe, your maſter Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go:—
One thing more reſts, that thyſelf execute;—
To make one among theſe wooers: If thou aſk me why,—
Sufficeth, my reaſons are both good and weighty. [*Exeunt.*

1 *Serv. My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.*

Sly. Yes, by ſaint Anne, do I. A good matter, ſurely; Comes there any more of it?

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; 'Would't were done!

SCENE II. The ſame. Before Hortensio's *Houſe.*

Enter Petruchio *and* Grumio.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To ſee my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My beſt beloved and approved friend,
Hortenſio; and, I trow, this is his houſe:—

Here, ſirrah Grumio; knock, I ſay.

Gru. Knock, ſir! whom ſhould I knock? is there any man has rebus'd your worſhip?

Pet. Villain, I ſay, knock me here ſoundly.

Gru. Knock you here, ſir? why, ſir, what am I, ſir, that I ſhould knock you here, ſir?

Pet. Villain, I ſay, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My maſter is grown quarrelſome: I ſhould knock you firſt,
And then I know after who comes by the worſt.

Pet. Will it not be?
'Faith, ſirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it;
I'll try how you can *ſol, fa*, and ſing it.

[*He wrings* Grumio *by the ears.*

Gru. Help, maſters, help! my maſter is mad.

Pet. Now knock when I bid you: ſirrah! villain!

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now? what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortenſio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il core bene trovato, may I ſay.

Hor. Alla noſtra caſa bene venuto,
Molto honorato ſignor mio Petruchio.
Riſe, Grumio, riſe; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges in Latin.—If this be not a lawful cauſe for me to leave his ſervice, —Look you, ſir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him ſoundly, ſir: Well, was it fit for a ſervant to uſe his maſter ſo; being, perhaps, (for aught I ſee,) two and thirty,—a pip out?
Whom, 'would to God, I had well knock'd at firſt,

Then had not Grumio come by the worſt.
Pet. A ſenſeleſs villain!—Good Hortenſio,
I bade the raſcal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.
Gru. Knock at the gate?—O heavens!—
Spake you not theſe words plain,—*Sirrah, knock me here, Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me ſoundly?*
And come you now with—knocking at the gate?
Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I adviſe you.
Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
Your ancient, truſty, pleaſant ſervant Grumio.
And tell me now, ſweet friend,—what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?
Pet. Such wind as ſcatters young men through the world,
To ſeek their fortunes further than at home,
Where ſmall experience grows. But, in a few,
Signior Hortenſio, thus it ſtands with me:—
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
And I have thruſt myſelf into this maze,
Haply to wive, and thrive, as beſt I may:
Crowns in my purſe I have, and goods at home,
And ſo am come abroad to ſee the world.
Hor. Petruchio, ſhall I then come roundly to thee,
And wiſh thee to a ſhrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dſt thank me but a little for my counſel:
And yet I'll promiſe thee ſhe ſhall be rich,
And very rich:—but thour't too much my friend,
And I'll not wiſh thee to her.
Pet. Signior Hortenſio, 'twixt ſuch friends as we,
Few words ſuffice: and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance,)

Be ſhe as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curſt and ſhrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worſe,
She moves me not, or not removes, at leaſt,
Affection's edge in me; were ſhe as rough
As are the ſwelling Adriatick ſeas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, ſir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: Why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though ſhe have as many diſeaſes as two and fifty horſes: why, nothing comes amiſs, ſo money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, ſince we have ſtepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jeſt.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
Brought up, as beſt becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault (and that is faults enough,)
Is,—that ſhe is intolerably curſt,
And ſhrewd, and froward; ſo beyond all meaſure,
That, were my ſtate far worſer than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortenſio, peace; thou know'ſt not gold's effect:—
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though ſhe chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptiſta Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is, Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her ſcolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;

And he knew my deceaſed father well:—
I will not ſleep, Hortenſio, till I ſee her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this firſt encounter,
Unleſs you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, ſir, let him go while the humour laſts. O' my word, an ſhe knew him as well as I do, ſhe would think ſcolding would do little good upon him: She may, perhaps, call him half a ſcore knaves, or ſo: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, ſir,—an ſhe ſtand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and ſo disfigure her with it, that ſhe ſhall have no more eyes to ſee withal than a cat: You know him not, ſir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I muſt go with thee;
For in Baptiſta's keep my treaſure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngeſt daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Suppoſing it a thing impoſſible,
(For thoſe defects I have before rehears'd,)
That ever Katharina will be woo'd,
Therefore, this order hath Baptiſta ta'en;—
That none ſhall have acceſs unto Bianca,
Till Katharine the curſt have got a huſband.

Gru. Katharine the curſt!
A title for a maid, of all titles the worſt.

Hor. Now ſhall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me, diſguis'd in ſober robes,
To old Baptiſta as a ſchool-maſter
Well ſeen in muſick, to inſtruct Bianca:
That ſo I may by this device, at leaſt,

Have leave and leiſure to make love to her,
And, unſuſpected, court her by herſelf.

Enter GREMIO; *with him* LUCENTIO *diſguiſed, with books under his arm.*

Gru. Here's no knavery! See; to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Maſter, maſter, look about you: Who goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio; 'tis the rival of my love:—Petruchio, ſtand by a while.

Gru. A proper ſtripling, and an amorous! [*They retire.*

Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, ſir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, ſee that at any hand;
And ſee you read no other lectures to her:
You underſtand me:—Over and beſide
Signior Baptiſta's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largeſs:—Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For ſhe is ſweeter than perfume itſelf,
To whom they go. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, (ſtand you ſo aſſur'd,)
As firmly as yourſelf were ſtill in place:
Yea, and (perhaps) with more ſucceſsful words
Than you, unleſs you were a ſcholar, ſir.

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock! what an aſs it is!

Pet. Peace, ſirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum!—God ſave you, ſignior Gremio!

Gre. And you're well met, ſignior Hortenſio. Trow you,
Whither I am going!—To Baptiſta Minola.
I promis'd to enquire carefully
About a ſchoolmaſter for fair Bianca:

And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,
And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.
Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine muſician to inſtruct our miſtreſs;
So ſhall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, ſo belov'd of me.
Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds ſhall prove.
Gru. And that his bags ſhall prove. [*Aſide.*
Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Liſten to me, and if you ſpeak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curſt Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry pleaſe.
Gre. So ſaid, ſo done, is well:—
Hortenſio, have you told him all her faults?
Pet. I know, ſhe is an irkſome brawling ſcold;
If that be all, maſters, I hear no harm.
Gre. No, ſay'ſt me ſo, friend? What countryman?
Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's ſon:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to ſee.
Gre. O, ſir, ſuch a life, with ſuch a wife, were ſtrange:
But, if you have a ſtomach, to't o'God's name;
You ſhall have me aſſiſting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat?
Pet. Will I live?
Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her. [*Aſide.*
Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?

Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the ſea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with ſweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heav'ns artillery thunder in the ſkies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing ſteeds, and trumpets clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
That gives not half ſo great a blow to the ear,
As will a cheſnut in a farmer's fire?
Tuſh! tuſh! fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none. [*Aſide.*

Gre. Hortenſio, hark!
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind preſumes, for his own good, and yours.

Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatſoe'er.

Gre. And ſo we will; provided, that he win her.

Gru. I would, I were as ſure of a good dinner. [*Aſide.*

Enter TRANIO, *bravely apparell'd; and* BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God ſave you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beſeech you, which is the readieſt way
To the houſe of ſignior Baptiſta Minola?

Gre. He that has the two fair daughters:—is't [*Aſide to* TRANIO.] he you mean?

Tra. Even he. Biondello!

Gre. Hark you, ſir; You mean not her to——

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, ſir; What have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, ſir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, ſir:—Biondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [*Aſide.*

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;—

Are you a ſuitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?
Tra. An if I be, ſir, is it any offence? [hence.
Gre. No; if, without more words, you will get you
Tra. Why, ſir, I pray, are not the ſtreets as free
For me, as for you?
Gre. But ſo is not ſhe.
Tra. For what reaſon, I beſeech you?
Gre. For this reaſon, if you'll know,——
That ſhe's the choice love of ſignior Gremio.
Hor. That ſhe's the choſen of ſignior Hortenſio.
Tra. Softly, my maſters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.
Baptiſta is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his daughter fairer than ſhe is,
She may more ſuitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thouſand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And ſo ſhe ſhall; Lucentio ſhall make one,
Though Paris came, in hope to ſpeed alone.
Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.
Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.
Pet. Hortenſio, to what end are all theſe words?
Hor. Sir, let me be ſo bold as to aſk you,
Did you yet ever ſee Baptiſta's daughter?
Tra. No, ſir; but hear I do, that he hath two;
The one as famous for a ſcolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modeſty.
Pet. Sir, ſir, the firſt's for me; let her go by.
Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.
Pet. Sir, underſtand you this of me, inſooth;—
The youngeſt daughter, whom you hearken for,

Her father keeps from all acceſs of ſuitors;
And will not promiſe her to any man,
Until the elder ſiſter firſt be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be ſo, ſir, that you are the man
Muſt ſtead us all, and me among the reſt;
An if you break the ice, and do this feat,—
Achieve the elder, ſet the younger free
For our acceſs,—whoſe hap ſhall be to have her,
Will not ſo graceleſs be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you ſay well, and well you do conceive;
And ſince you do profeſs to be a ſuitor,
You muſt, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all reſt generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I ſhall not be ſlack: in ſign whereof,
Pleaſe ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouſes to our miſtreſs' health;
And do as adverſaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows, let's begone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it ſo;—
Petruchio, I ſhall be your *ben venuto*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. The ſame. A Room in BAPTISTA's Houſe.

Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.

Bian. Good ſiſter, wrong me not, nor wrong yourſelf,
To make a bondmaid and a ſlave of me;
That I diſdain: but for theſe other gawds,—
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myſelf,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,

So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy ſuitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'ſt beſt: ſee thou diſſemble not.

Bian. Believe me, ſiſter, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that ſpecial face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou lieſt; Is't not Hortenſio?

Bian. If you affect him, ſiſter, here I ſwear,
I'll plead for you myſelf, but you ſhall have him.

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me ſo?
Nay, then you jeſt; and now I well perceive,
You have but jeſted with me all this while:
I pr'ythee, ſiſter Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jeſt, then all the reſt was ſo.

[*Strikes her.*

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this inſolence?——
Bianca, ſtand aſide;—poor girl! ſhe weeps:—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—
For ſhame, thou hilding of a deviliſh ſpirit,
Why doſt thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did ſhe croſs thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her ſilence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies after Bianca.*

Bap. What, in my ſight?—Bianca, get thee in.

[*Exit Bianca.*

Kath. Will you not ſuffer me? Nay, now I ſee,
She is your treaſure, ſhe muſt have a huſband;
I muſt dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.

Talk not to me; I will go ſit and weep,
Till I can find occaſion of revenge. [*Exit* KATHARINA.

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, *with* LUCENTIO *in the habit of a mean man;* PETRUCHIO, *with* HORTENSIO *as a muſician; and* TRANIO, *with* BIONDELLO *bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptiſta.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio: God ſave you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good ſir! Pray, have you not a daughter,
Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, ſir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, ſignior Gremio; give me leave.—
I am a gentleman of Verona, ſir,
That, hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and baſhful modeſty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,—
Am bold to ſhow myſelf a forward gueſt
Within your houſe, to make mine eye the witneſs
Of that report which I ſo oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do preſent you with a man of mine,
[*Preſenting* HORTENSIO.
Cunning in muſick, and the mathematicks,
To inſtruct her fully in thoſe ſciences,
Whereof, I know, ſhe is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or elſe you do me wrong;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, ſir; and he, for your good ſake:
But for my daughter Katharine,—this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I ſee, you do not mean to part with her;
Or elſe you like not of my company.
Bap. Miſtake me not, I ſpeak but as I find.
Whence are you, ſir? what may I call your name?
Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's ſon,
A man well known throughout all Italy.
Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his ſake.
Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, ſpeak too:
Baccare! you are marvellous forward. [doing.
Pet. O, pardon me, ſignior Gremio; I would fain be
Gre. I doubt it not, ſir; but you will curſe your wooing.——
Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am ſure of it.
To expreſs the like kindneſs myſelf, that have been more
kindly beholden to you than any, I freely give unto you
this young ſcholar, [*Preſenting* Lucentio,] that hath been
long ſtudying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin,
and other languages, as the other in muſick and mathematicks: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his ſervice.
Bap. A thouſand thanks, ſignior Gremio: welcome,
good Cambio.—But, gentle ſir, [*To* Tranio.] methinks,
you walk like a ſtranger; May I be ſo bold to know the
cauſe of your coming?
Tra. Pardon me, ſir, the boldneſs is mine own;
That, being a ſtranger in this city here,
Do make myſelf a ſuitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm reſolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldeſt ſiſter:
This liberty is all that I requeſt,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongſt the reſt that woo,

And free acceſs and favour as the reſt.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here beſtow a ſimple inſtrument,
And this ſmall packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.
Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?
Tra. Of Piſa, ſir; ſon to Vincentio.
Bap. A mighty man of Piſa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, ſir.—
Take you [*To Hor.*] the lute, and you [*To Luc.*] the ſet
You ſhall go ſee your pupils preſently. [of books,
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead
Theſe gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them both,
Theſe are their tutors; bid them uſe them well.
[*Exit* Servant, *with* Hortensio, Lucentio, *and* Biondello.
We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner: You are paſſing welcome,
And ſo I pray you all to think yourſelves.
Pet. Signior Baptiſta, my buſineſs aſketh haſte,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well; and in him, me,
Left ſolely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry ſhall I have with her to wife?
Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands;
And, in poſſeſſion, twenty thouſand crowns.
Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll aſſure her of
Her widowhood,—be it that ſhe ſurvive me,—
In all my lands and leaſes whatſoever:

Let ſpecialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.
Bap. Ay, when the ſpecial thing is well obtain'd,
This is,—her love; for that is all in all.
Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as ſhe proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do conſume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme guſts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and ſo ſhe yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.
Bap. Well may'ſt thou woo, and happy be thy ſpeed!
But be thou arm'd for ſome unhappy words.
Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That ſhake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, *with his head broken.*

Bap. How now, my friend? why doſt thou look ſo pale?
Hor. For fear, I promiſe you, if I look pale.
Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good muſician?
Hor. I think, ſhe'll ſooner prove a ſoldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.
Bap. Why, then thou canſt not break her to the lute?
Hor. Why, no; for ſhe hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her, ſhe miſtook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a moſt impatient deviliſh ſpirit,
Frets, call you theſe? quoth ſhe: *I'll fume with them:*
And, with that word, ſhe ſtruck me on the head,
And through the inſtrument my pate made way;
And there I ſtood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute:
While ſhe did call me,—raſcal fiddler,

And—twangling Jack; with twenty ſuch vile terms,
As ſhe had ſtudied to miſuſe me ſo.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a luſty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have ſome chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not ſo diſcomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us;
Or ſhall I ſend my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,—

[*Exeunt* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, *and* HORTENSIO.

And woo her with ſome ſpirit when ſhe comes.
Say, that ſhe rail; Why, then I'll tell her plain,
She ſings as ſweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that ſhe frown; I'll ſay, ſhe looks as clear
As morning roſes newly waſh'd with dew:
Say, ſhe be mute, and will not ſpeak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And ſay—ſhe uttereth piercing eloquence:
If ſhe do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though ſhe bid me ſtay by her a week;
If ſhe deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I ſhall aſk the banns, and when be married:—
But here ſhe comes; and now, Petruchio, ſpeak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but ſomething hard of hearing;
They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and ſometimes Kate the curſt;
But Kate, the prettieſt Kate in Chriſtendom,

Kate of Kate-Hall, my ſuper-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my conſolation:—
Hearing thy mildneſs prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues ſpoke of, and thy beauty ſounded,
(Yet not ſo deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myſelf am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither,
Remove you hence: I knew you at the firſt,
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kath. A joint-ſtool.

Pet. Thou haſt hit it: come, ſit on me.

Kath. Aſſes are made to bear, and ſo are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and ſo are you.

Kath. No ſuch jade, ſir, as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee:
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for ſuch a ſwain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight ſhould be.

Pet. Should be? ſhould buz.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O, ſlow-wing'd turtle! ſhall a buzzard take thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you waſp; i'faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waſpiſh, beſt beware my ſting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a waſp doth wear his ſting?
In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whoſe tongue?

KATH. Yours, if you talk of tails; and ſo farewell.
PET. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.
KATH. That I'll try. [*Striking him.*
PET. I ſwear I'll cuff you, if you ſtrike again.
KATH. So may you loſe your arms:
If you ſtrike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.
PET. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.
KATH. What is your creſt? a coxcomb?
PET. A combleſs cock, ſo Kate will be my hen.
KATH. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.
PET. Nay, come, Kate, come; you muſt not look ſo ſour.
KATH. It is my faſhion, when I ſee a crab.
PET. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not ſour,
KATH. There is, there is.
PET. Then ſhow it me.
KATH. Had I a glaſs, I would.
PET. What, you mean my face?
KATH. Well aim'd of ſuch a young one.
PET. Now, by ſaint George, I am too young for you.
KATH. Yet you are wither'd.
PET. 'Tis with cares.
KATH. I care not.
PET. Nay, hear you, Kate: in ſooth, you 'ſcape not ſo.
KATH. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.
PET. No, not a whit; I find you paſſing gentle.
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and ſullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleaſant, gameſome, paſſing courteous;
But ſlow in ſpeech, yet ſweet as ſpring-time flowers:
Thou canſt not frown, thou canſt not look aſkance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be croſs in talk;
But thou with mildneſs entertain'ſt thy wooers,
With gentle conference, ſoft and affable.
Why does the world report, that Kate doth limp?
O ſlanderous world! Kate, like the hazle-twig,
Is ſtraight, and ſlender; and as brown in hue
As hazle nuts, and ſweeter than the kernels.
O, let me ſee thee walk: thou doſt not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'ſt command.

Pet. Did ever Dian ſo become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaſte, and Dian ſportful!

Kath. Where did you ſtudy all this goodly ſpeech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witleſs elſe her ſon.

Pet. Am I not wiſe?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, ſo I mean, ſweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And therefore, ſetting all this chat aſide,
Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath conſented
That you ſhall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a huſband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I ſee thy beauty,
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,)
Thou muſt be married to no man but me:
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;
And bring you from a wild Cat to a Kate
Conformable, as other houſehold Kates.
Here comes your father; never make denial,
I muſt and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* TRANIO.

BAP. Now,
Signior Petruchio: How ſpeed you with
My daughter?

PET. How but well, ſir? how but well?
It were impoſſible, I ſhould ſpeed amiſs. [dumps?

BAP. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in your

KATH. Call you me, daughter? now, I promiſe you,
You have ſhow'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wiſh me wed to one half lunatick;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a ſwearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

PET. Father, 'tis thus,—yourſelf and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiſs of her;
If ſhe be curſt, it is for policy:
For ſhe's not froward, but modeſt as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience ſhe will prove a ſecond Griſſel;
And Roman Lucrece for her chaſtity:
And to conclude,—we have 'greed ſo well together,
That upon ſunday is the wedding-day.

KATH. I'll ſee thee hang'd on ſunday firſt. [firſt.

GRE. Hark, Petruchio! ſhe ſays, ſhe'll ſee thee hang'd

TRA. Is this your ſpeeding? nay, then, good night our part!

PET. Be patient, gentlemen; I chooſe her for myſelf;
If ſhe and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That ſhe ſhall ſtill be curſt in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much ſhe loves me: O, the kindeſt Kate!—
She hung about my neck; and kiſs on kiſs
She vied ſo faſt, proteſting oath on oath,

That in a twink ſhe won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to ſee,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curſteſt ſhrew.—
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainſt the wedding-day:—
Provide the feaſt, father, and bid the gueſts;
I will be ſure, my Katharine ſhall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to ſay: but give me your hands;
God ſend you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, ſay we; we will be witneſſes.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice, ſunday comes apace:——
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiſs me, Kate, we will be married o'ſunday.

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharine, ſeverally.*

Gre. Was ever match clap'd up ſo ſuddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a deſperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:
'Twill bring you gain, or periſh on the ſeas.

Bap. The gain I ſeek is—quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptiſta, to your younger daughter;—
Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbour, and was ſuitor firſt.

Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more
Than words can witneſs, or your thoughts can gueſs.

Gre. Youngling! thou canſt not love ſo dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, ſtand back; 'tis age, that nouriſheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flouriſheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I'll compound this ſtrife:
'Tis deeds, muſt win the prize; and he, of both,
That can aſſure my daughter greateſt dower,
Shall have Bianca's love.—
Say, ſignior Gremio, what can you aſſure her?

Gre. Firſt, as you know, my houſe within the city
Is richly furniſhed with plate and gold;
Baſons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapeſtry:
In ivory coffers I have ſtuff'd my crowns;
In cypreſs cheſts my arras, counterpoints,
Coſtly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turky cuſhions boſs'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
Pewter and braſs, and all things that belong
To houſe, or houſekeeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixſcore fat oxen ſtanding in my ſtalls,
And all things anſwerable to this portion.
Myſelf am ſtruck in years, I muſt confeſs;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilſt I live, ſhe will be only mine.

Tra. That, only, came well in——Sir, liſt to me,
I am my father's heir, and only ſon:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houſes three or four as good,
Within rich Piſa walls, as any one
Old ſignior Gremio has in Padua;
Beſides two thouſand ducats by the year,
Of fruitful land, all which ſhall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinch'd you, ſignior Gremio?

Gre. Two thouſand ducats by the year, of land!
My land amounts not to ſo much in all:

That ſhe ſhall have; beſides an argoſy,
That now is lying in Marſeilles' road:——
What, have I chok'd you with an argoſy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no leſs
Than three great argoſies; beſides two galliaſſes,
And twelve tight gallies: theſe I will aſſure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'ſt next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And ſhe can have no more than all I have;—
If you like me, ſhe ſhall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promiſe; Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I muſt confeſs, your offer is the beſt;
And, let your father make her the aſſurance,
She is your own; elſe, you muſt pardon me:
If you ſhould die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus reſolv'd:—On ſunday next you know,
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the ſunday following, ſhall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this aſſurance;
If not, to ſignior Gremio:
And ſo I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not;
Sirrah, young gameſter, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table: Tut! a toy!
An old Italian fox is not ſo kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.
'Tis in my head to do my maſter good;—

I ſee no reaſon, but ſuppos'd Lucentio
Muſt get a father, call'd—ſuppos'd Vincentio;
And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but, in this caſe of wooing,
A child ſhall get a ſire, if I fail not of my cunning. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Room in BAPTISTA'S *Houſe.*

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, *and* BIANCA.

Luc. Fidler, forbear; you grow too forward, ſir:
Have you ſo ſoon forgot the entertainment
Her ſiſter Katharine welcom'd you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroneſs of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in muſick we have ſpent an hour,
Your lecture ſhall have leiſure for as much.

Luc. Prepoſterous aſs! that never read ſo far
To know the cauſe why muſick was ordain'd!
Was it not, to refreſh the mind of man,
After his ſtudies, or his uſual pain?
Then give me leave to read philoſophy,
And, while I pauſe, ſerve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear theſe braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To ſtrive for that which reſteth in my choice:
I am no breeching ſcholar in the ſchools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my leſſons as I pleaſe myſelf.
And, to cut off all ſtrife, here ſit we down:—
Take you your inſtrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[*To Bianca.—Hortensio retires.*

Luc. That will be never;—tune your inſtrument.

Bian. Where left we laſt?

Luc. Here, madam:——

Hac ibat Simois; hic eſt Sigeia tellus;
Hic ſteterat Priami regia celſa ſenis.

Bian. Conſtrue them.

Luc. Hac ibat, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic eſt*, ſon unto Vincentio of Piſa,—*Sigeia tellus*, diſguiſed thus to get your love;—*Hic ſteterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celſa ſenis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my inſtrument's in tune. [*Returning.*

Bian. Let's hear:— [*Hortensio plays.*

O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me ſee if I can conſtrue it: *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not;—*hic eſt Sigeia tellus*, I truſt you not;—*Hic ſteterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not;—*regia*, preſume not;—*celſa ſenis*, deſpair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the baſe.

Hor. The baſe is right; 'tis the baſe knave that jars.
How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedaſcule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I miſtruſt.

Luc. Miſtruſt it not; for, ſure, Æacides
Was Ajax,—call'd ſo from his grandfather.

Bian. I muſt believe my maſter; elſe, I promiſe you, I ſhould be arguing ſtill upon that doubt:

But let it reſt.—Now, Licio, to you:—
Good maſters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleaſant with you both.
Hor. You may go walk, [*To Lucentio.*] and give me leave awhile;
My leſſons make no muſick in three parts.
Luc. Are you ſo formal, ſir? well, I muſt wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine muſician groweth amorous. [*Aſide.*
Hor. Madam, before you touch the inſtrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I muſt begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer ſort,
More pleaſant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.
Bian. Why, I am paſt my gamut long ago.
Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortenſio.
Bian. [*Reads.*] Gamut *I am, the ground of all accord,*
A re, *to plead Hortenſio's paſſion;*
B mi, *Bianca, to take him for thy lord,*
C faut, *that loves with all affection:*
D ſol re, *one cliff, two notes have I;*
E la mi, *ſhow pity, or I die.*
Call you this—gamut? tut! I like it not:
Old faſhions pleaſe me beſt; I am not ſo nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Miſtreſs, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dreſs your ſiſter's chamber up;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.
Bian. Farewell, ſweet maſters, both; I muſt be gone.
[*Exeunt Bianca and Servant.*

Luc. 'Faith, miſtreſs, then I have no cauſe to ſtay. [*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cauſe to pry into this pedant;
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:—
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be ſo humble,
To caſt thy wand'ring eyes on every ſtale,
Seize thee, that liſt: If once I find thee ranging,
Hortenſio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. The ſame. Before BAPTISTA'S *Houſe.*

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, *and Attendants.*

Bap. Signior Lucentio, [*To* TRANIO.] this is the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio ſhould be married,
And yet we hear not of our ſon-in-law:
What will be ſaid? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the prieſt attends
To ſpeak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What ſays Lucentio to this ſhame of ours?

Kath. No ſhame but mine: I muſt, forſooth, be forc'd
To give my hand, oppos'd againſt my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudeſby, full of ſpleen;
Who woo'd in haſte, and means to wed at leiſure.
I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,
Hiding his bitter jeſts in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thouſand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now muſt the world point at poor Katharine,
And ſay,—*Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,*
If it would pleaſe him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptiſta too;

Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune ſtays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him paſſing wiſe;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honeſt.

KATH. 'Would, Katharine had never ſeen him though!

[*Exit, weeping, followed by* BIANCA, *and Others.*

BAP. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For ſuch an injury would vex a ſaint,
Much more a ſhrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

BION. Maſter, maſter! news, old news, and ſuch news as you never heard of!

BAP. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

BION. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

BAP. Is he come?

BION. Why, no, ſir.

BAP. What then?

BION. He is coming.

BAP When will he be here?

BION. When he ſtands where I am, and ſees you there.

TRA. But, ſay, what:—To thine old news.

BION. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-caſes, one buckled, another laced; an old ruſty ſword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeleſs; with two broken points: His horſe hip'd with an old mothy ſaddle, the ſtirrups of no kindred: beſides, poſſeſs'd with the glanders, and like to moſe in the chine; troubled with the lampaſs, infected with the faſhions, full of windgalls, ſped with ſpavins, raied with the yellows, paſt cure of the fives, ſtark ſpoiled with the ſtaggers, begnawn

with the bots; ſway'd in the back, and ſhoulder-ſhotten; ne'er-legg'd before, and with a half-check'd bit, and a head-ſtall of ſheep's leather; which, being reſtrain'd to keep him from ſtumbling, hath been often burſt, and now repair'd with knots: one girt ſix times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly ſet down in ſtuds, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, ſir, his lackey, for all the world capariſon'd like the horſe; with a linen ſtock on one leg, and a kerſey boot-hoſe on the other, garter'd with a red and blue liſt; an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies* prick'd in't for a feather: a monſter, a very monſter in apparel; and not like a chriſtian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis ſome odd humour pricks him to this faſhion;—
Yet often times he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howſoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, ſir, he comes not.

Bap. Didſt thou not ſay, he comes?

Bion, Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, ſir; I ſay, his horſe comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by ſaint Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horſe and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be theſe gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You are welcome, ſir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

TRA. Not ſo well apparell'd
As I wiſh you were.
PET. Were it better I ſhould ruſh in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company;
As if they ſaw ſome wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unuſual prodigy?
BAP. Why, ſir, you know, this is your wedding-day:
Firſt were we ſad, fearing you would not come;
Now ſadder, that you come ſo unprovided.
Fie! doff this habit, ſhame to your eſtate,
An eyeſore to our ſolemn feſtival.
TRA. And tell us, what occaſion of import
Hath all ſo long detain'd you from your wife,
And ſent you hither ſo unlike yourſelf?
PET. Tedious it were to tell, and harſh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in ſome part enforced to digreſs;
Which, at more leiſure, I will ſo excuſe
As you ſhall well be ſatisfied withal.
But, where is Kate? I ſtay too long from her;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.
TRA. See not your bride in theſe unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.
PET. Not I, believe me; thus I'll viſit her.
BAP. But thus, I truſt, you will not marry her.
PET. Good ſooth, even thus; therefore have done with words;
To me ſhe's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what ſhe will wear in me,
As I can change theſe poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myſelf.
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,

When I ſhould bid good-morrow to my bride,
And ſeal the title with a lovely kiſs?

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, GRUMIO *and* BIONDELLO.

Tra. He hath ſome meaning in his mad attire:
We will perſuade him, be it poſſible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and ſee the event of this. [*Exit.*

Tra. But, ſir, to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: Which to bring to paſs,
As I before imparted to your worſhip,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It ſkills not much; we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he ſhall be Vincentio of Piſa;
And make aſſurance, here in Padua,
Of greater ſums than I have promiſed.
So ſhall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry ſweet Bianca with conſent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow ſchoolmaſter
Doth watch Bianca's ſteps ſo narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to ſteal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world ſay—no,
I'll keep mine own, deſpite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our 'vantage in this buſineſs:
We'll overreach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola;
The quaint muſician, amorous Licio;
All for my maſter's ſake, Lucentio.—

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from ſchool.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom, ſay you? 'tis a groom, indeed,

A grumbling groom, and that the girl ſhall find.
Tra. Curſter than ſhe? why, 'tis impoſſible.
Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
Tra. Why, ſhe's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.
Gre. Tut! ſhe's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, ſir Lucentio; When the prieſt
Should aſk—if Katharine ſhould be his wife,
Ay, by gogs-wouns, quoth he; and ſwore ſo loud,
That, all amaz'd, the prieſt let fall the book:
And, as he ſtoop'd again to take it up,
The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him ſuch a cuff,
That down fell prieſt and book, and book and prieſt;
Now take them up, quoth he, *if any liſt.*
Tra. What ſaid the wench, when he aroſe again?
Gre. Trembled and ſhook; for why, he ſtamp'd, and ſwore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:—*A health*, quoth he; as if
He had been aboard, carouſing to his mates
After a ſtorm:—Quaff'd off the muſcadel,
And threw the ſops all in the ſexton's face;
Having no other reaſon,—
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And ſeem'd to aſk him ſops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck;
And kiſs'd her lips with ſuch a clamorous ſmack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.
I, ſeeing this, came thence for very ſhame;
And after me, I know the rout is coming:
Such a mad marriage never was before:
Hark, hark! I hear the minſtrels play. [*Muſick.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, *and Train.*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great ſtore of wedding cheer;
But ſo it is, my haſte doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't poſſible, you will away to-night?

Pet. I muſt away to-day, before night come:—
Make it no wonder; if you knew my buſineſs,
You would entreat me rather go than ſtay.
And, honeſt company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myſelf
To this moſt patient, ſweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I muſt hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you ſtay 'till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to ſtay?

Pet. I am content you ſhall entreat me ſtay;
But yet not ſtay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, ſtay.

Pet. Grumio, my horſes.

Gru. Ay, ſir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horſes.

Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canſt, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I pleaſe myſelf.
The door is open, ſir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging, whiles your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone, 'till I pleaſe myſelf:—

'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly ſurly groom,
That take it on you at the firſt ſo roundly.

PET. O, Kate, content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry.

KATH. I will be angry; What haſt thou to do?—
Father, be quiet; he ſhall ſtay my leiſure.

GRE. Ay, marry, ſir: now it begins to work.

KATH. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:—
I ſee, a woman may be made a fool,
If ſhe had not a ſpirit to reſiſt.

PET. They ſhall go forward, Kate, at thy command:—
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feaſt, revel and domineer,
Carouſe full meaſure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourſelves;
But for my bonny Kate, ſhe muſt with me.
Nay, look not big, nor ſtamp, nor ſtare, nor fret;
I will be maſter of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; ſhe is my houſe,
My houſehold-ſtuff, my field, my barn,
My horſe, my ox, my aſs, my any thing;
And here ſhe ſtands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring mine action on the proudeſt he
That ſtops my way in Padua.——Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beſet with thieves;
Reſcue thy miſtreſs, if thou be a man:—
Fear not, ſweet wench, they ſhall not touch thee, Kate;
I'll buckler thee againſt a million.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINE, *and* GRUMIO.

BAP. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones. [ing.

GRE. Went they not quickly, I ſhould die with laugh-

TRA. Of all mad matches, never was the like!

LUC. Miſtreſs, what's your opinion of your ſiſter?

BIAN. That, being mad herſelf, ſhe's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bride-groom wants
For to ſupply the places at the table,
You know, there wants no junkets at the feaſt;—
Lucentio, you ſhall ſupply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her ſiſter's room.

Tra. Shall ſweet Bianca practiſe how to bride it?

Bap. She ſhall, Lucentio,—Come, gentlemen let's go.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Hall in Petruchio's Country Houſe.

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie, fie, on all tired jades! on all mad maſters! and all foul ways! Was ever man ſo beaten? was ever man ſo ray'd? was ever man ſo weary? I am ſent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and ſoon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I ſhould come by a fire to thaw me:—But, I, with blowing the fire, ſhall warm myſelf; for, conſidering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa! Curtis!

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that, calls ſo coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'ſt ſlide from my ſhoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my maſter and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; caſt on no water.

Curt. Is ſhe ſo hot a ſhrew as ſhe's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this froſt: but, thou know'ſt winter tames man, woman, and beaſt; for it hath tam'd my old maſter, and my new miſtreſs, and myſelf, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beaſt.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and ſo long am I, at the leaſt. But wilt thou make a fire, or ſhall I complain on thee to our miſtreſs, whoſe hand (ſhe being now at hand,) thou ſhalt ſoon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being ſlow in thy hot office.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my maſter and miſtreſs are almoſt frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; And therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, *Jack boy! ho boy!* and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are ſo full of conycatching:—

Gru. Why therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is ſupper ready, the houſe trimm'd, ruſhes ſtrew'd, cobwebs ſwept; the ſervingmen in their new fuſtian, their white ſtockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; And therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gru. Firſt, know, my horſe is tired; my maſter and miſtreſs fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their ſaddles into the dirt; And thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Striking him.*

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd, a ſenſible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beſeech liſtening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my maſter riding behind my miſtreſs:—

Curt. Both on one horſe?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horſe.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:——But hadſt thou not croſs'd me, thou ſhould'ſt have heard how her horſe fell, and ſhe under her horſe; thou ſhould'ſt have heard, in how miry a place: how ſhe was bemoil'd; how he left her with the horſe upon her; how he beat me becauſe her horſe ſtumbled: how ſhe waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he ſwore; how ſhe pray'd—that never pray'd before; how I cried; how the horſes ran away; how her bridle was burſt; how I loſt my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory; which now ſhall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more ſhrew than ſhe.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudeſt of you all ſhall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—call forth Nathaniel, Joſeph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarſop, and the reſt: let their heads be ſleekly combed, their blue coats bruſhed, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curt'ſy with their left legs; and not preſume to touch a hair of my maſter's horſe-tail, till they kiſs their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are-

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you muſt meet my maſter, to countenance my miſtreſs.

Gru. Why, ſhe hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it ſeems; that call'ſt for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her?

Gru. Why, ſhe comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter ſeveral Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my ſpruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready: How near is our maſter?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not,——Cock's paſſion, ſilence!——I hear my maſter.

Enter Petruchio and Katharina.

Pet. Where be theſe knaves? What, no man at door,
To hold my ſtirrup, nor to take my horſe!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?——

All Serv. Here, here, ſir; here ſir.

Pet. Here, ſir! here, ſir! here, ſir! here, ſir!—
You loggerheaded and unpoliſh'd grooms,
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—
Where is the fooliſh knave I ſent before?

Gru. Here, ſir; as fooliſh as I was before.

Pet. You peaſant ſwain! you whoreſon malt-horſe drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along theſe raſcal knaves with thee?
Gru. Nathaniel's coat, ſir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i'the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from ſheathing:
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The reſt were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.
Pet. Go, raſcals, go, and fetch my ſupper in.—
[*Exeunt ſome of the* SERVANTS.
Where is the life that late I led— [Sings.
Where are thoſe——Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, ſoud, ſoud, ſoud!
Re-enter SERVANTS, *with ſupper.*
Why, when, I ſay?—Nay, good ſweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?
It was the friar of orders grey, [Sings.
As he forth walked on his way:
Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—
[*Strikes him.*
Be merry, Kate:—Some water, here; what ho!—
Where's my ſpaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid by couſin Ferdinand come hither:—
[*Exit* SERVANT.
One, Kate, that thou muſt kiſs, and be acquainted with.—
Where are my ſlippers?—Shall I have ſome water?
[*A baſon is preſented to him.*
Come, Kate, and waſh, and welcome heartily:—
[SERVANT *lets the ewer fall.*
You whoreſon villain! will you let it fall? [*Strikes him.*
Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreſon, beetleheaded, flapear'd knave!
Come, Kate, ſit down; I know you have a ſtomach.
Will you give thanks, ſweet Kate; or elſe ſhall I?
What is this? mutton?

1 *Serv.* Ay.

Pet. Who brought it?

1 *Serv.* I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and ſo is all the meat:
What dogs are theſe?—Where is the raſcal cook?
How durſt you, villains, bring it from the dreſſer,
And ſerve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
[*Throws the meat, &c. about the ſtage.*
You heedleſs joltheads, and unmanner'd ſlaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you ſtraight.

Kath. I pray you, huſband, be not ſo diſquiet;
The meat was well, if you were ſo contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt, and dried away;
And I expreſsly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere, that both of us did faſt,—
Since, of ourſelves, ourſelves are cholerick,—
Than feed it with ſuch over-roaſted fleſh.
Be patient; to-morrow it ſhall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll faſt for company:
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.
[*Exeunt* Petruchio, Katharina, *and* Curtis.

Nath. [*Advancing.*] Peter, didſt ever ſee the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter Curtis.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,
Making a ſermon of continency to her:

Away, away! for he is coming hither.

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

PET. Thus have I politickly begun my wooing,
And hope my hopes to end successfully:
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;
And, till the time, she must not be full gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to night she shall;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail, and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 'tis charity, to show.

SCENE II. Padua. *Before* BAPTISTA'S *House.*

Enter TRANIO *and* HORTENSIO.

TRA. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress

Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, ſir, ſhe bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to ſatisfy you in what I have ſaid,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

[*They ſtand aſide.*

Enter BIANCA *and* LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, miſtreſs, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, maſter, read you? firſt reſolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profeſs, the art to love.

Bian. And may you prove, ſir, maſter of your art!

Luc. While you, ſweet dear, prove miſtreſs of my heart. [*They retire.*

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durſt ſwear that your miſtreſs Bianca
Lov'd none in the world ſo well as Lucentio.

Tra. O deſpiteful love! unconſtant womankind!—
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Miſtake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a muſician, as I ſeem to be;
But one that ſcorn to live in this diſguiſe,
For ſuch a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of ſuch a cullion:
Know, ſir, that I am call'd—Hortenſio.

Tra. Signior Hortenſio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And ſince mine eyes are witneſs of her lightneſs,
I will with you, if you be ſo contented,—
Forſwear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiſs and court!——Signior Lucentio,
Here's my hand, and here I firmly vow—
Never to woo her more; but do forſwear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—
Ne'er to marry with her, though ſhe would entreat:
Fie on her! ſee, how beaſtly ſhe doth court him.

Hor. 'Would, all the world, but he, had quite forſworn!
For me,—that I may ſurely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days paſs; which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud diſdainful haggard:
And ſo farewell, ſignior Lucentio.—
Kindneſs in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love:—and ſo I take my leave,
In reſolution as I ſwore before.

[*Exit Hortensio.—Lucentio and Bianca advance.*

Tra. Miſtreſs Bianca, bleſs you with ſuch grace
As 'longeth to a lover's bleſſed caſe!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forſworn you, with Hortenſio. [me?

Bian. Tranio, you jeſt; But have you both forſworn

Tra. Miſtreſs, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I'faith, he'll have a luſty widow now,
That ſhall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He ſays ſo, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-ſchool.

Bian. The taming-ſchool! what, is there ſuch a place?

Tra. Ay, miſtreſs, and Petruchio is the maſter;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,—
To tame a ſhrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello, running.

Bion. O maſter, maſter, I have watch'd ſo long
That I'm dog-weary; but at laſt I ſpied

An ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will ſerve the turn.

TRA. What is he, Biondello?

BION. Maſter, a mercatantè, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance ſurely like a father.

LUC. And what of him, Tranio?

TRA. If he be credulous, and truſt my tale,
I'll make him glad to ſeem Vincentio;
And give aſſurance to Baptiſta Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

Enter a PEDANT.

PED. God ſave you, ſir!

TRA. And you, ſir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the furtheſt?

PED. Sir, at the furtheſt for a week or two:
But then up further; and as far as Rome;
And ſo to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

TRA. What countryman, I pray?

PED. Of Mantua.

TRA. Of Mantua, ſir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careleſs of your life?

PED. My life, ſir! how I pray? for that goes hard.

TRA. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua; Know you not the cauſe?
Your ſhips are ſtaid at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,)
Hath publiſh'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it elſe proclaim'd about.

PED. Alas, ſir, it is worſe for me than ſo;

For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and muſt here deliver them.

Tra. Well, ſir, to do you courteſy,
This will I do, and this will I adviſe you;—
Firſt, tell me, have you ever been at Piſa?

Ped. Ay, ſir, in Piſa have I often been;
Piſa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, ſir; and, ſooth to ſay,
In countenance ſomewhat doth reſemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyſter, and all one. [*Aſide.*

Tra. To ſave your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his ſake;
And think it not the worſt of all your fortunes,
That you are like to ſir Vincentio.
His name and credit ſhall you undertake,
And in my houſe you ſhall be friendly lodg'd;—
Look, that you take upon you as you ſhould;
You underſtand me, ſir;—ſo ſhall you ſtay
Till you have done your buſineſs in the city:
If this be courteſy, ſir, accept of it.

Ped. O, ſir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you underſtand;—
My father is here look'd for every day,
To paſs aſſurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptiſta's daughter here:
In all theſe circumſtances I'll inſtruct you:
Go with me, ſir, to clothe you as becomes you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. A Room in PETRUCHIO'S *Houſe.*

Enter KATHARINA *and* GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no, forſooth; I dare not, for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his ſpite appears:
What, did he marry me to famiſh me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a preſent alms;
If not, elſewhere they meet with charity:
But I,—who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I ſhould entreat,—
Am ſtarv'd for meat, giddy for lack of ſleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which ſpites me more than all theſe wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who ſhould ſay,—if I ſhould ſleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly ſickneſs, or elſe preſent death.—
I pr'ythee go, and get me ſome repaſt;
I care not what, ſo it be wholeſome food.

Gru. What ſay you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis paſſing good; I pr'ythee let me have it.

Gre. I fear, it is too cholerick a meat:—
How ſay you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis cholerick.
What ſay you to a piece of beef, and muſtard?

Kath. A diſh that I love to feed upon.

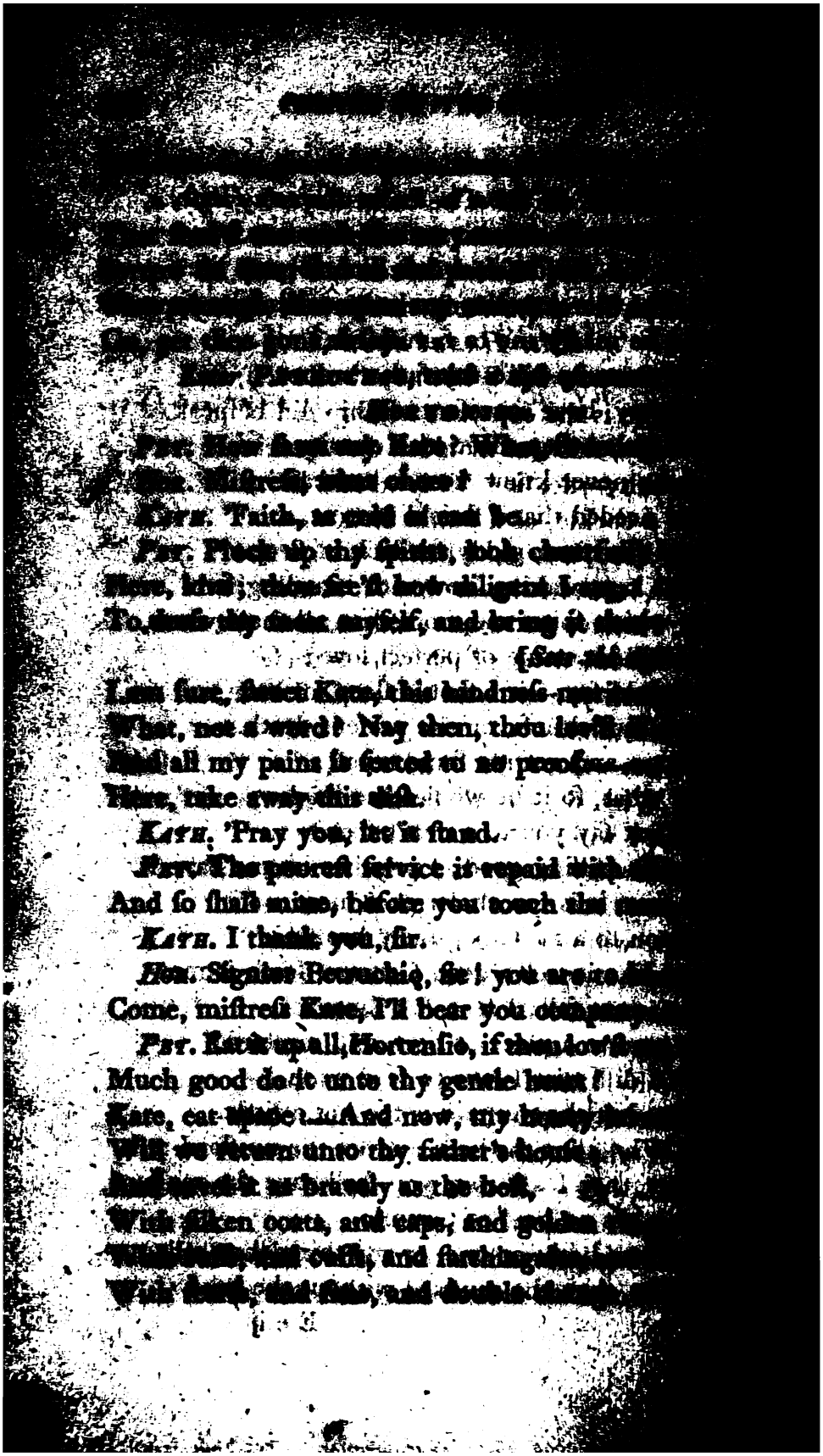
Gru. Ay, but the muſtard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the muſtard reſt.

Gru. Nay, then I will not; you ſhall have the muſtard,
Or elſe you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the muſtard without the beef.



With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, haſt thou din'd? The tailor ſtays thy leiſure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treaſure.—

Enter TAILOR.

Come, tailor, let us ſee theſe ornaments;

Enter HABERDASHER.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, ſir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worſhip did beſpeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet diſh;—fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnutſhell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear ſuch caps as theſe.

Pet. When you are gentle, you ſhall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haſte. [*Aſide.*

Kath. Why, ſir, I truſt, I may have leave to ſpeak;
And ſpeak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me ſay my mind;
And, if you cannot, beſt you ſtop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or elſe my heart, concealing it, will break:
And, rather than it ſhall, I will be free
Even to the uttermoſt, as I pleaſe, in words.

Pet. Why, thou ſay'ſt true; it is a paltry cap,
A cuſtard-coffin, a bauble, a ſilken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'ſt it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay: Come, tailor, let us ſee't.
O mercy, God! what maſking ſtuff is here?

What's this? a ſleeve? 'tis like a demicannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an appletart?
Here's ſnip, and nip, and cut, and ſliſh, and ſlaſh,
Like to a cenſer in a barber's ſhop:—
Why, what, o'devil's name, tailor, call'ſt thou this?

Hor. I ſee, ſhe's like to have neither cap nor gown. [*Aſide.*

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the faſhion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you ſhall hop without my cuſtom, ſir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your beſt of it.

Kath. I never ſaw a better-faſhion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleaſing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She ſays, your worſhip means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monſtrous arrogance! Thou liëſt, thou thread,
Thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:—
Brav'd in mine own houſe with a ſkein of thread!
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I ſhall ſo be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou ſhalt think on prating whilſt thou liv'ſt!
I tell thee, I, that thou haſt marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worſhip is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Juſt as my maſter had direction:
Grumio gave order how it ſhould be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the ſtuff.

TAI. But how did you deſire it ſhould be made?

GRU. Marry, ſir, with needle and thread.

TAI. But did you not requeſt to have it cut?

GRU. Thou haſt faced many things.

TAI. I have.

GRU. Face not me: thou haſt braved many men; brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved. I ſay unto thee,—bid thy maſter cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou lieſt.

TAI. Why, here is the note of the faſhion to teſtify.

PET. Read it.

GRU. The note lies in his throat, if he ſay I ſaid ſo.

TAI. Imprimis, a looſe-bodied gown:

GRU. Maſter, if ever I ſaid looſe-bodied gown, ſew me in the ſkirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I ſaid, a gown.

PET. Proceed.

TAI. With a ſmall compaſs'd cape;

GRU. I confeſs the cape.

TAI. With a trunk ſleeve;——

GRU. I confeſs two ſleeves.

TAI. The ſleeves curiouſly cut.

PET. Ay, there's the villainy.

GRU. Error i'the bill, ſir; error i'the bill. I commanded the ſleeves ſhould be cut out, and ſewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

TAI. This is true, that I ſay; an I had thee in place where, thou ſhould'ſt know it.

GRU. I am for thee ſtraight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard; and ſpare not me.

HOR. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he ſhall have no odds.

Pet. Well, ſir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i'the right, ſir; 'tis for my miſtreſs.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy maſter's uſe.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my miſtreſs' gown for thy maſter's uſe!

Pet. Why, ſir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, ſir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:
Take up my miſtreſs' gown to his maſter's uſe!
O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. Hortenſio, ſay thou wilt ſee the tailor paid:—
[*Aſide.*
Go take it hence; be gone, and ſay no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.
Take no unkindneſs of his haſty words:
Away, I ſay; commend me to thy maſter. [*Exit Tailor.*

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in theſe honeſt mean habilements;
Our purſes ſhall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the ſun breaks through the darkeſt clouds,
So honour peereth in the meaneſt habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Becauſe his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Becauſe his painted ſkin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worſe
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
If thou account'ſt it ſhame, lay it on me:
And therefore, frolick; we will hence forthwith,
To feaſt and ſport us at thy father's houſe.—
Go, call my men, and let us ſtraight to him;
And bring our horſes unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—

Let's ſee; I think, 'tis now ſome ſeven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner time.
Kath. I dare aſſure you, ſir, 'tis almoſt two;
And 'twill be ſupper time, ere you come there.
Pet. It ſhall be ſeven, ere I go to horſe:
Look, what I ſpeak, or do, or think to do,
You are ſtill croſſing it.—Sirs, let't alone;
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It ſhall be what o'clock I ſay it is.
Hor. Why, ſo! this gallant will command the ſun.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Padua. *Before* BAPTISTA'S *Houſe.*

Enter TRANIO, *and the* PEDANT, *dreſſed like* VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the houſe; Pleaſe it you, that I call?
Ped. Ay, what elſe? and, but I be deceived,
Signior Baptiſta may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, where
We were lodgers at the Pegaſus.
Tra. 'Tis well;
And hold your own, in any caſe, with ſuch
Auſterity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you: But, ſir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good, he were ſchool'd.
Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I adviſe you;
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.
Bion. Tut! fear not me.
Tra. But haſt thou done thy errand to Baptiſta?
Bion. I told him, that your father was at Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptiſta:—ſet your countenance, ſir.—

Enter Baptista and Lucentio.

Signior Baptiſta, you are happily met:—
Sir, [*To the Pedant.*]
This is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you, ſtand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, ſon!
Sir, by your leave; having come to Padua
To gather in ſome debts, my ſon Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cauſe
Of love between your daughter and himſelf:
And,—for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And ſhe to him,—to ſtay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and—if you pleaſe to like
No worſe than I, ſir,—upon ſome agreement,
Me ſhall you find moſt ready and moſt willing
With one conſent to have her ſo beſtow'd:
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptiſta, of whom I hear ſo well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to ſay;——
Your plainneſs, and your ſhortneſs, pleaſe me well.
Right true it is, your ſon Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and ſhe loveth him,
Or both diſſemble deeply their affections:
And, therefore, if you ſay no more than this,—
That like a father you will deal with him,
And paſs my daughter a ſufficient dower,
The match is fully made, and all is done:
Your ſon ſhall have my daughter with conſent.

Tra. I thank you, ſir. Where then do you know beſt,
We be affied; and ſuch aſſurance ta'en,
As ſhall with either part's agreement ſtand?

Bap. Not in my houſe, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many ſervants:
Beſides, old Gremio is heark'ning ſtill;
And, happily, we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, ſir:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll paſs the buſineſs privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your ſervant here,
My boy ſhall fetch the ſcrivener preſently.
The worſt is this,—that, at ſo ſlender warning,
You're like to have a thin and ſlender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well:—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready ſtraight:
And, if you will, tell what hath happened:—
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how ſhe's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods ſhe may, with all my heart!

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Signior Baptiſta, ſhall I lead the way?
Welcome! one meſs is like to be your cheer:
Come, ſir; we'll better it in Piſa.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista.*

Bion. Cambio.—

Luc. What ſay'ſt thou, Biondello?

Bion. You ſaw my maſter wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith nothing; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his ſigns and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptiſta is ſafe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful ſon.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the ſupper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old prieſt at ſaint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; except they are buſied about a counterfeit aſſurance: Take you aſſurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum ſolùm:* to the church;—take the prieſt, clerk, and ſome ſufficient honeſt witneſſes:
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to ſay,
But, bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day. [*Going.*

Luc. Hear'ſt thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as ſhe went to the garden for parſley to ſtuff a rabbit; and ſo may you, ſir; and ſo adieu, ſir. My maſter hath appointed me to go to ſaint Luke's, to bid the prieſt be ready to come againſt you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if ſhe be ſo contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore ſhould I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;
It ſhall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. A public Road.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o'God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly ſhines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the ſun; it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I ſay, it is the moon that ſhines ſo bright.
Kath. I know, it is the ſun that ſhines ſo bright.
Pet. Now, by my mother's ſon, and that's myſelf,
It ſhall be moon, or ſtar, or what I liſt,
Or ere I journey to your father's houſe :—
Go on, and fetch our horſes back again.—
Evermore croſt, and croſt; nothing but croſt!
Hor. Say as he ſays, or we ſhall never go.
Kath. Forward, I pray, ſince we have come ſo far,
And be it moon, or ſun, or what you pleaſe :
And if you pleaſe to call it a ruſh candle,
Henceforth I vow it ſhall be ſo for me.
Pet. I ſay, it is the moon.
Kath. I know it is.
Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the bleſſed ſun.
Kath. Then, God be bleſs'd, it is the bleſſed ſun :—
But ſun it is not, when you ſay it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And ſo it ſhall be ſo, for Katharine.
Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.
Pet. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl ſhould run,
And not unluckily againſt the bias.—
But ſoft; what company is coming here?

Enter VINCENTIO, *in a travelling dreſs.*

Good-morrow, gentle miſtreſs: Where away?—
[*To* VINCENTIO.
Tell me, ſweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Haſt thou beheld a freſher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What ſtars do ſpangle heaven with ſuch beauty,
As thoſe two eyes become that heavenly face?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee :—

Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's ſake. [him.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and freſh, and ſweet,
Whither away; or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of ſo fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable ſtars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope, thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou ſay'ſt he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my miſtaking eyes,
That have been ſo bedazzled with the ſun,
That every thing I look on ſeemeth green:
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad miſtaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandſire; and, withal, make known
Which way thou travelleſt: if along with us,
We ſhall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair ſir,—and you my merry miſtreſs,—
That with your ſtrange encounter much amaz'd me;
My name is call'd—Vincentio; my dwelling—Piſa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to viſit
A ſon of mine, which long I have not ſeen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle ſir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy ſon.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee—my loving father;
The ſiſter to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy ſon by this hath married: Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd; ſhe is of good eſteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beſide, ſo qualified as may beſeem

The ſpouſe of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio:
And wander we to ſee thy honeſt ſon,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it elſe your pleaſure,
Like pleaſant travellers, to break a jeſt
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do aſſure thee, father, ſo it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and ſee the truth hereof;
For our firſt merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* Petruchio, Katharina, *and* Vincentio.

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if ſhe be froward,
Then haſt thou taught Hortenſio to be untoward. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Padua. *Before* Lucentio's *Houſe.*

Enter on one ſide Biondello, Lucentio, *and* Bianca; Gremio *walking on the other ſide.*

Bion. Softly and ſwiftly, ſir; for the prieſt is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll ſee the church o' your back; and then come back to my maſter as ſoon as I can.

[*Exeunt* Lucentio, Bianca, *and* Biondello.

Gre. I marvel, Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Vincentio, *and Attendants.*

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's houſe,
My father's bears more toward the marketplace;
Thither muſt I, and here I leave you, ſir.

Vin. You ſhall not chooſe but drink before you go;

I think, I ſhall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, ſome cheer is toward. [*Knocks.*

Gre. They're buſy within, you were beſt knock louder.

Enter PEDANT *above, at a window.*

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is ſignior Lucentio within, ſir?

Ped. He's within, ſir, but not to be ſpoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal.

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourſelf; he ſhall need none, ſo long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your ſon was belov'd in Padua. —Do you hear, ſir?—to leave frivolous circumſtances, —I pray you, tell ſignior Lucentio, that his father is come from Piſa, and is here at the door to ſpeak with him.

Ped. Thou lieſt; his father is come from Piſa, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, ſir; ſo his mother ſays, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! [*To* VINCEN.] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain; I believe, 'a means to cozen ſomebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have ſeen them in the church together; God ſend 'em good ſhipping!—But who is here? mine old maſter, Vincentio? now we are undone and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp. [*Seeing* BIONDELLO.

Bion. I hope, I may chooſe, ſir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, ſir: I could not forget you, for I never ſaw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didſt thou never ſee thy maſter's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worſhipful old maſter? yes, marry, ſir; ſee where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't ſo, indeed? [*Beats Biondello.*

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, ſon! help, ſignior Baptiſta!

[*Exit, from the window.*

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's ſtand aſide, and ſee the end of this controverſy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter Pedant below; Baptista, Tranio, and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my ſervant?

Vin. What am I, ſir? nay, what are you, ſir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A ſilken doublet! a velvet hoſe! a ſcarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!—O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good huſband at home, my ſon and my ſervant ſpend all at the univerſity.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatick?

Tra. Sir, you ſeem a ſober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words ſhow you a madman: Why, ſir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O villain! he is a ſailmaker in Bergamo.

Bap. You miſtake, ſir; you miſtake, ſir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever ſince he was three years old, and his name is—Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad aſs! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only ſon, and heir to the lands of me ſignior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his maſter!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name:—O, my ſon, my ſon!—tell me, thou villain, where is my ſon Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer: [*Enter one with an* Officer.] carry this mad knave to the gaol:—Father Baptiſta, I charge you, ſee, that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer; he ſhall not go to priſon.

Bap. Talk not, ſignior Gremio; I ſay, he ſhall go to priſon.

Gre. Take heed, ſignior Baptiſta, leſt you be coney-catch'd in this buſineſs; I dare ſwear, this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'ſt.

Gre. Nay, I dare not ſwear it.

Tra. Then thou wert beſt ſay, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be ſignior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the gaol with him.

Vin. Thus ſtrangers may be haled and abus'd:—O monſtrous villain.

Re-enter Biondello, *with* Lucentio, *and* Bianca.

Bion. O, we are ſpoiled, and—Yonder he is; deny him, forſwear him, or elſe we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, ſweet father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my ſweeteſt ſon?

[*Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant run out.*

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling.*

Bap. How haſt thou offended?—
Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,
Right ſon unto the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit ſuppoſes blear'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing, with a witneſs, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter ſo?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought theſe miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my ſtate with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at laſt
Unto the wiſhed haven of my bliſs:—
What Tranio did, myſelf enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, ſweet father, for my ſake.

Vin. I'll ſlit the villain's noſe, that would have ſent me to the gaol.

Bap. But do you hear, ſir? [*To Lucentio.*] Have you married my daughter without aſking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptiſta; we will content you, go to: But I will in, to be reveng'd for this villainy. [*Exit.*

Bap. And I, to ſound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown.
[*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*

Gre. My cake is dough: But I'll in among the reſt;
Out of hope of all,—but my ſhare of the feaſt. [*Exit.*

[*Petruchio and Katharina advance.*

Kath. Huſband, let's follow to ſee the end of this ado.

Pet. Firſt kiſs me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midſt of the ſtreet?
Pet. What, art thou aſham'd of me?
Kath. No, ſir; God forbid: but aſham'd to kiſs.
Pet. Why, then, let's home again:—Come, ſirrah, let's away. [love, ſtay.
Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiſs: now pray thee,
Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my ſweet Kate;
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A Room in Lucentio's Houſe.

A Banquet ſet out. Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Widow. Tranio, Biondello, Grumio, and Others, attending.

Luc. At laſt, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To ſmile at 'ſcapes and perils over-blown.—
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with ſelf-ſame kindneſs welcome thine:—
Brother Petruchio,—ſiſter Katharina,—
And thou, Hortenſio, with thy loving widow,—
Feaſt with the beſt, and welcome to my houſe;
My banquet is to cloſe our ſtomachs up,
After our great good cheer: Pray you, ſit down;
For now we ſit to chat, as well as eat. [*They ſit at table.*
Pet. Nothing but ſit and ſit, and eat and eat!
Bap. Padua affords this kindneſs, ſon Petruchio.
Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.
Hor. For both our ſakes, I would that word were true.
Pet. Now, for my life, Hortenſio fears his widow.
Wid. Then never truſt me if I be afeard.
Pet. You are ſenſible, and yet you miſs my ſenſe;
I mean, Hortenſio is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Miſtreſs, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me!—How likes Hortenſio that?

Hor. My widow ſays, thus ſhe conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended: Kiſs him for that good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round:—
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your huſband, being troubled with a ſhrew,
Meaſures my huſband's ſorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, reſpecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to Hortensio.*

Bap. How likes Gremio theſe quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, ſir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt? an haſty-witted body
Would ſay, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, miſtreſs bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll ſleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you ſhall not; ſince you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jeſt or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to ſhift my buſh,
And then purſue me as you draw your bow:—
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt Bianca, Katharina, and Widow.*

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, ſignior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that ſhot and miſs'd.
Tra. O, ſir, Lucentio ſlipp'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himſelf, and catches for his maſter.
Pet. A good ſwift ſimile, but ſomething curriſh.
Tra. 'Tis well, ſir, that you hunted for yourſelf;
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.
Bap. O ho, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.
Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.
Hor. Confeſs, confeſs; hath he not hit you here?
Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confeſs;
And, as the jeſt did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
Bap. Now, in good ſadneſs, ſon Petruchio,
I think thou haſt the verieſt ſhrew of all.
Pet. Well, I ſay—no: and therefore, for aſſurance,
Let's each one ſend unto his wife;
And he, whoſe wife is moſt obedient
To come at firſt when he doth ſend for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propoſe.
Hor. Content;——What is the wager?
Luc. Twenty crowns.
Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture ſo much on my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times ſo much upon my wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match; 'tis done.
Hor. Who ſhall begin?
Luc. That will I. Go,
Biondello, bid your miſtreſs come to me.
Bion. I go. [*Exit.*

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.
Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myſelf.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?
Bion. Sir, my miſtreſs ſends you word
That ſhe is buſy, and ſhe cannot come.
Pet. How! ſhe is buſy, and ſhe cannot come!
Is that an anſwer?
Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, ſir, your wife ſend you not a worſe.
Pet. I hope, better.
Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit* BIONDELLO.
Pet. O, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then ſhe needs muſt come.
Hor. I am afraid, ſir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife?
Bion. She ſays, you have ſome goodly jeſt in hand;
She will not come; ſhe bids you come to her.
Pet. Worſe and worſe; ſhe will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!
Sirrah, Grumio, go to your miſtreſs;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit* GRUMIO.
Hor. I know her anſwer.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not come.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!
Kath. What is your will, ſir, that you ſend for me?
Pet. Where is your ſiſter, and Hortenſio's wife!

Kath. They ſit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them ſoundly forth unto their huſbands:
Away, I ſay, and bring them hither ſtraight.

[*Exit Katharina.*

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And ſo it is; I wonder, what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right ſupremacy;
And, to be ſhort, what not, that's ſweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befal thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou haſt won; and I will add
Unto their loſſes twenty thouſand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For ſhe is chang'd, as ſhe had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And ſhow more ſign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter Katharina, with Bianca, and Widow.

See, where ſhe comes; and brings your froward wives
As priſoners to her womanly perſuaſion.—
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[*Katharina pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cauſe to ſigh,
Till I be brought to ſuch a ſilly paſs!

Bian. Fie! what a fooliſh duty call you this?

Luc. I would, your duty were as fooliſh too:
The wiſdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath coſt me an hundred crowns ſince ſupper-time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell theſe headſtrong
women

What duty they do owe their lords and huſbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I ſay; and firſt begin with her.

Wid. She ſhall not.

Pet. I ſay, ſhe ſhall;—and firſt begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;
And dart not ſcornful glances from thoſe eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as froſts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds ſhake fair buds;
And in no ſenſe is meet, or amiable.
A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-ſeeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is ſo, none ſo dry or thirſty
Will deign to ſip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy huſband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy ſovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by ſea and land;
To watch the night in ſtorms, the day in cold,
While thou lieſt warm at home, ſecure and ſafe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for ſo great a debt.
Such duty as the ſubject owes the prince,
Even ſuch, a woman oweth to her huſband:
And, when ſhe's froward, peeviſh, ſullen, ſour,
And, not obedient to his honeſt will,
What is ſhe, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceleſs traitor to her loving lord?—
I am aſham'd, that women are ſo ſimple
To offer war where they ſhould kneel for peace;

Or ſeek for rule, ſupremacy, and ſway,
When they are bound to ſerve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies ſoft, and weak, and ſmooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;
But that our ſoft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great; my reaſon, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:
But now, I ſee our lances are but ſtraws;
Our ſtrength as weak, our weakneſs paſt compare,—
That ſeeming to be moſt, which we leaſt are.
Then vail your ſtomachs, for it is no boot;
And place your hands below your huſband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he pleaſe,
My hand is ready, may it do him eaſe.

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiſs me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou ſhalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harſh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to-bed:—
We three are married, but you two are ſped.
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;
[*To Lucentio.*
And, being a winner, God give you good night!
[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina.*

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou haſt tam'd a curſt ſhrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, ſhe will be tam'd ſo.
[*Exeunt.*

WINTER'S TALE.

Perſons repreſented.

Leontes, *King of* Sicilia:
Mamillius, *his ſon.*
Camillo,
Antigonus,
Cleomenes,
Dion,
} Sicilian *Lords.*
Another Sicilian *Lord.*
Rogero, *a* Sicilian *Gentleman.*
An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
Polixenes, *King of* Bohemia:
Florizel, *his ſon.*
Archidamus, *a* Bohemian *Lord.*
A Mariner.
Gaoler.
An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita;
Clown, his Son.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
Autolycus, *a Rogue.*
Time, as Chorus.

Hermione, *Queen to* Leontes.
Perdita, *Daughter to* Leontes *and* Hermione.
Paulina, *Wife to* Antigonus.
Emilia, *a Lady,*
Two other Ladies,
} *attending the Queen.*
Mopſa,
Dorcas,
} *Shepherdeſſes.*

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a dance; Shepherds, Shepherdeſſes, Guards, &c.

SCENE, ſometimes in Sicilia, *ſometimes in* Bohemia.

WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Sicilia. *An Antechamber in* LEONTES' *Palace. Enter* CAMILLO, *and* ARCHIDAMUS.

ARCH. If you ſhall chance, Camillo, to viſit Bohemia, on the like occaſion whereon my ſervices are now on foot, you ſhall ſee, as I have ſaid, great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

CAM. I think, this coming ſummer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the viſitation which he juſtly owes him.

ARCH. Wherein our entertainment ſhall ſhame us, we will be juſtified in our loves: for, indeed,—

CAM. 'Beſeech you,——

ARCH. Verily, I ſpeak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with ſuch magnificence—in ſo rare—I know not what to ſay.——We will give you ſleepy drinks; that your ſenſes, unintelligent of our inſufficience, may, though they cannot praiſe us, as little accuſe us.

CAM. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

ARCH. Believe me, I ſpeak as my underſtanding inſtructs me, and as mine honeſty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot ſhow himſelf over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then ſuch an affection, which cannot chooſe but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal neceſſities, made ſeparation of their ſociety, their encounters, though not perſonal, have been royally attorney'd, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embaſſies; that they have ſeem'd to be together, though abſent; ſhook hands, as over a vaſt; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of oppoſed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unſpeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greateſt promiſe, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, phyſicks the ſubject, makes old hearts freſh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, deſire yet their life, to ſee him a man.

Arch. Would they elſe be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuſe why they ſhould deſire to live.

Arch. If the king had no ſon, they would deſire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The ſame. A Room of ſtate in the Palace. Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Hermione, Mamillius, Camillo, *and Attendants.*

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry ſtar have been
The ſhepherd's note, ſince we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we ſhould, for perpetuity,

Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cypher,
Yet ſtanding in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thouſands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am queſtion'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our abſence: That may blow
No ſneaping winds at home, to make us ſay,
This is put forth too truly! Beſides, I have ſtay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer ſtay.

Leon. One ſeven-night longer.

Pol. Very ſooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's then: and in that
I'll no gain-ſaying.

Pol. Preſs me not, 'beſeech you, ſo;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'the world,
So ſoon as yours, could win me: ſo it ſhould now,
Were there neceſſity in your requeſt, although
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my ſtay,
To you a charge, and trouble: to ſave both,
Farewel, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-ty'd, our queen? ſpeak you.

Her. I had thought, ſir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him, not to ſtay. You, ſir,
Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are ſure,
All in Bohemia's well: this ſatisfaction

The by-gone day proclaim'd; ſay this to him,
He's beat from his beſt ward.
Leon. Well ſaid, Hermione.
Her. To tell, he longs to ſee his ſon, were ſtrong:
But let him ſay ſo then, and let him go;
But let him ſwear ſo, and he ſhall not ſtay,
We'll thwack him hence with diſtaffs.— [ture
Yet of your royal preſence [*To Polixenes.*] I'll adven-
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commiſſion,
To let him there a month, behind the geſt
Prefix'd for his parting: yet, good-deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady ſhe her lord.—You'll ſtay?
Pol. No, madam.
Her. Nay, but you will?
Pol. I may not, verily.
Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows: But I,
Though you would ſeek to unſphere the ſtars with oaths,
Should yet ſay, *Sir, no going.* Verily,
You ſhall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a priſoner,
Not like a gueſt; ſo you ſhall pay your fees,
When you depart, and ſave your thanks. How ſay you?
My priſoner? or my gueſt? by your dread verily,
One of them you ſhall be.
Pol. Your gueſt, then, madam:
To be your priſoner, ſhould import offending;
Which is for me leſs eaſy to commit,
Than you to puniſh.
Her. Not your gaoler then,

But your kind hoſteſs. Come, I'll queſtion you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordings then.
Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But ſuch a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.
Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o'the two?
Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did friſk i'the ſun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we purſued that life,
And our weak ſpirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With ſtronger blood, we ſhould have anſwer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty;* the impoſition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.
Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd ſince.
Pol. O my moſt ſacred lady,
Temptations have ſince then been born to us: for
In thoſe unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious ſelf had then not croſs'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.
Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no concluſion; leſt you ſay,
Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do, we'll anſwer;
If you firſt ſinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you ſlipp'd not
With any but with us.
Leon. Is he won yet?
Her. He'll ſtay, my lord.

Leon. At my requeſt, he would not.
Hermione, my deareſt, thou never ſpok'ſt
To better purpoſe.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice ſaid well? when was't before?
I pr'ythee, tell me: Cram us with praiſe, and make us
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongueleſs,
Slaughters a thouſand, waiting upon that.
Our praiſes are our wages: You may ride us,
With one ſoft kiſs, a thouſand furlongs, ere
With ſpur we heat an acre. But to the goal;—
My laſt good deed was, to entreat his ſtay;
What was my firſt? it has an elder ſiſter,
Or I miſtake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I ſpoke to the purpoſe: When?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had four'd themſelves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyſelf my love; then didſt thou utter,
I am yours for ever.

Her. It is Grace, indeed.—
Why, lo you now, I have ſpoke to the purpoſe twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal huſband;
The other, for ſome while a friend.

[*Giving her hand to* Polixenes.

Leon. Too hot, too hot: [*Aſide.*
To mingle friendſhip far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me:—my heart dances;
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartineſs, from bounty, fertile boſom,

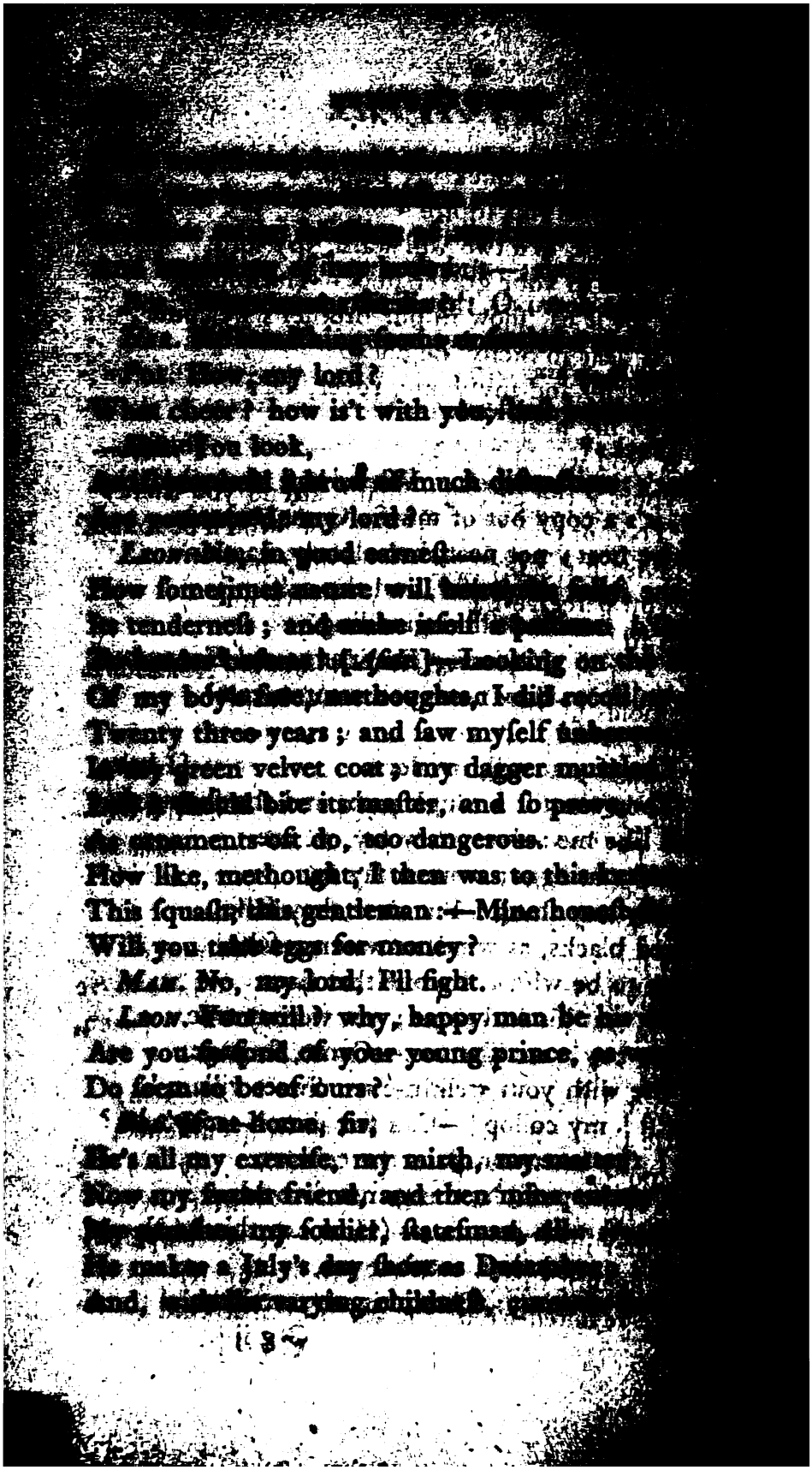
And well become the agent: it may, I grant:
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practis'd ſmiles,
As in a looking-glaſs;—and then to ſigh, as 'twere
The mort o'the deer; O, that is entertainment
My boſom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I'fecks? [noſe?—
Why, that's my bawcock. What, haſt ſmutch'd thy
They ſay, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We muſt be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the ſteer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd, neat.—Still virginalling
[*Obſerving* Polixenes *and* Hermione
Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf?
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord. [I have,

Leon. Thou want'ſt a rough paſh, and the ſhoots that
To be full like me:—yet, they ſay, we are
Almoſt as like as eggs; women ſay ſo,
That will ſay any thing: But were they falſe
As o'er-died blacks, as wind, as waters; falſe
As dice are to be wiſh'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To ſay, this boy were like me.—Come, ſir page,
Look on me with your welkin-eye: Sweet villain!
Moſt dear'ſt! my collop!—Can thy dam?—may't be?
Affection! thy intention ſtabs the center:
Thou doſt make poſſible, things not ſo held,
Communicat'ſt with dreams;—(How can this be?)—
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'ſt nothing: Then, 'tis very credent,



Thoughts that would thick my blood.

LEON. So ſtands this ſquire
Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver ſteps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'ſt us, ſhow in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap:
Next to thyſelf, and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

HER. If you would ſeek us,
We are yours i' the garden: Shall's attend you there?

LEON. To your own bents diſpoſe you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the ſky:—I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!
[*Aſide. Obſerving* POLIXENES *and* HERMIONE.
How ſhe holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldneſs of a wife
To her allowing huſband! Gone already;
Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears a fork'd one.—
[*Exeunt* POLIXENES, HERMIONE, *and attendants.*
Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but ſo diſgrac'd a part, whoſe iſſue
Will hiſs me to my grave; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play;—There have
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now; [been,
And many a man there is, even at this preſent,
Now, while I ſpeak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks ſhe has been ſluic'd in his abſence,
And his pond fiſh'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates; and thoſe gates open'd,
As mine, againſt their will: Should all deſpair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind

Would hang themſelves. Phyſick for't there is none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will ſtrike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From eaſt, weſt, north, and ſouth: Be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know it;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage; many a thouſand of us
Have the diſeaſe, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they ſay.

Leon. Why, that's ſome comfort.—
What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honeſt man.—
[*Exit Mamillius.*
Camillo, this great ſir will yet ſtay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you caſt out, it ſtill came home.

Leon. Didſt note it?

Cam. He would not ſtay at your petitions; made
His buſineſs more material.

Leon. Didſt perceive it?—
They're here with me already; whiſpering, rounding,
Sicilia is a ſo-forth: 'Tis far gone,
When I ſhall guſt it laſt.—How came't, Camillo,
That he did ſtay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's, be't: good, ſhould be pertinent;
But ſo it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any underſtanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is ſoaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks:—Not noted, is't,
But of the finer naturals? by ſome ſeverals,
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower meſſes,

Perchance, are to this buſineſs purblind: ſay.

Cam. Buſineſs, my lord? I think, moſt underſtand
Bohemia ſtays here longer.

Leon. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To ſatisfy your highneſs, and the entreaties
Of our moſt gracious miſtreſs.

Leon. Satisfy
The entreaties of your miſtreſs?——ſatisfy?
Let that ſuffice. I have truſted thee, Camillo,
With all the neareſt things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils, wherein, prieſt-like, thou
Haſt cleans'd my boſom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which ſeems ſo.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon't;—Thou art not honeſt: or,
If thou inclin'ſt that way, thou art a coward;
Which hoxes honeſty behind, reſtraining
From courſe required: Or elſe thou muſt be counted
A ſervant, grafted in my ſerious truſt,
And therein negligent; or elſe a fool,
That ſeeſt a game play'd home, the rich ſtake drawn,
And tak'ſt it all for jeſt.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, fooliſh, and fearful;
In every one of theſe no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongſt the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,

It was my folly; if induſtriouſly
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the iſſue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Againſt the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wiſeſt: theſe, my lord,
Are ſuch allow'd infirmities, that honeſty
Is never free of. But, 'beſeech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my treſpaſs
By its own viſage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Have not you ſeen, Camillo,
(But that's paſt doubt: you have; or your eye-glaſs
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,
(For to a viſion ſo apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
Reſides not in that man, that does not think it,)
My wife is ſlippery? If thou wilt confeſs,
(Or elſe be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then ſay,
My wife's a hobbyhorſe; deſerves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: ſay it, and juſtify it.

Cam. I would not be a ſtander-by, to hear
My ſovereign miſtreſs clouded ſo, without
My preſent vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart,
You never ſpoke what did become you leſs
Than this; which to reiterate, were ſin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whiſpering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noſes?
Kiſſing with inſide lip? ſtopping the career

Of laughter with a ſigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honeſty:) horſing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wiſhing clocks more ſwift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes blind
With the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only,
That would unſeen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering ſky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have theſe nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diſeas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis moſt dangerous.

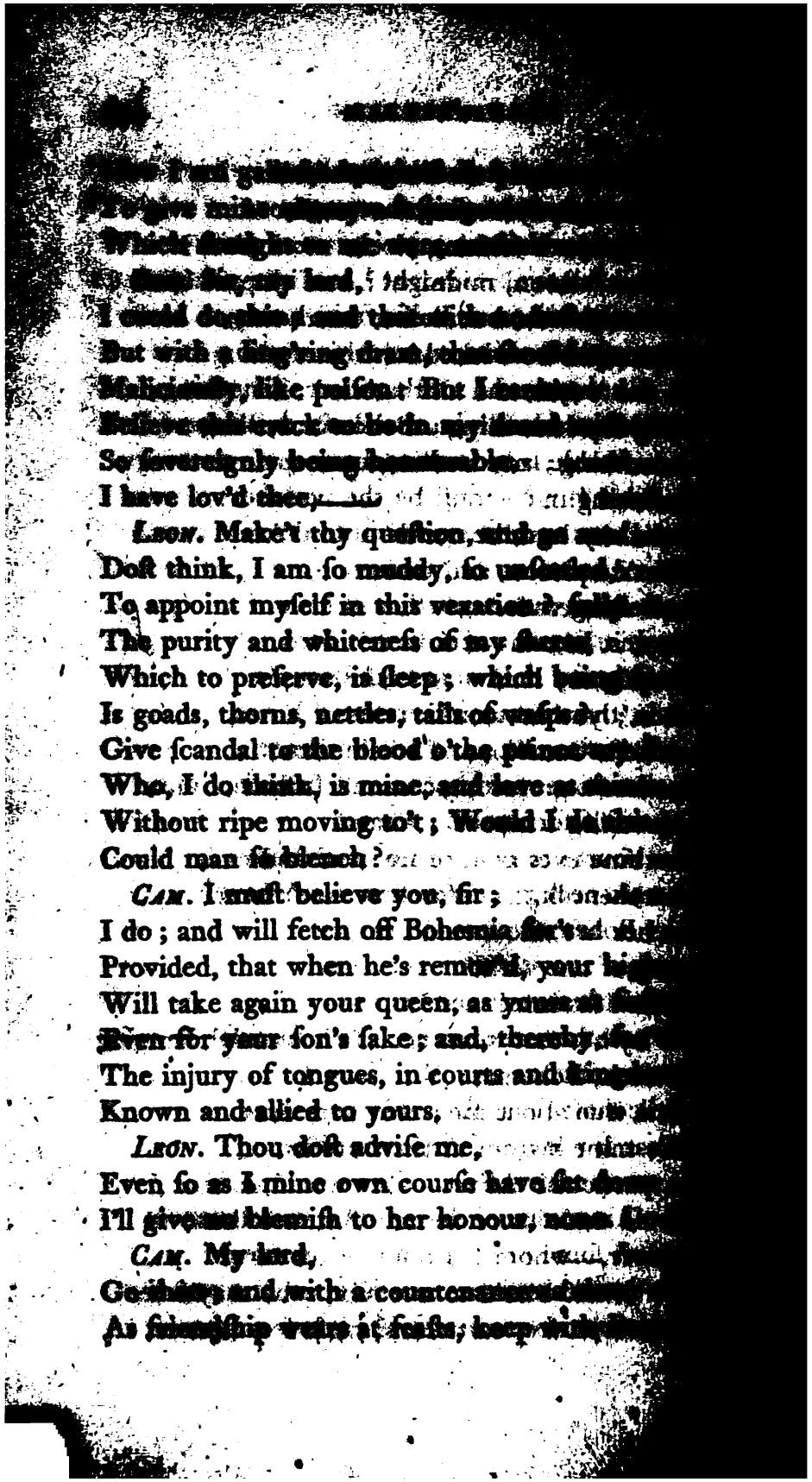
Leon. Say, it be; 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I ſay, thou lieſt, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a groſs lout, a mindleſs ſlave;
Or elſe a hovering temporiſer, that
Canſt with thine eyes at once ſee good and evil,
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, ſhe would not live
The running of one glaſs.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why he, that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: Who,—if I
Had ſervants true about me; that bare eyes
To ſee alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that
Which ſhould undo more doing: Ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I, from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worſhip; who may'ſt ſee
Plainly, as heaven ſees earth, and earth ſees heaven,



And with your queen: I am his cupbearer;
If from me he have wholeſome beverage,
Account me not your ſervant.
Leon. This is all:
Do't, and thou haſt the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou ſplit'ſt thine own.
Cam. I'll do't, my lord.
Leon. I will ſeem friendly, as thou haſt advis'd me. [*Exit.*
Cam. O miſerable lady!—But, for me,
What caſe ſtand I in? I muſt be the poiſoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a maſter; one,
Who, in rebellion with himſelf, will have
All that are his, ſo too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thouſands, that had ſtruck anointed kings,
And flouriſh'd after, I'd not do't: but ſince
Nor braſs, nor ſtone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itſelf forſwear't. I muſt
Forſake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy ſtar, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is ſtrange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not ſpeak?——
Good-day, Camillo.
Cam. Hail, moſt royal ſir!
Pol. What is the news i'the court?
Cam. None rare, my lord.
Pol. The king hath on him ſuch a countenance,
As he had loſt ſome province, and a region
Lov'd as he loves himſelf: even now I met him
With cuſtomary compliment; when he,

Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, ſpeeds from me; and
So leaves me, to conſider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord. [dare not

Pol. How! dare not? do not. Do you know, and
Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourſelf, what you do know, you muſt;
And cannot ſay, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which ſhows me mine chang'd too: for I muſt be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myſelf thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a ſickneſs
Which puts ſome of us in diſtemper; but
I cannot name the diſeaſe; and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not ſighted like the baſiliſk:
I have look'd on thouſands, who have ſped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none ſo. Camillo,——
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerklike, experienc'd, which no leſs adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whoſe ſucceſs we are gentle,—I beſeech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, impriſon it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not anſwer.

Pol. A ſickneſs caught of me, and yet I well!
I muſt be anſwer'd.—Do'ſt thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the leaſt

Is not this ſuit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou doſt gueſs of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how beſt to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my counſel;
Which muſt be even as ſwiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourſelf and me
Cry, *loſt*, and ſo good-night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he ſwears,
As he had ſeen't, or been an inſtrument
To vice you to't,—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my beſt blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the beſt!
Turn then my freſheſt reputation to
A ſavour, that may ſtrike the dulleſt noſtril
Where I arrive; and my approach be ſhunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worſe than the great'ſt infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular ſtar in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the ſea for to obey the moon,
As or, by oath, remove, or counſel, ſhake,

The fabrick of his folly; whoſe foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The ſtanding of his body.

Pol. How ſhould this grow?

Cam. I know not: but, I am ſure, 'tis ſafer to
Avoid what's grown, than queſtion how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare truſt my honeſty,—
That lies encloſed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.
Your followers I will whiſper to the buſineſs;
And will, by twos, and threes, at ſeveral poſterns,
Clear them o' the city: For myſelf, I'll put
My fortunes to your ſervice, which are here
By this diſcovery loſt. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you ſeek to prove,
I dare not ſtand by; nor ſhall you be ſafer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution ſworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I ſaw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places ſhall
Still neighbour mine: My ſhips are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealouſy
Is for a precious creature: as ſhe's rare,
Muſt it be great; and, as his perſon's mighty,
Muſt it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is diſhonour'd by a man which ever
Profeſs'd to him, why, his revenges muſt
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'erſhades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing

Of his ill-ta'en ſuſpicion! Come, Camillo;
I will reſpect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'ſt my life off hence: Let us avoid.
Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
The keys of all the poſterns: Pleaſe your highneſs
To take the urgent hour: come, ſir, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. The ſame.

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and* LADIES.

Her. Take the boy to you: he ſo troubles me,
'Tis paſt enduring.
1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord.
Shall I be your play-fellow?
Mam. No, I'll none of you.
1 *Lady.* Why, my ſweet lord?
Mam. You'll kiſs me hard; and ſpeak to me as if
I were a baby ſtill.—I love you better.
2 *Lady.* And why ſo, my good lord?
Mam. Not for becauſe
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they ſay,
Become ſome women beſt; ſo that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a ſemicircle,
Or half-moon made with a pen.
2 *Lady.* Who taught you this?
Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray now
What colour are your eye-brows?
1 *Lady.* Blue, my lord.
Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have ſeen a lady's noſe
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.
2 *Lady.* Hark ye:
The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we ſhall

Preſent our ſervices to a fine new prince,
One of theſe days; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

1 *Lady.* She is ſpread of late
Into a goodly bulk: Good time encounter her!

Her. What wiſdom ſtirs amongſt you? Come, ſir, now
I am for you again: Pray you, ſit by us,
And tell 's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or ſad, ſhall't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A ſad tale's beſt for winter:
I have one of ſprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, ſir.
Come on, ſit down:—Come on, and do your beſt
To fright me with your ſprites; you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man,——

Her. Nay, come, ſit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard;—I will tell it ſoftly;
Yon crickets ſhall not hear it.

Her. Come on then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, *and Others.*

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

1 *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men ſcour ſo on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ſhips.

Leon. How bleſs'd am I
In my juſt cenſure? in my true opinion?—
Alack, for leſſer knowledge!—How accurs'd,
In being ſo bleſt!—There may be in the cup
A ſpider ſteep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one preſent

The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drank, he cracks his gorge, his ſides,
With violent hefts:—I have drank and ſeen the ſpider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander:—
There is a plot againſt my life, my crown;
All's true, that is miſtruſted:—that falſe villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He has diſcover'd my deſign, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will:—How came the poſterns
So eaſily open?

1 *Lord.* By his great authority;
Which often hath no leſs prevail'd than ſo,
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well.——
Give me the boy; I am glad, you did not nurſe him:
Though he does bear ſome ſigns of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? ſport? [her;

Leon. Bear the boy hence, he ſhall not come about
Away with him:—and let her ſport herſelf
With that ſhe's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee ſwell thus.

Her. But I'd ſay, he had not,
And, I'll be ſworn, you would believe my ſaying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To ſay, *ſhe is a goodly lady*, and
The juſtice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity, ſhe's not honeſt, honourable:
Praiſe her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deſerves high ſpeech,) and ſtraight

The ſhrug, the hum, or ha; theſe petty brands,
That calumny doth uſe:—O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will fear
Virtue itſelf:—theſe ſhrugs, theſe hums, and ha's,
When you have ſaid, ſhe's goodly, come between,
Ere you can ſay ſhe's honeſt: But it be known,
From him that has moſt cauſe to grieve it ſhould be,
She's an adultreſs.

Her. Should a villain ſay ſo,
The moſt repleniſh'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but miſtake.

Leon. You have miſtook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Leſt barbariſm, making me the precedent,
Should a like language uſe to all degrees,
And mannerly diſtinguiſhment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have ſaid,
She's an adultreſs; I have ſaid, with whom:
More, ſhe's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federary with her; and one that knows
What ſhe ſhould ſhame to know herſelf,
But with her moſt vile principal, that ſhe's
A bed-ſwerver, even as bad as thoſe
That vulgars give bold titles; ay, and privy
To this their late eſcape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you,
When you ſhall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publiſh'd me? Gentle, my lord,
You ſcarce can right me throughly then, to ſay
You did miſtake.

Leon. No, no; if I miſtake
In thoſe foundations which I build upon,
The center is not big enough to bear
A ſchoolboy's top.—Away with her to priſon:
He, who ſhall ſpeak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he ſpeaks.

Her. There's ſome ill planet reigns:
I muſt be patient, till the heavens look
With an aſpect more favourable.—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our ſex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, ſhall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worſe than tears drown: Beſeech you all, my lords,
With thoughts ſo qualified as your charities
Shall beſt inſtruct you, meaſure me;—and ſo
The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard? [*To the guards.*

Her. Who is't, that goes with me?—'beſeech your highneſs,
My women may be with me; for, you ſee,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cauſe: when you ſhall know, your miſtreſs
Has deſerv'd priſon, then abound in tears,
As I come out; this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:
I never wiſh'd to ſee you ſorry; now,
I truſt, I ſhall.——My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

1 *Lord.* 'Beſeech your highneſs, call the queen again

Ant. Be certain what you do, ſir; leſt your juſtice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones ſuffer,
Yourſelf, your queen, your ſon.

1 *Lord.* For her, my lord,—
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, ſir,
Pleaſe you to accept it, that the queen is ſpotleſs
I'the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuſe her.
Ant. If it prove
She's otherwiſe, I'll keep my ſtables where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel, and ſee her, no further truſt her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's fleſh, is falſe,
If ſhe be.
Leon. Hold your peaces.
1 *Lord.* Good my lord,—
Ant. It is for you we ſpeak, not for ourſelves:
You are abus'd, and by ſome putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him: Be ſhe honour-flaw'd,—
I have three daughters; the eldeſt is eleven;
The ſecond, and the third, nine, and ſome five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,
I'll geld them all; fourteen they ſhall not ſee,
To bring falſe generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myſelf, than they
Should not produce fair iſſue.
Leon. Ceaſe; no more.
You ſmell this buſineſs with a ſenſe as cold
As is a dead man's noſe: I ſee't, and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and ſee withal
The inſtruments that feel.
Ant. If it be ſo,
We need no grave to bury honeſty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to ſweeten

Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

1 *Lord.* I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your ſuſpicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful inſtigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counſels; but our natural goodneſs
Imparts this: which,—if you (or ſtupified,
Or ſeeming ſo in ſkill,) cannot, or will not,
Reliſh as truth, like us; inform yourſelves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loſs, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wiſh, my liege,
You had only in your ſilent judgement tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art moſt ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as groſs as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd ſight only, nought for approbation,
But only ſeeing, all other circumſtances
Made up to the deed,) doth puſh on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Moſt piteous to be wild,) I have deſpatch'd in poſt,
To ſacred Delphos, to Apollo's, temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of ſtuff'd ſufficiency: Now, from the oracle

They will bring all; whoſe ſpiritual counſel had,
Shall ſtop, or ſpur me. Have I done well?

1 LORD. Well done, my lord.

LEON. Though I am ſatisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet ſhall the oracle
Give reſt to the minds of others; ſuch as he,
Whoſe ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,
From our free perſon ſhe ſhould be confin'd;
Leſt that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to ſpeak in publick: for this buſineſs
Will raiſe us all.

ANT. [*Aſide.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The ſame. The outer Room of a Priſon.

Enter PAULINA *and Attendants.*

PAUL. The keeper of the priſon,—call to him;

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What doſt thou then in priſon?—Now, good ſir,

Re-enter Attendant, with the KEEPER.

You know me, do you not?

KEEP. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

PAUL. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.

KEEP. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have expreſs commandment.

PAUL. Here's ado,
To lock up honeſty and honour from

The acceſs of gentle viſitors!——Is it lawful,
Pray you, to ſee her women? any of them?
Emilia?

Keep. So pleaſe you, madam, to put
Apart theſe your attendants, I ſhall bring
Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray you now, call her.
Withdraw yourſelves. [*Exeunt Attend.*

Keep. And, madam,
I muſt be preſent at your conference.

Paul. Well, be it ſo, pr'ythee. [*Exit Keeper.*
Here's ſuch ado to make no ſtain a ſtain,
As paſſes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, with Emilia.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one ſo great, and ſo forlorn,
May hold together: On her frights, and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, ſomething before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Luſty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't: ſays, *My poor priſoner,*
I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be ſworn:——
Theſe dangerous unſafe lunes o'the king! beſhrew them!
He muſt be told on't, and he ſhall: the office
Becomes a woman beſt; I'll take't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue bliſter;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more:—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my beſt obedience to the queen;
If ſhe dares truſt me with her little babe,

I'll ſhow't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loudeſt: We do not know
How he may ſoften at the ſight o' the child;
The ſilence often of pure innocence
Perſuades, when ſpeaking fails.

Emil. Moſt worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodneſs, is ſo evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miſs
A thriving iſſue; there is no lady living,
So meet for this great errand: Pleaſe your ladyſhip
To viſit the next room, I'll preſently
Acquaint the queen of your moſt noble offer;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this deſign;
But durſt not tempt a miniſter of honour,
Leſt ſhe ſhould be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll uſe that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,
As boldneſs from my boſom, let it not be doubted
I ſhall do good.

Emil. Now be you bleſt for it!
I'll to the queen: Pleaſe you, come ſomething nearer.

Keep. Madam, if't pleaſe the queen to ſend the babe,
I know not what I ſhall incur, to paſs it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, ſir:
The child was priſoner to the womb; and is,
By law and proceſs of great nature, thence
Freed and enfranchis'd: not a party to
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
If any be, the treſpaſs of the queen.

Keep. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon
Mine honour, I will ſtand 'twixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The ſame. A Room in the Palace.
Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, LORDS, *and other* ATTENDANTS.

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no reſt: It is but weakneſs
To bear the matter thus; mere weakneſs, if
The cauſe were not in being;—part o'the cauſe,
She, the adultreſs;—for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof: but ſhe
I can hook to me: Say, that ſhe were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my reſt
Might come to me again.——Who's there?
1 *Atten.* My lord? [*advancing.*
Leon. How does the boy?
1 *Atten.* He took good reſt to-night;
'Tis hop'd, his ſickneſs is diſcharg'd.
Leon. To ſee,
His nobleneſs!
Conceiving the diſhonour of his mother,
He ſtraight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Faſten'd and fix'd the ſhame on't in himſelf;
Threw off his ſpirit, his appetite, his ſleep,
And down-right languiſh'd.—Leave me ſolely: go,
See how he fares. [*Exit Attend.*]—Fie, fie! no thought of him;—
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himſelf too mighty;
And in his parties, his alliance,—Let him be,
Until a time may ſerve: for preſent vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their paſtime at my ſorrow:
They ſhould not laugh, if I could reach them; nor

Shall ſhe, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, *with a Child.*

1 LORD. You muſt not enter.

PAUL. Nay, rather, good my lords, be ſecond to me:
Fear you his tyrannous paſſion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent ſoul;
More free, than he is jealous.

ANT. That's enough.

1 ATTEN. Madam, he hath not ſlept to-night; commanded
None ſhould come at him.

PAUL. Not ſo hot, good ſir;
I come to bring him ſleep. 'Tis ſuch as you,—
That creep like ſhadows by him, and do ſigh
At each his needleſs heavings,—ſuch as you
Nouriſh the cauſe of his awaking: I
Do come with words as med'cinal as true;
Honeſt, as either; to purge him of that humour,
That preſſes him from ſleep.

LEON. What noiſe there, ho?

PAUL. No noiſe, my lord; but needful conference,
About ſome goſſips for your highneſs.

LEON. How?——
Away with that audacious lady: Antigonus,
I charg'd thee, that ſhe ſhould not come about me;
I knew, ſhe would.

ANT. I told her ſo, my lord,
On your diſpleaſure's peril, and on mine,
She ſhould not viſit you.

LEON. What, canſt not rule her?

PAUL. From all diſhoneſty, he can: in this,
(Unleſs he take the courſe that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) truſt it,
He ſhall not rule me.

Ant. Lo you now; you hear!
When ſhe will take the rein, I let her run;
But ſhe'll not ſtumble.
Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beſeech you, hear me, who profeſs
Myſelf your loyal ſervant, your phyſician,
Your moſt obedient counſellor; yet that dare
Leſs appear ſo, in comforting your evils,
Than ſuch as moſt ſeem yours:—I ſay, I come
From your good queen.
Leon. Good queen! [queen;
Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I ſay, good
And would by combat make her good, ſo were I
A man, the worſt about you.
Leon. Force her hence.
Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
Firſt hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
But, firſt, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For ſhe is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your bleſſing.
[*Laying down the child.*
Leon. Out!
A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o'door:
A moſt intelligencing bawd!
Paul. Not ſo:
I am as ignorant of that, as you
In ſo entitling me: and no leſs honeſt
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to paſs for honeſt.
Leon. Traitors!
Will you not puſh her out? Give her the baſtard:—
Thou, dotard, [*To Antigonus.*] thou art woman-tir'd,
unrooſted

By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the baſtard;
Take't up, I ſay; give't to thy crone.
Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'ſt up the princeſs, by that forced baſeneſs
Which he has put upon't!
Leon. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So, I would, you did; then, 'twere paſt all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.
Leon. A neſt of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I; nor any,
But one, that's here; and that's himſelf: for he
The ſacred honour of himſelf, his queen's,
His hopeful ſon's, his babe's, betrays to ſlander,
Whoſe ſting is ſharper than the ſword's; and will not
(For, as the caſe now ſtands, it is a curſe
He cannot be compell'd to't,) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or ſtone, was ſound.
Leon. A callat,
Of boundleſs tongue; who late hath beat her huſband,
And now baits me!—That brat is none of mine;
It is the iſſue of Polixenes:
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.
Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worſe.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, noſe, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his ſmiles;

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And, thou, good goddeſs nature, which haſt made it
So like to him that got it, if thou haſt
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongſt all colours
No yellow in't; leſt ſhe ſuſpect, as he does,
Her children not her huſband's!

Leon. A groſs hag!—
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not ſtay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the huſbands,
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourſelf
Hardly one ſubject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A moſt unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I'll have thee burn'd.

Paul. I care not:
It is an heretick, that makes the fire,
Not ſhe, which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this moſt cruel uſage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accuſation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy,) ſomething ſavours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, ſcandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? ſhe durſt not call me ſo,
If ſhe did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you do not puſh me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove ſend her
A better guiding ſpirit!—What need theſe hands?—
You, that are thus ſo tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.

So, ſo:—Farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*

Leon. Thou, traitor, haſt ſet on thy wife to this.—
My child? away with't!—even thou, that haſt
A heart ſo tender o'er it, take it hence,
And ſee it inſtantly conſum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up ſtraight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good teſtimony,) or I'll ſeize thy life,
With what thou elſe call'ſt thine: If thou refuſe,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, ſay ſo;
The baſtard brains with theſe my proper hands
Shall I daſh out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou ſett'ſt on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, ſir:
Theſe lords, my noble fellows, if they pleaſe,
Can clear me in't.

1 *Lord.* We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You are liars all.

1 *Lord.* 'Beſeech your highneſs, give us better credit:
We have always truly ſerv'd you; and beſeech
So to eſteem of us: And on our knees we beg,
(As recompence of our dear ſervices,
Paſt, and to come,) that you do change this purpoſe;
Which, being ſo horrible, ſo bloody, muſt
Lead on to ſome foul iſſue: We all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows:—
Shall I live on, to ſee this baſtard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curſe it then. But, be it; let it live:
It ſhall not neither. You, ſir, come you hither;
[*To Antigonus.*
You, that have been ſo tenderly officious

With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To ſave this baſtard's life:—for 'tis a baſtard,
So ſure as this beard's grey,—what will you adventure
To ſave this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleneſs impoſe: at leaſt, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To ſave the innocent: any thing poſſible.

Leon. It ſhall be poſſible: Swear by this ſword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it; (ſeeſt thou?) for the fail
Of any point in't ſhall not only be
Death to thyſelf, but to thy lewd-tongued wife;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female baſtard hence; and that thou bear it
To ſome remote and deſert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by ſtrange fortune
It came to us, I do in juſtice charge thee,—
On thy ſoul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
That thou commend it ſtrangely to ſome place,
Where chance may nurſe, or end it: Take it up.

Ant. I ſwear to do this; though a preſent death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful ſpirit inſtruct the kites and ravens,
To be thy nurſes! Wolves, and bears, they ſay,
Caſting their ſavageneſs aſide, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be proſperous
In more than this deed does require! and bleſſing,

Againſt this cruelty, fight on thy ſide,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loſs! [*Exit, with the child.*

Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's iſſue.

1 *Attend.* Pleaſe your highneſs, poſts
From thoſe you ſent to the oracle, are come
An hour ſince: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Haſting to the court.

1 *Lord.* So pleaſe you, ſir, their ſpeed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been abſent: 'Tis good ſpeed; foretels,
The great Apollo ſuddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare, you lords;
Summon a ſeſſion, that we may arraign
Our moſt diſloyal lady: for, as ſhe hath
Been publickly accus'd, ſo ſhall ſhe have
A juſt and open trial. While ſhe lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. The ſame. A Street in ſome Town.

Enter Cleomenes *and* Dion.

Cleo. The climate's delicate; the air moſt ſweet;
Fertile the iſle; the temple much ſurpaſſing
The common praiſe it bears.

Dion. I ſhall report,
For moſt it caught me, the celeſtial habits,
(Methinks, I ſo ſhould term them,) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the ſacrifice!

How ceremonious, ſolemn, and unearthly
It was i'the offering!
Cleo. But, of all, the burſt
And the ear-deafening voice o'the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, ſo ſurpris'd my ſenſe,
That I was nothing.
Dion. If the event o'the journey
Prove as ſucceſsful to the queen,—O, be't ſo!—
As it hath been to us, rare, pleaſant, ſpeedy,
The time is worth the uſe on't.
Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the beſt! Theſe proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.
Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the buſineſs: When the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine ſeal'd up,)
Shall the contents diſcover, ſomething rare,
Even then will ruſh to knowledge.—Go,—freſh horſes;—
And gracious be the iſſue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The ſame. A Court of Juſtice.

Leontes, Lords, and Officers, appear properly ſeated.

Leon. This ſeſſions (to our great grief, we pronounce,)
Even puſhes 'gainſt our heart: The party tried,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, ſince we ſo openly
Proceed in juſtice; which ſhall have due courſe,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.——
Produce the priſoner.
Offi. It is his highneſs' pleaſure, that the queen
Appear in perſon here in court.—Silence!

HERMIONE is brought in, guarded; PAULINA and Ladies, attending.

LEON. Read the indictment.

OFFI. Hermione, *queen to the worthy* Leontes, *king of* Sicilia, *thou art here accuſed and arraigned of high treaſon, in committing adultery with* Polixenes, *king of* Bohemia; *and conſpiring with* Camillo *to take away the life of our ſovereign lord the king, thy royal huſband: the pretence whereof being by circumſtances partly laid open, thou,* Hermione, *contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true ſubject, didſt counſel and aid them, for their better ſafety, to fly away by night.*

HER. Since what I am to ſay, muſt be but that
Which contradicts my accuſation; and
The teſtimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myſelf; it ſhall ſcarce boot me
To ſay, *Not guilty:* mine integrity,
Being counted falſehood, ſhall, as I expreſs it,
Be ſo receiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
I doubt not then, but innocence ſhall make
Falſe accuſation bluſh, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, beſt know,
(Who leaſt will ſeem to do ſo,) my paſt life
Hath been as continent, as chaſte, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than hiſtory can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd, to take ſpectators: For behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here ſtanding,
To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore
Who pleaſe to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would ſpare: for honour,

'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I ſtand for. I appeal
To your own conſcience, ſir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be ſo; ſince he came,
With what encounter ſo uncurrent I
Have ſtrain'd, to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour; or, in act, or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'ſt of kin
Cry, Fie upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of theſe bolder vices wanted
Leſs impudence to gainſay what they did,
Than to perform it firſt.

Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a ſaying, ſir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than miſtreſs of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I muſt not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confeſs,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
With ſuch a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even ſuch,
So, and no other, as yourſelf commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both diſobedience and ingratitude,
To you, and toward your friend; whoſe love had ſpoke,
Even ſince it could ſpeak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conſpiracy,
I know not how it taſtes; though it be diſh'd
For me to try how: all I know of it,

Is, that Camillo was an honeſt man;
And, why he left your court, the gods themſelves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.
Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in his abſence.
Her. Sir,
You ſpeak a language that I underſtand not:
My life ſtands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.
Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a baſtard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it:—As you were paſt all ſhame,
(Thoſe of your fact are ſo,) ſo paſt all truth:
Which to deny, concerns more than avails:
For as
Thy brat hath been caſt out, like to itſelf,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee, than it,) ſo thou
Shalt feel our juſtice; in whoſe eaſieſt paſſage,
Look for no leſs than death.
Her. Sir, ſpare your threats;
The bug, which you would fright me with, I ſeek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give loſt; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went: My ſecond joy,
And firſt fruits of my body, from his preſence
I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort,
Starr'd moſt unluckily, is from my breaſt
The innocent milk in its moſt innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: Myſelf on every poſt
Proclaim'd a ſtrumpet; With immodeſt hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs

To women of all faſhion;—Laſtly, hurried
Here to this place, i'the open air, before
I have got ſtrength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what bleſſings I have here alive,
That I ſhould fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; miſtake me not;——No! life,
I prize it not a ſtraw:—but for mine honour,
(Which I would free,) if I ſhall be condemn'd
Upon ſurmiſes; all proofs ſleeping elſe,
But what your jealouſies awake; I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle;
Apollo be my judge.

1 *Lord.* This your requeſt
Is altogether juſt: therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain* Officers.

Her. The emperor of Ruſſia was my father:
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but ſee
The flatneſs of my miſery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, *with* Cleomenes *and* Dion.

Offi. You here ſhall ſwear upon this ſword of juſtice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This ſeal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's prieſt; and that, ſince then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy ſeal,
Nor read the ſecrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we ſwear.

Leon. Break up the ſeals, and read.

Offi. [*reads.*] Hermione *is chaſte*, Polixenes *blameleſs*,

Camillo *a true ſubject*, Leontes *a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king ſhall live without an heir, if that, which is loſt, be not found.*

Lords. Now bleſſed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praiſed!

Leon. Haſt thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord; even ſo
As it is here ſet down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i'the oracle:
The ſeſſions ſhall proceed; this is mere falſehood.

Enter a Servant, haſtily.

Ser. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the buſineſs?

Ser. O ſir, I ſhall be hated to report it:
The prince your ſon, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's ſpeed, is gone.

Leon. How! gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themſelves
Do ſtrike at my injuſtice. [*Hermione faints.*] How now there?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen:—Look down,
And ſee what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; ſhe will recover.—
I have too much believ'd mine own ſuſpicion:—
'Beſeech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

[*Exeunt Paulina and ladies, with Hermione.*

My great profaneneſs 'gainſt thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;

For, being tranſported by my jealouſies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I choſe
Camillo for the miniſter, to poiſon
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My ſwift command, though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, moſt humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly gueſt
Unclaſp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties himſelf commended,
No richer than his honour:—How he gliſters
Thorough my ruſt! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace; leſt my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

1 *Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What ſtudied torments, tyrant, haſt for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling,
In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture
Muſt I receive; whoſe every word deſerves
To taſte of thy moſt worſt? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealouſies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!—O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; ſtark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but ſpices of it.
That thou betray'dſt Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but ſhow thee, of a fool, inconſtant,
And damnable ungrateful: nor was't much,

Thou would'ſt have poiſon'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king; poor treſpaſſes,
More monſtrous ſtanding by: whereof I reckon
The caſting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have ſhed water out of fire, ere don't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince; whoſe honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one ſo tender,) cleft the heart
That could conceive, a groſs and fooliſh fire
Blemiſh'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy anſwer: But the laſt,—O, lords,
When I have ſaid, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen,
The ſweeteſt, deareſt, creature's dead; and vengeance
Not dropp'd down yet. [for't

1 *Lord.* The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I ſay, ſhe's dead; I'll ſwear't: if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and ſee: if you can bring
Tincture, or luſtre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll ſerve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent theſe things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can ſtir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but deſpair. A thouſand knees
Ten thouſand years together, naked, faſting,
Upon a barren mountain, and ſtill winter
In ſtorm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on:
Thou canſt not ſpeak too much; I have deſerv'd
All tongues to talk their bittereſt.

1 *Lord.* Say no more;
Howe'er the buſineſs goes, you have made fault

I'the boldneſs of your ſpeech.

PAUL. I am ſorry for't;
All faults I make, when I ſhall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have ſhow'd too much
The raſhneſs of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's paſt help,
Should be paſt grief: Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beſeech you; rather
Let me be puniſh'd, that have minded you
Of what you ſhould forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal ſir, forgive a fooliſh woman:
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
I'll ſpeak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is loſt too: Take your patience to you,
And I'll ſay nothing.

LEON. Thou didſt ſpeak but well,
When moſt the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and ſon:
One grave ſhall be for both; upon them ſhall
The cauſes of their death appear, unto
Our ſhame perpetual: Once a day I'll viſit
The chapel where they lie; and tears, ſhed there,
Shall be my recreation: So long as
Nature will bear up with this exerciſe,
So long I da .y vow to uſe it. Come,
And lead me to theſe ſorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Bohemia. *A deſert country near the ſea.*
Enter ANTIGONUS, *with the Child; and a* MARINER.

ANT. Thou art perfect then, our ſhip hath touch'd
The deſerts of Bohemia? [upon

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the ſkies look grimly,
And threaten preſent bluſters. In my conſcience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

Ant. Their ſacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your beſt haſte; and go not
Too far i'the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Beſides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away;
I'll follow inſtantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be ſo rid o'the buſineſs. [*Exit.*

Ant. Come, poor babe:——
I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the ſpirits of the dead
May walk again: if ſuch thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me laſt night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one ſide, ſome another;
I never ſaw a veſſel of like ſorrow,
So fill'd, and ſo becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very ſanctity, ſhe did approach
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me;
And, gaſping to begin ſome ſpeech, her eyes
Became two ſpouts: the fury ſpent, anon
Did thus break from her: *Good* Antigonus,
Since fate, againſt thy better diſpoſition,
Hath made thy perſon for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,

There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted loſt for ever, Perdita,
I pr'ythee, call't: for this ungentle buſineſs,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er ſhalt ſee
Thy wife Paulina, *more*:—and ſo, with ſhrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myſelf; and thought
This was ſo, and no ſlumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet, for this once, yea, ſuperſtitiouſly,
I will be ſquar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath ſuffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the iſſue
Of king Polixenes, it ſhould here be laid,
Either for life, or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.—Bloſſom, ſpeed thee well!
[*Laying down the child.*
There lie; and there thy character: there theſe;
[*Laying down a bundle.*
Which may, if fortune pleaſe, both breed thee, pretty,
And ſtill reſt thine.—The ſtorm begins:—Poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loſs, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and moſt accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!
The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never ſaw
The heavens ſo dim by day. A ſavage clamour?—
Well may I get aboard!——This is the chace;
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, purſued by a bear.*

Enter an old SHEPHERD.

Shep. I would, there were no age between ten and three and twenty; or that youth would ſleep out the reſt: for there is nothing in the between but getting

wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, ſtealing, fighting.—Hark you now!——Would any but theſe boil'd brains of nineteen, and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather? They have ſcared away two of my beſt ſheep; which, I fear, the wolf will ſooner find, than the maſter: if any where I have them, 'tis by the ſea-ſide, browzing on ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the child.*] Mercy on's, a barne, a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure, ſome ſcape: though I am not bookiſh, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the ſcape. This has been ſome ſtair-work, ſome trunk-work, ſome behind-door work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my ſon come; he holla'd but even now. Whoa, ho hoa!

Enter CLOWN.

CLOWN. Hilloa, loa!

SHEP. What, art ſo near? If thou'lt ſee a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'ſt thou, man?

CLOWN. I have ſeen two ſuch ſights, by ſea, and by land;—but I am not to ſay, it is a ſea, for it is now the ſky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thruſt a bodkin's point.

SHEP. Why, boy, how is it?

CLOWN. I would, you did but ſee how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the ſhore! but that's not to the point: O, the moſt piteous cry of the poor ſouls! ſometimes to ſee 'em, and not to ſee 'em: now the ſhip boring the moon with her main-maſt; and anon ſwallow'd with yeſt and froth, as you'd thruſt a cork into a hogſhead. And then for the land ſervice,—To ſee how

the bear tore out his ſhoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and ſaid, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ſhip:—to ſee how the ſea flap-dragon'd it:—but, firſt, how the poor ſouls roar'd, and the ſea mock'd them;—and how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the ſea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clown. Now, now; I have not winked ſince I ſaw theſe ſights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have help'd the old man!

Clown. I would you had been by the ſhip ſide, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing. [*Aſide.*

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bleſs thyſelf; thou met'ſt with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a ſight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a ſquire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's ſee;—It was told me, I ſhould be rich by the fairies: this is ſome changeling:—open't: What's within, boy?

Clown. You're a made old man; if the ſins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove ſo: up with it, keep it cloſe; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be ſo ſtill, requires nothing but ſecrecy.—Let my ſheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clown. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go ſee if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how

much he hath eaten; they are never curſt but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: If thou may'ſt diſcern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the ſight of him.

Clown. Marry, will I; and you ſhall help to put him i'the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time. I,—that pleaſe ſome, try all; both joy, and terror,
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error,—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To uſe my wings. Impute it not a crime,
To me, or my ſwift paſſage, that I ſlide
O'er ſixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap; ſince it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one ſelf-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm cuſtom: Let me paſs
The ſame I am, ere ancient'ſt order was,
Or what is now received: I witneſs to
The times that brought them in; ſo ſhall I do
To the freſheſt things now reigning; and make ſtale
The gliſtering of this preſent, as my tale
Now ſeems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glaſs; and give my ſcene ſuch growing,
As you had ſlept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealouſies; ſo grieving,
That he ſhuts up himſelf; imagine me,
Gentle ſpectators, that I now may be

In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a ſon o'the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with ſpeed ſo pace
To ſpeak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring: What of her enſues,
I liſt not prophecy; but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth:--a ſhepherd'sdaughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of time: Of this allow,
If ever you have ſpent time worſe ere now;
If never yet, that Time himſelf doth ſay,
He wiſhes earneſtly, you never may. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. The ſame. A Room in the Palace of POLIXENES.

Enter POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a ſickneſs, denying thee any thing; a death, to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years, ſince I ſaw my country: though I have, for the moſt part, been aired abroad, I deſire to lay my bones there. Beſides, the penitent king, my maſter, hath ſent for me: to whoſe feeling ſorrows I might be ſome allay, or I o'erween to think ſo; which is another ſpur to my departure.

Pol. As thou loveſt me, Camillo, wipe not out the reſt of thy ſervices, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodneſs hath made; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee: thou, having made me buſineſſes, which none, without thee, can ſufficiently manage, muſt either ſtay to execute them thyſelf, or take away with thee the very ſervices thou haſt done: which if I have not enough conſider'd, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee, ſhall be my ſtudy; and my

profit therein, the heaping friendſhips. Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee ſpeak no more: whoſe very naming puniſhes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'ſt him, and reconciled king, my brother; whoſe loſs of his moſt precious queen, and children, are even now to be afreſh lamented. Say to me, when ſaw'ſt thou the prince Florizel my ſon? Kings are no leſs unhappy, their iſſue not being gracious, than they are in loſing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days, ſince I ſaw the prince: What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, miſſingly, noted, he is of late much retired from court; and is leſs frequent to his princely exerciſes, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have conſider'd ſo much, Camillo; and with ſome care; ſo far, that I have eyes under my ſervice, which look upon his removedneſs: from whom I have this intelligence; That he is ſeldom from the houſe of a moſt homely ſhepherd; a man, they ſay, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unſpeakable eſtate.

Cam. I have heard, ſir, of ſuch a man, who hath a daughter of moſt rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from ſuch a cottage.

Pol. That's likewiſe part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angle that plucks our ſon thither. Thou ſhalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have ſome queſtion with the ſhepherd; from whoſe ſimplicity, I think it not uneaſy to get the cauſe of my ſon's reſort thither. Pr'ythee, be my preſent partner in this buſineſs, and lay aſide the thoughts of Sicilia.

CAM. I willingly obey your command.
POL. My beſt Camillo!—We muſt diſguiſe ourſelves.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The ſame. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *ſinging.*

When daffodils begin to peer,——
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,—
Why, then comes in the ſweet o'the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white ſheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With, hey! the ſweet birds, O, how they ſing!—
Doth ſet my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a diſh for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants.—
With, hey! with, hey! the thruſh and the jay:—
Are ſummer ſongs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have ſerv'd prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile; but now I am out of ſervice.:

But ſhall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon ſhines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do moſt go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the ſow-ſkin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the ſtocks avouch it.

My traffick is ſheets; when the kite builds, look to leſſer linen. My father named me, Autolycus; who, being, as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewiſe a ſnapper-up of unconſidered trifles: With die, and drab, I purchaſed this capariſon; and my revenue is the ſilly cheat: Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I ſleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter CLOWN.

CLOWN. Let me ſee:—Every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields—pound and odd ſhilling: fifteen hundred ſhorn,—What comes the wool to?

AUT. If the ſpringe hold, the cock's mine. [*Aſide.*

CLOWN. I cannot do't without counters.—Let me ſee; what am I to buy for our ſheep-ſhearing feaſt? *Three pound of ſugar; five pound of currants; rice*——What will this ſiſter of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her miſtreſs of the feaſt, and ſhe lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty noſegays for the ſhearers: three-man ſong-men all, and very good ones; but they are moſt of them means and baſes: but one Puritan amongſt them, and he ſings pſalms to hornpipes. I muſt have *ſaffron*, to colour the warden pies; *mace*,—*dates*,—none; that's out of my note: *nutmegs, ſeven; a race, or two, of ginger*;—but that I may beg;—*four pound of prunes, and as many of raiſins o' the ſun.*

AUT. O, that ever I was born! [*Grovelling on the ground.*

CLOWN. I'the name of me,——

AUT. O, help me, help me! pluck but off theſe rags; and then, death, death!

CLOWN. Alack, poor ſoul; thou haſt need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have theſe off.

AUT. O, ſir, the loathſomeneſs of them offends me

more than the ſtripes I have receiv'd; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clown. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, ſir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and theſe deteſtable things put upon me.

Clown. What, by a horſe-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, ſweet ſir, a foot-man.

Clown. Indeed, he ſhould be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horſeman's coat, it hath ſeen very hot ſervice. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*

Aut. O! good ſir, tenderly, oh!

Clown. Alas, poor ſoul.

Aut. O, good ſir, ſoftly, good ſir: I fear, ſir, my ſhoulder-blade is out.

Clown. How now? canſt ſtand?

Aut. Softly, dear ſir; [*picks his pocket.*] good ſir, ſoftly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clown. Doſt lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good ſweet ſir; no, I beſeech you, ſir: I have a kinſman not paſt three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I ſhall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clown. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, ſir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames: I knew him once a ſervant of the prince; I cannot tell, good ſir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

Clown. His vices, you would ſay; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court: they cheriſh it, to make it ſtay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would ſay, ſir. I know this man well: he hath been ſince an ape-bearer; then a proceſs-ſerver, a bailiff; then he compaſs'd a motion of the prodigal ſon, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knaviſh profeſſions, he ſettled only in rogue: ſome call him Autolycus.

Clown. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, ſir; he, ſir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clown. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but look'd big, and ſpit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I muſt confeſs to you, ſir, I am no fighter: I am falſe of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clown. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet ſir, much better than I was; I can ſtand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace ſoftly towards my kinſman's.

Clown. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced ſir; no, ſweet ſir.

Clown. Then fare thee well; I muſt go buy ſpices for our ſheep-ſhearing.

Aut. Proſper you, ſweet ſir!—[*Exit Clown.*] Your purſe is not hot enough to purchaſe your ſpice. I'll be with you at your ſheep-ſhearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the ſhearers prove ſheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put in the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the ſtile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your ſad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. The ſame. A Shepherd's Cottage.
Enter FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

FLO. Theſe your unuſual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no ſhepherdeſs; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your ſheep-ſhearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

PER. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them: your high ſelf,
The gracious mark o'the land, you have obſcur'd
With a ſwain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Moſt goddeſslike prank'd up: But that our feaſts
In every meſs have folly, and the feeders
Digeſt it with a cuſtom, I ſhould bluſh
To ſee you ſo attired; ſworn, I think,
To ſhow myſelf a glaſs.

FLO. I bleſs the time,
When my good falcon made her flight acroſs
Thy father's ground.

PER. Now Jove afford you cauſe!
To me, the difference forges dread; your greatneſs
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by ſome accident,
Should paſs this way, as you did: O, the fates!
How would he look, to ſee his work, ſo noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he ſay? Or how
Should I, in theſe my borrow'd flaunts, behold

The ſternneſs of his preſence?
Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themſelves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The ſhapes of beaſts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble ſwain,
As I ſeem now: Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way ſo chaſte: ſince my deſires
Run not before mine honour; nor my luſts
Burn hotter than my faith.
Per. O but, dear ſir,
Your reſolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it muſt be, by the power o'the king:
One of theſe two muſt be neceſſities,
Which then will ſpeak; that you muſt change this purpoſe,
Or I my life.
Flo. Thou deareſt Perdita,
With theſe forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o'the feaſt: Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's: for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am moſt conſtant,
Though deſtiny ſay, no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle ſuch thoughts as theſe, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your gueſts are coming:
Lift up your countenance; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have ſworn ſhall come.
Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auſpicious!

Enter SHEPHERD, *with* POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO, *diſguiſed;* CLOWN, MOPSA, DORCAS, *and others.*

Flo. See, your gueſts approach:
Addreſs yourſelf to entertain them ſprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fye, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day, ſhe was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and ſervant: welcom'd all; ſerv'd all:
Would ſing her ſong, and dance her turn: now here,
At upper end o'the table, now, i'the middle;
On his ſhoulder, and his: her face o'fire
With labour; and the thing, ſhe took to quench it,
She would to each one ſip: You are retir'd,
As if you were a feaſted one, and not
The hoſteſs of the meeting: Pray you, bid
Theſe unknown friends to us welcome: for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your bluſhes; and preſent yourſelf
That which you are, miſtreſs o'the feaſt: Come on,
And bid us welcome to your ſheep-ſhearing,
As your good flock ſhall proſper.

Per. Welcome, ſir! [*To* POLIXENES.
It is my father's will, I ſhould take on me
The hoſteſsſhip o'the day:—You're welcome, ſir!
[*To* CAMILLO.
Give me thoſe flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend ſirs,
For you there's roſemary, and rue; theſe keep
Seeming, and ſavour, all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our ſhearing!

Pol. Shepherdeſs,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on ſummer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the faireſt flowers o'the ſeaſon
Are our carnations, and ſtreak'd gillyflowers,
Which ſome call, nature's baſtards: of that kind
Our ruſtick garden's barren; and I care not
To get ſlips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it ſaid,
There is an art, which, in their piedneſs, ſhares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: ſo, o'er that art,
Which, you ſay, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You ſee, ſweet maid, we marry
A gentler ſcion to the wildeſt ſtock;
And make conceive a bark of baſer kind
By bud of nobler race: This is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but
The art itſelf is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyflowers,
And do not call them baſtards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to ſet one ſlip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wiſh
This youth ſhould ſay, 'twere well; and only therefore
Deſire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, ſavory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the ſun,
And with him riſes weeping: theſe are flowers

Of middle ſummer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age: You are very welcome.
CAM. I ſhould leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.
PER. Out, alas!
You'd be ſo lean, that blaſts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my faireſt friend,
I would, I had ſome flowers o'the ſpring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:—O Proſerpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'ſt fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the ſwallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But ſweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroſes,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his ſtrength, a malady
Moſt incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, theſe I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my ſweet friend,
To ſtrew him o'er and o'er.
FLO. What? like a corſe?
PER. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corſe: or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers:
Methinks, I play as I have ſeen them do
In Whitſun' paſtorals: ſure, this robe of mine
Does change my diſpoſition.
FLO. What you do,

Still betters what is done. When you ſpeak, ſweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you ſing,
I'd have you buy and ſell ſo; ſo give alms;
Pray ſo; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To ſing them too: When you do dance, I wiſh you
A wave o'the ſea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move ſtill, ſtill ſo, and own
No other function: Each your doing,
So ſingular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the preſent deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praiſes are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which fairly peeps through it,
Do plainly give you out an unſtain'd ſhepherd;
With wiſdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the falſe way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little ſkill to fear, as I have purpoſe
To put you to't.—But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: ſo turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll ſwear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettieſt low-born laſs, that ever
Ran on the green-ſward: nothing ſhe does, or ſeems,
But ſmacks of ſomething greater than herſelf;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her ſomething,
That makes her blood look out: Good ſooth, ſhe is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clown. Come on, ſtrike up.

Dor. Mopſa muſt be your miſtreſs: marry, garlick,
To mend her kiſſing with.—

Mop. Now, in good time! [ners.—

Clown. Not a word, a word; we ſtand upon our man-
Come, ſtrike up. [*Muſick.*

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.

Pol. Pray, good ſhepherd, what
Fair ſwain is this, which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and he boaſts himſelf
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like ſooth: He ſays, he loves my daughter;
I think ſo too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll ſtand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiſs to chooſe,
Who loves another beſt.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So ſhe does any thing, though I report it,
That ſhould be ſilent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, ſhe ſhall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O maſter, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he ſings ſeveral tunes, faſter than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clown. He could never come better: he ſhall come in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily ſet down, or a very pleaſant thing indeed, and ſung lamentably.

Ser. He hath ſongs, for man, or woman, of all ſizes; no milliner can ſo fit his cuſtomers with gloves: he has

the prettieſt love-ſongs for maids; ſo without bawdry, which is ſtrange; with ſuch delicate burdens of *dildo's* and *fadings: jump her and thump her*; and where ſome ſtretch-mouth'd raſcal would, as it were, mean miſchief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to anſwer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man;* puts him off, ſlights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man.*

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clown. Believe me, thou talkeſt of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Ser. He hath ribands of all the colours i'the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the groſs; inkles, caddiſſes, cambricks, lawns: why, he ſings them over, 'as they were gods or goddeſſes; you would think, a ſmock were a ſhe-angel; he ſo chants to the ſleeve-hand, and the work about the ſquare on't.

Clown. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach ſinging.

Per. Forewarn him, that he uſe no ſcurrilous words in his tunes.

Clown. You have of theſe pedlers, that have more in 'em than you'd think, ſiſter.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolycus, ſinging.

Lawn, as white as driven ſnow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as ſweet as damaſk roſes;
Maſks for faces and for noſes;
Bugle bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs, and ſtomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;

Pins, and pocking-ſticks of ſteel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or elſe your laſſes cry:
Come, buy, &c.

Clown. If I were not in love with Mopſa, thou ſhould'ſt take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will alſo be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promiſed them againſt the feaſt; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promiſed you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promiſed you: may be, he has paid you more; which will ſhame you to give him again.

Clown. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they ſhould bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whiſtle off theſe ſecrets; but you muſt be tittle-tattling before all our gueſts? 'Tis well they are whiſpering: Clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promiſed me a tawdry lace, and a pair of ſweet gloves.

Clown. Have I not told thee, how I was cozen'd by the way, and loſt all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, ſir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clown. Fear not thou, man, thou ſhalt loſe nothing here.

Aut. I hope ſo, ſir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clown. What haſt here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy ſome: I love a ballad in print, a'-life; for then we are ſure they are true.

Aut. Here's one, to a very doleful tune, How a uſurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how ſhe long'd to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bleſs me from marrying a uſurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one miſtreſs Taleporter; and five or ſix honeſt wives' that were preſent: Why ſhould I carry lies abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clown. Come on, lay it by: And let's firſt ſee more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, Of a fiſh, that appear'd upon the coaſt, on Wedneſday the fourſcore of April, forty thouſand fathom above water, and ſung this ballad againſt the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, ſhe was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fiſh, for ſhe would not exchange fleſh with one that lov'd her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five juſtices' hands at it; and witneſſes, more than my pack will hold.

Clown. Lay it by too: Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have ſome merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a paſſing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man*: there's ſcarce a maid weſtward, but ſhe ſings it; 'tis in requeſt, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both ſing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou ſhalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

DOR. We had the tune on't a month ago.

AUT. I can bear my part; you muſt know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

AUT. Get you hence, for I muſt go;
Where, it fits not you to know.
DOR. Whither? MOP. O, whither? DOR. Whither?
MOP. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy ſecrets tell:
DOR. Me too, let me go thither.

MOP. Or thou go'ſt to the grange, or mill:
DOR. If to either, thou doſt ill.
AUT. Neither. DOR. What, neither? AUT. Neither.
DOR. Thou haſt ſworn my love to be;
MOP. Thou haſt ſworn it more to me:
Then, whither go'ſt? ſay, whither?

CLOWN. We'll have this ſong out anon by ourſelves: My father and the gentlemen are in ſad talk, and we'll not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both:—Pedler, let's have the firſt choice.—Follow me, girls.

AUT. And you ſhall pay well for 'em. [*Aſide.*

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any ſilk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'ſt, and fin'ſt, fin'ſt wear-a?
Come to the pedler;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

[*Exeunt* CLOWN, AUTOLYCUS, DORCAS, *and* MOPSA.]

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. Maſter, there is three carters, three ſhepherds, three neat-herds, three ſwine-herds, that have made themſelves all men of hair; they call themſelves ſaltiers: and they have a dance, which the wenches ſay is a gallimaufry of gambols, becauſe they are not in't; but they themſelves are o'the mind, (if it be not too rough for ſome, that know little but bowling,) it will pleaſe plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already:—I know, ſir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary thoſe that refreſh us: Pray, let's ſee theſe four threes of herdſmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, ſir, hath danced before the king; and not the worſt of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the ſquire.

Shep. Leave your prating; ſince theſe good men are pleaſed, let them come in; but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they ſtay at door, ſir. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant, *with twelve ruſticks habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.*

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—
Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—
He's ſimple, and tells much. [*Aſide.*]—How now, fair ſhepherd?
Your heart is full of ſomething, that does take
Your mind from feaſting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my ſhe with knacks: I would have ranſack'd
The pedler's ſilken treaſury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him: If your laſs

Interpretation ſhould abuſe; and call this,
Your lack of love, or bounty; your were ſtraited
For a reply, at leaſt, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.
Flo. Old ſir, I know
She prizes not ſuch trifles as theſe are:
The gifts, ſhe looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient ſir, who, it ſhould ſeem,
Hath ſometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,
As ſoft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd ſnow,
That's bolted by the northern blaſts twice o'er.
Pol. What follows this?—
How prettily the young ſwain ſeems to waſh
The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out:—
But, to your proteſtation; let me hear
What you profeſs.
Flo. Do, and be witneſs to't.
Pol. And this my neighbour too?
Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:
That,—were I crown'd the moſt imperial monarch,
Thereof moſt worthy; were I the faireſt youth
That ever made eyes ſwerve; had force, and knowledge,
More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them,
Without her love: for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her ſervice,
Or to their own perdition.
Pol. Fairly offer'd.
Cam. This ſhows a ſound affection.
Shep. But, my daughter,

Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot ſpeak
So well, nothing ſo well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain;——
And, friends unknown, you ſhall bear witneſs to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that muſt be
I'the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I ſhall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,
Contract us 'fore theſe witneſſes.

Shep. Come, your hand;——
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, ſwain, a while, 'beſeech you;
Have you a father?

Flo. I have: But what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor ſhall.

Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his ſon, a gueſt
That beſt becomes the table. Pray you, once more;
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reaſonable affairs? is he not ſtupid
With age, and altering rheums? Can he ſpeak? hear?
Know man from man? diſpute his own eſtate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childiſh?

Flo. No, good ſir;
He has his health, and ampler ſtrength, indeed,
Than moſt have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be ſo, a wrong
Something unfilial: Reaſon, my ſon
Should chooſe himſelf a wife; but as good reaſon,
The father, (all whoſe joy is nothing elſe
But fair poſterity,) ſhould hold ſome counſel
In ſuch a buſineſs.

Flo. I yield all this;
But, for ſome other reaſons, my grave ſir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this buſineſs.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He ſhall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No, he muſt not.

Shep. Let him, my ſon; he ſhall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he muſt not:—
Mark our contráct.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young ſir, [*Diſcovering himſelf.*
Whom ſon I dare not call; thou art too baſe
To be acknowledg'd: Thou a ſceptre's heir,
That thus affect'ſt a ſheep-hook!—Thou old traitor,
I am ſorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, freſh piece
Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force, muſt know
The royal fool thou cop'ſt with;——

Shep. O, my heart! [made

Pol. I'll have thy beauty ſcratch'd with briars, and
More homely than thy ſtate.—For thee, fond boy,—
If I may ever know, thou doſt but ſigh,
That thou no more ſhalt ſee this knack, (as never
I mean thou ſhalt,) we'll bar thee from ſucceſſion;

Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off: Mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our diſpleaſure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdſman; yea, him too,
That makes himſelf, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
Theſe rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will deviſe a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to't. [*Exit.*

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard: for once, or twice,
I was about to ſpeak; and tell him plainly,
The ſelfsame ſun, that ſhines upon his court,
Hides not his viſage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Wilt pleaſe you, ſir, be gone?
[*To Florizel.*
I told you, what would come of this: 'Beſeech you.
Of your own ſtate take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou dieſt.

Shep. I cannot ſpeak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, ſir,
[*To Florizel.*
You have undone a man of fourſcore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie cloſe by his honeſt bones: but now
Some hangman muſt put on my ſhroud, and lay me

Where no prieſt ſhovels-in duſt.—O curſed wretch!
[*To* PERDITA.
That knew'ſt this was the prince, and would'ſt adventure
To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I deſire. [*Exit.*

FLO. Why look you ſo upon me?
I am but ſorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
More ſtraining on, for plucking back; not following
My leaſh unwillingly.

CAM. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no ſpeech,—which, I do gueſs,
You do not purpoſe to him;—and as hardly
Will he endure your ſight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highneſs ſettle,
Come not before him.

FLO. I not purpoſe it.
I think, Camillo.

CAM. Even he, my lord.

PER. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?
How often ſaid, my dignity would laſt
But till 'twere known?

FLO. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; And then
Let nature cruſh the ſides o'the earth together,
And mar the ſeeds within!—Lift up thy looks:—
From my ſucceſſion wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.

CAM. Be advis'd.

FLO. I am; and by my fancy: if my reaſon
Will thereto be obedient, I have reaſon;

If not, my ſenſes, better pleas'd with madneſs,
Do bid it welcome.
Cam. This is deſperate, ſir.
Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs muſt think it honeſty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the ſun ſees, or
The cloſe earth wombs, or the profound ſeas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have e'er been my father's honour'd friend,
When he ſhall miſs me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To ſee him any more,) caſt your good counſels
Upon his paſſion; Let myſelf, and fortune,
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And ſo deliver,—I am put to ſea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on ſhore;
And, moſt opportune to our need, I have
A veſſel rides faſt by, but not prepar'd
For this deſign. What courſe I mean to hold,
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.
Cam. O, my lord,
I would your ſpirit were eaſier for advice,
Or ſtronger for your need.
Flo. Hark, Perdita.—— [*Takes her aſide.*
I'll hear you by and by. [*To Camillo.*
Cam. He's irremoveable,
Reſolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to ſerve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchaſe the ſight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my maſter, whom

I ſo much thirſt to ſee.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am ſo fraught with curious buſineſs, that
I leave out ceremony. [*Going.*

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor ſervices, i'the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deſerv'd: it is my father's muſick,
To ſpeak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may pleaſe to think I love the king;
And, through him, what is neareſt to him, which is
Your gracious ſelf; embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and ſettled project
May ſuffer alteration,) on mine honour
I'll point you where you ſhall have ſuch receiving
As ſhall become your highneſs; where you may
Enjoy your miſtreſs; (from the whom, I ſee,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forefend! your ruin:) marry her;
And (with my beſt endeavours, in your abſence,)
Your diſcontenting father ſtrive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almoſt a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee ſomething more than man,
And, after that, truſt to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty

To what we wildly do; ſo we profeſs
Ourſelves to be the ſlaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then liſt to me:
This follows,—if you will not change your purpoſe,
But undergo this flight;—Make for Sicilia;
And there preſent yourſelf, and your fair princeſs,
(For ſo, I ſee, ſhe muſt be,) 'fore Leontes;
She ſhall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I ſee
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth: aſks thee, the ſon, forgiveneſs,
As 'twere i'the father's perſon: kiſſes the hands
Of your freſh princeſs: o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindneſs and his kindneſs; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,
Faſter than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my viſitation ſhall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, ſhall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
The which ſhall point you forth, at every ſitting,
What you muſt ſay; that he ſhall not perceive,
But that you have your father's boſom there,
And ſpeak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is ſome ſap in this.

Cam. A courſe more promiſing
Than a wild dedication of yourſelves

To unpath'd waters, undream'd ſhores; moſt certain,
To miſeries enough: no hope to help you;
But, as you ſhake off one, to take another:
Nothing ſo certain, as your anchors; who
Do their beſt office, if they can but ſtay you
Where you'll be loth to be: Beſides, you know,
Proſperity's the very bond of love;
Whoſe freſh complexion and whoſe heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of theſe is true:
I think, affliction may ſubdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, ſay you ſo?
There ſhall not, at your father's houſe, theſe ſeven years,
Be born another ſuch.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
I'the rear of birth.

Cam. I cannot ſay, 'tis pity
She lacks inſtructions; for ſhe ſeems a miſtreſs
To moſt that teach.

Per. Your pardon, ſir, for this;
I'll bluſh you thanks.

Flo. My prettieſt Perdita.——
But, O, the thorns we ſtand upon!—Camillo,—
Preſerver of my father, now of me;
The medicin of our houſe!—how ſhall we do?
We are not furniſh'd like Bohemia's ſon;
Nor ſhall appear in Sicily——

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there: it ſhall be ſo my care
To have you royally appointed, as if

The ſcene you play, were mine. For inſtance, ſir,
That you may know you ſhall not want,—one word.

[*They talk aſide.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honeſty is! and truſt, his ſworn brother, a very ſimple gentleman! I have ſold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit ſtone, not a riband, glaſs, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, ſhoe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from faſting: they throng who ſhould buy firſt; as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I ſaw whoſe purſe was beſt in picture; and, what I ſaw, to my good uſe, I remember'd. My clown (who wants but ſomething to be a reaſonable man,) grew ſo in love with the wenches' ſong, that he would not ſtir his pettitoes, till he had both tune and words; which ſo drew the reſt of the herd to me, that all their other ſenſes ſtuck in ears: you might have pinch'd a placket, it was ſenſeleſs; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece of a purſe; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my ſir's ſong, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut moſt of their feſtival purſes: and had not the old man come in with a hubbub againſt his daughter and the king's ſon, and ſcared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purſe alive in the whole army.

[*CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, and PERDITA, come forward.*

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there
So ſoon as you arrive, ſhall clear that doubt.

Flo. And thoſe that you'll procure from king Leontes,—

Cam. Shall ſatisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!

All, that you ſpeak, ſhows fair.

Cam. Who have we hear?— [*Seeing* Autolycus.
We'll make an inſtrument of this; omit
Nothing, may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,—why hanging.
[*Aſide.*

Cam. How now, good fellow? Why ſhakeſt thou ſo? Fear not man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, ſir.

Cam. Why, be ſo ſtill; here's nobody will ſteal that from thee: Yet, for the outſide of thy poverty, we muſt make an exchange: therefore, diſcaſe thee inſtantly, (thou muſt think, there's neceſſity in't,) and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his ſide, be the worſt, yet hold thee, there's ſome boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, ſir:—I know ye well enough.
[*Aſide.*

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, deſpatch: the gentleman is half flay'd already.

Aut. Are you in earneſt, ſir?—I ſmell the trick of it.— [*Aſide.*

Flo. Deſpatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earneſt; but I cannot with conſcience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—
[*Flo. and Autol. exchange garments.*
Fortunate miſtreſs,—let my prophecy
Come home to you!—you muſt retire yourſelf
Into ſome covert: take your ſweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Diſmantle you; and as you can, diſliken
The truth of your own ſeeming; that you may,

(For I do fear eyes over you,) to ſhipboard
Get undeſcried.

Per. I ſee, the play ſo lies,
That I muſt bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me ſon.

Cam. Nay, you ſhall have
No hat:—Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, ſir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word. [*They converſe apart.*

Cam. What I do next, ſhall be, to tell the king [*Aſide.*
Of this eſcape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I ſhall ſo prevail,
To force him after: in whoſe company
I ſhall review Sicilia; for whoſe ſight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune ſpeed us!—
Thus we ſet on, Camillo, to the ſea-ſide.

Cam. The ſwifter ſpeed, the better.

[*Exeunt* Florizel, Perdita, *and* Camillo.

Aut. I underſtand the buſineſs, I hear it: To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is neceſſary for a cut-purſe; a good noſe is requiſite alſo, to ſmell out work for the other ſenſes. I ſee, this is the time that the unjuſt man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himſelf is about a piece of iniquity; ſtealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought it

were not a piece of honeſty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I conſtant to my profeſſion.

Enter CLOWN *and* SHEPHERD.

Aſide, aſide;—here is more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every ſhop, church, ſeſſion, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clown. See, ſee; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the king ſhe's a changeling, and none of your fleſh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clown. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clown. She being none of your fleſh and blood, your fleſh and blood has not offended the king; and, ſo, your fleſh and blood is not to be puniſh'd by him. Show thoſe things you found about her; thoſe ſecret things, all but what ſhe has with her: This being done, let the law go whiſtle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his ſon's pranks too; who, I may ſay, is no honeſt man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clown. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furtheſt off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wiſely; puppies! [*Aſide.*

Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this fardel, will make him ſcratch his beard.

Aut. I know not, what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my maſter.

Clown. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honeſt, I am ſo ſome-

times by chance:—Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement.—[*Takes off his falſe beard.*] How now, ruſticks? whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worſhip.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, diſcover.

Clown. We are but plain fellows, ſir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradeſmen, and they often give us ſoldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with ſtamped coin, not ſtabbing ſteel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clown. Your worſhip had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourſelf with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, ſir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'ſt thou not the air of the court, in theſe enfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the meaſure of the court? receives not thy noſe court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baſeneſs, court-contempt? Think'ſt thou, for that I inſinuate, or toze from thee thy buſineſs, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pè; and one that will either puſh on, or pluck back thy buſineſs there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My buſineſs, ſir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate haſt thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clown. Advocate's the court-word for a pheaſant; ſay, you have none.

Shep. None, ſir; I have no pheaſant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bleſs'd are we, that are not ſimple men!

Yet nature might have made me as theſe are,
Therefore I'll not diſdain.

Clown. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handſomely.

Clown. He ſeems to be the more noble in being fantaſtical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i'the fardel?
Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies ſuch ſecrets in this fardel, and box, which none muſt know but the king; and which he ſhall know within this hour, if I may come to the ſpeech of him.

Aut. Age, thou haſt loſt thy labour.

Shep. Why, ſir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ſhip to purge melancholy, and air himſelf: For, if thou be'ſt capable of things ſerious, thou muſt know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis ſaid, ſir; about his ſon, that ſhould have married a ſhepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that ſhepherd be not in hand-faſt, let him fly; the curſes he ſhall have, the tortures he ſhall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monſter.

Clown. Think you ſo, ſir?

Aut. Not he alone ſhall ſuffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but thoſe that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, ſhall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is neceſſary. An old ſheep-whiſtling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some ſay, he ſhall be ſtoned; but that death is too ſoft

for him, ſay I: Draw our throne into a ſheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the ſharpeſt too eaſy.

Clown. Has the old man e'er a ſon, ſir, do you hear, an't like you, ſir?

Aut. He has a ſon, who ſhall be flay'd alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, ſet on the head of a waſp's neſt; then ſtand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or ſome other hot infuſion: then, raw as he is, and in the hotteſt day prognoſtication proclaims, ſhall he be ſet againſt a brick-wall, the ſun looking with a ſouthward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of theſe traitorly raſcals, whoſe miſeries are to be ſmil'd at, their offences being ſo capital? Tell me, (for you ſeem to be honeſt plain men,) what you have to the king: being ſomething gently conſidered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your perſons to his preſence, whiſper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, beſides the king, to effect your ſuits, here is man ſhall do it.

Clown. He ſeems to be of great authority: cloſe with him, give him gold; and though authority be a ſtubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the noſe with gold: ſhow the inſide of your purſe to the outſide of his hand, and no more ado: Remember, ſtoned, and flay'd alive.

Shep. An't pleaſe you, ſir, to undertake the buſineſs for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promiſed?

Shep. Ay, ſir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety:—Are you a party in this buſineſs?

Clown. In ſome ſort, ſir: but though my caſe be a pitiful one, I hope I ſhall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. O, that's the caſe of the ſhepherd's ſon:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clown. Comfort, good comfort: We muſt to the king, and ſhow our ſtrange ſights: he muſt know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my ſiſter; we are gone elſe. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the buſineſs is perform'd; and remain, as he ſays, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will truſt you. Walk before toward the ſea-ſide; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clown. We are bleſs'd in this man, as I may ſay, even bleſs'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honeſt, I ſee, fortune would not ſuffer me; ſhe drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occaſion; gold, and a means to do the prince my maſter good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring theſe two moles, theſe blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to ſhore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me, rogue, for being ſo far officious; for I am proof againſt that title, and what ſhame elſe belongs to't: To him will I preſent them, there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Sicilia. *A Room in the Palace of* Leontes. *Enter* Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, *and Others.*

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A ſaint-like ſorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done treſpaſs: At the laſt,
Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourſelf.

Leon. Whilſt I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemiſhes in them; and ſo ſtill think of
The wrong I did myſelf: which was ſo much,
That heirleſs it hath made my kingdom; and
Deſtroy'd the ſweet'ſt companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took ſomething good,
To make a perfect woman; ſhe, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think ſo. Kill'd!
She I kill'd? I did ſo: but thou ſtrikeſt me
Sorely, to ſay I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: Now, good now,
Say ſo but ſeldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady:
You might have ſpoken a thouſand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindneſs better.

Paul. You are one of thoſe,
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not ſo,
You pity not the ſtate, nor the remembrance
Of his moſt ſovereign name; conſider little,
What dangers, by his highneſs' fail of iſſue,

May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well?
What holier, than,—for royalty's repair,
For preſent comfort, and for future good,—
To bleſs the bed of majeſty again
With a ſweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Reſpecting her that's gone. Beſides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their ſecret purpoſes:
For has not the divine Apollo ſaid,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That king Leontes ſhall not have an heir,
Till his loſt child be found? which, that it ſhall,
Is all as monſtrous to our human reaſon,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did periſh with the infant. 'Tis your counſel,
My lord ſhould to the heavens be contrary,
Oppoſe againſt their wills.—Care not for iſſue;
[*To Leontes*
The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
Left his to the worthieſt; ſo his ſucceſſor
Was like to be the beſt.

Leon. Good Paulina,—
Who haſt the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had ſquar'd me to thy counſel! then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treaſure from her lips,——

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou ſpeak'ſt truth.

No more ſuch wives; therefore, no wife: one worſe,
And better us'd, would make her ſainted ſpirit
Again poſſeſs her corps; and, on this ſtage,
(Where we offenders now appear,) ſoul-vex'd,
Begin, *And why to me?*

Paul. Had ſhe ſuch power,
She had juſt cauſe.

Leon. She had; and would incenſe me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I ſhould ſo:
Were I the ghoſt that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't
You choſe her: then I'd ſhriek, that even your ears
Shou'd rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, *Remember mine.*

Leon. Stars, very ſtars,
And all eyes elſe, dead coals!—fear thou no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you ſwear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina; ſo be bleſs'd my ſpirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witneſs to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unleſs another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good madam,—

Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, ſir,
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To chooſe you a queen: ſhe ſhall not be ſo young
As was your former; but ſhe ſhall be ſuch,
As, walk'd your firſt queen's ghoſt, it ſhould take joy

To ſee her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We ſhall not marry, till thou bidd'ſt us.

Paul. That
Shall be, when your firſt queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himſelf prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princeſs, (ſhe
The faireſt I have yet beheld,) deſires acceſs
To your high preſence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatneſs: his approach,
So out of circumſtance, and ſudden, tells us,
'Tis not a viſitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And thoſe but mean.

Leon. His princeſs, ſay you, with him?

Gent. Ay; the moſt peerleſs piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the ſun ſhone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every preſent time doth boaſt itſelf
Above a better, gone; ſo muſt thy grave
Give way to what's ſeen now. Sir, you yourſelf
Have ſaid, and writ ſo, (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme,) *She had not been,*
Nor was not to be equall'd;—thus your verſe
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis ſhrewdly ebb'd,
To ſay, you have ſeen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almoſt forgot; (your pardon,)
The other, when ſhe has obtain'd your eye,

Will have your tongue too. This is ſuch a creature,
Would ſhe begin a ſect, might quench the zeal
Of all profeſſors elſe; make proſelytes
Of who ſhe but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that ſhe is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that ſhe is
The rareſt of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourſelf, aſſiſted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis ſtrange,
[*Exeunt Cleomenes, Lords, and Gentleman.*
He thus ſhould ſteal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince,
(Jewel of children,) ſeen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou know'ſt,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: ſure,
When I ſhall ſee this gentleman, thy ſpeeches
Will bring me to conſider that, which may
Unfurniſh me of reaſon.—They are come.——
Re-enter Cleomenes, with Florizel, Perdita, and Attendants.
Your mother was moſt true to wedlock, prince;
For ſhe did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is ſo hit in you,
His very air, that I ſhould call you brother,
As I did him; and ſpeak of ſomething, wildly
By us perform'd before. Moſt dearly welcome!
And your fair princeſs, goddeſs!—O, alas!
I loſt a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth

Might thus have ſtood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do! and then I loſt
(All mine own folly,) the ſociety,
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing miſery, I deſire my life
Once more to look upon.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,
Can ſend his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times,) hath ſomething ſeiz'd
His wiſh'd ability, he had himſelf
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Meaſur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bade me ſay ſo,) more than all the ſceptres,
And thoſe that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother,
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee, ſtir
Afreſh within me; and theſe thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand ſlackneſs!—Welcome hither,
As is the ſpring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful uſage
(At leaſt, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much leſs
The adventure of her perſon?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Moſt royal ſir, from thence; from him, whoſe daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence

[illegible]

(A prosperous [illegible]
To execute the charge [illegible]
For visiting your highness [illegible]
I have from your Sicilian shores [illegible]
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify [illegible]
Not only my success in Libya, sir, [illegible]
But my arrival, and my wife's, in [illegible]
Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods [illegible]
Purge all infection from our air, whilst [illegible]
Do climate here! You have a holy [illegible]
A graceful gentleman; against whose [illegible]
So sacred as it is, I have done sin: [illegible]
For which the heavens, taking angry [illegible]
Have left me issueless; and your father's [illegible]
(As he from heaven merits it,) with [illegible]
Worthy his goodness. What might I [illegible]
Might I a son and daughter now have [illegible]
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That, which I shall report, will bear no [illegible]
Were not the proofs so nigh. Please [illegible]
Bohemia greets you from himself, by [illegible]
Desires you to attach his son; who [illegible]
(His dignity and duty both cast off,) [illegible]
Fled from his father, from his hopes, [illegible]
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak. [illegible]

Lord. Here in your city; I now [illegible]
I speak amazedly; and it becomes [illegible]
My marvel, and my message. To [illegible]
Whiles he was hast'ning, (in the [illegible]

Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
The father of this ſeeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whoſe honour, and whoſe honeſty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't ſo, to his charge;
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, ſir; I ſpake with him; who now
Has theſe poor men in queſtion. Never ſaw I
Wretches ſo quake: they kneel, they kiſs the earth;
Forſwear themſelves as often as they ſpeak:
Bohemia ſtops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O, my poor father!—
The heaven ſets ſpies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, ſir, nor are we like to be;
The ſtars, I ſee, will kiſs the valleys firſt:—
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once ſhe is my wife.

Leon. That once, I ſee, by your good father's ſpeed,
Will come on very ſlowly. I am ſorry,
Moſt ſorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty: and as ſorry,
Your choice is not ſo rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though fortune, viſible an enemy,
Should chaſe us, with my father; power no jot
Hath ſhe, to change our loves.—'Beſeech you, ſir,
Remember ſince you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of ſuch affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your requeſt,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leon. Would he do ſo, I'd beg your precious miſtreſs,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, ſhe was more worth ſuch gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in theſe looks I made.—But your petition
[*To Florizel.*
Is yet unanſwer'd: I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your deſires,
I am friend to them, and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come, good my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The ſame. Before the Palace.

Enter Autolycus, and a Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beſeech you, ſir, were you preſent at this relation?

1 *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old ſhepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedneſs, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought, I heard the ſhepherd ſay, he found the child.

Aut. I would moſt gladly know the iſſue of it.

1 *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the buſineſs;—But the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they ſeemed almoſt, with ſtaring on one another, to tear the caſes of their eyes; there was ſpeech in their dumbneſs, language in their very geſture; they look'd, as they had heard of a world ranſom'd, or one deſtroy'd: A notable paſſion of wonder appear'd in them: but the wiſeſt beholder, that knew no more but ſeeing, could not ſay, if the importance were joy, or ſorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it muſt needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more: The news, Rogero?

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfill'd; the king's daughter is found: ſuch a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to expreſs it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's ſteward; he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, ſir? this news, which is call'd true, is ſo like an old tale, that the verity of it is in ſtrong ſuſpicion: Has the king found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Moſt true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumſtance: that, which you hear, you'll ſwear you ſee, there is ſuch unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione;—her jewel about the neck of it;—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character:—the majeſty of the creature, in reſemblance of the mother;—the affection of nobleneſs, which nature ſhows above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be

the king's daughter. Did you ſee the meeting of the two kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you loſt a ſight, which was to be ſeen, cannot be ſpoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; ſo, and in ſuch manner, that, it ſeem'd, ſorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was caſting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of ſuch diſtraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himſelf for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loſs, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then aſks Bohemia forgiveneſs; then embraces his ſon-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her: now he thanks the old ſhepherd, which ſtands by, like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of ſuch another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes deſcription to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale ſtill; which will have matter to rehearſe, though credit be aſleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the ſhepherd's ſon; who has not only his innocence (which ſeems much,) to juſtify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wreck'd, the ſame inſtant of their maſter's death; and in the view of the ſhepherd: ſo that all the inſtruments, which aided to expoſe the child, were even then loſt, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and ſorrow, was fought in Paulina!

She had one eye declined for the loſs of her huſband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: She lifted the princeſs from the earth; and ſo locks her in embracing, as if ſhe would pin her to her heart, that ſhe might no more be in danger of loſing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by ſuch was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettieſt touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water, though not the fiſh,) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how ſhe came to it, (bravely confeſs'd, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveneſs wounded his daughter: till, from one ſign of dolour to another, ſhe did, with an *alas!* I would fain ſay, bleed tears; for, I am ſure, my heart wept blood. Who was moſt marble there, changed colour; ſome ſwooned, all ſorrowed: if all the world could have ſeen it, the woe had been univerſal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No: the princeſs hearing of her mother's ſtatue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian maſter, Julio Romano; who, had he himſelf eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her cuſtom, ſo perfectly he is her ape: he ſo near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they ſay, one would ſpeak to her, and ſtand in hope of anſwer: thither with all greedineſs of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to ſup.

2 *Gent.* I thought, ſhe had ſome great matter there in hand; for ſhe hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever ſince the death of Hermione, viſited that removed

houſe. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of acceſs? every wink of an eye, ſome new grace will be born: our abſence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Aut. Now, had I not the daſh of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his ſon aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the ſhepherd's daughter, (ſo he then took her to be,) who began to be much ſeaſick, and himſelf little better, extremity of weather continuing, this myſtery remained undiſcovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this ſecret, it would not have reliſh'd among my other diſcredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come thoſe I have done good to againſt my will, and already appearing in the bloſſoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am paſt more children; but thy ſons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clown. You are well met, ſir: You denied to fight with me this other day, becauſe I was no gentleman born: See you theſe clothes? ſay, you ſee them not, and think me ſtill no gentleman born: you were beſt ſay, theſe robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, ſir, a gentleman born.

Clown. Ay, and have been ſo any time theſe four hours.

Shep. And ſo have I, boy.

Clown. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's ſon took me by the

hand, and call'd me, brother; and then the two kings call'd my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princeſs, my ſiſter, call'd my father, father; and ſo we wept: and there was the firſt gentlemanlike tears that ever we ſhed.

Shep. We may live, ſon, to ſhed many more.

Clown. Ay; or elſe 'twere hard luck, being in ſo preposterous eſtate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beſeech you, ſir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worſhip, and to give me your good report to the prince my maſter.

Shep. Pr'ythee, ſon, do; for we muſt be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clown. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worſhip.

Clown. Give me thy hand: I will ſwear to the prince, thou art as honeſt a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may ſay it, but not ſwear it.

Clown. Not ſwear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins ſay it, I'll ſwear it.

Shep. How if it be falſe, ſon?

Clown. If it be ne'er ſo falſe, a true gentleman may ſwear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll ſwear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll ſwear it: and I would, thou would'ſt be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove ſo, ſir, to my power.

Clown. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder how thou dareſt venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, truſt me not.——Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to ſee the

queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good maſters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The ſame. A Room in PAULINA'S *Houſe.*
Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, ſovereign ſir,
I did not well, I meant well: All my ſervices,
You have paid home: but that you have vouchſaf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and theſe your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor houſe to viſit,
It is a ſurplus of your grace, which never
My life may laſt to anſwer.

Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: But we came
To ſee the ſtatue of our queen: your gallery
Have we paſs'd through, not without much content
In many ſingularities; but we ſaw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The ſtatue of her mother.

Paul. As ſhe liv'd peerleſs,
So her dead likeneſs, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart: But here it is: prepare
To ſee the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still ſleep mock'd death: behold; and ſay, 'tis well.
[*Paulina undraws a curtain, and diſcovers a ſtatue.*
I like your ſilence, it the more ſhows off
Your wonder: But yet ſpeak;—firſt, you, my liege.
Comes it not ſomething near?

Leon. Her natural poſture!—
Chide me, dear ſtone; that I may ſay, indeed,
Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art ſhe,
In thy not chiding; for ſhe was as tender,
As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not ſo much wrinkled; nothing
So aged, as this ſeems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by ſome ſixteen years, and makes her
As ſhe liv'd now.

Leon. As now ſhe might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my ſoul. O, thus ſhe ſtood,
Even with ſuch life of majeſty, (warm life,
As now it coldly ſtands,) when firſt I woo'd her!
I am aſham'd: Does not the ſtone rebuke me,
For being more ſtone than it?—O, royal piece,
There's magick in thy majeſty; which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the ſpirits,
Standing like ſtone with thee!

Per. And give me leave;
And do not ſay, 'tis ſuperſtition, that
I kneel, and then implore her bleſſing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiſs.

Paul. O, patience;
The ſtatue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your ſorrow was too ſore laid on;
Which ſixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many ſummers, dry: ſcarce any joy

Did ever ſo long live; no ſorrow,
But kill'd itſelf much ſooner.
Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cauſe of this, have power
To take off ſo much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himſelf.
Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the ſight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the ſtone is mine,)
I'd not have ſhow'd it.
Leon. Do not draw the curtain.
Paul. No longer ſhall you gaze on't; leſt your fancy
May think anon, it moves.
Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he, that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that thoſe veins
Did verily bear blood?
Pol. Maſterly done:
The very life ſeems warm upon her lip.
Leon. The fixture of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.
Paul. I'll draw the curtain;
My lord's almoſt ſo far tranſported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.
Leon. O ſweet Paulina,
Make me to think ſo twenty years together;
No ſettled ſenſes of the world can match
The pleaſure of that madneſs. Let't alone.
Paul. I am ſorry, ſir, I have thus far ſtirr'd you: but
I could afflict you further.
Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taſte as ſweet

As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: What fine chizzel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiſs her.
PAUL. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddineſs upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiſs it; ſtain your own
With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?
LEON. No, not theſe twenty years.
PER. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.
PAUL. Either forbear,
Quit preſently the chapel; or reſolve you
For more amazement: If you can behold it,
I'll make the ſtatue move indeed; deſcend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,
(Which I proteſt againſt,) I am aſſiſted
By wicked powers.
LEON. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to ſpeak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as eaſy
To make her ſpeak, as move.
PAUL. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith: Then, all ſtand ſtill;
Or thoſe, that think it is unlawful buſineſs
I am about, let them depart.
LEON. Proceed;
No foot ſhall ſtir.
PAUL. Muſick; awake her: ſtrike.— [*Muſick.*
'Tis time; deſcend; be ſtone no more: approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up: ſtir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbneſs, for from him

Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, ſhe ſtirs:
[*Hermione comes down from the pedeſtal.*
Start not: her actions ſhall be holy, as,
You hear, my ſpell is lawful: do not ſhun her,
Until you ſee her die again; for then
You kill her double: Nay, preſent your hand:
When ſhe was young you woo'd her; now, in age,
Is ſhe become the ſuitor.

Leon. O, ſhe's warm! [*Embracing her.*
If this be magick, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If ſhe pertain to life, let her ſpeak too.

Pol. Ay, and make't manifeſt where ſhe has liv'd,
Or, how ſtol'n from the dead?

Paul. That ſhe is living,
Were it but told you, ſhould be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears, ſhe lives,
Though yet ſhe ſpeak not. Mark a little while.—
Pleaſe you to interpoſe, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's bleſſing.—Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.
[*Preſenting Perdita, who kneels to Hermione.*

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your ſacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where haſt thou been preſerv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou ſhalt hear, that I,—
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou waſt in being,—have preſerv'd myſelf,
To ſee the iſſue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;

Leſt they deſire, upon this puſh, to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to ſome wither'd bough; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am loſt.

Leon. O peace, Paulina;
Thou ſhould'ſt a huſband take by my conſent,
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou haſt found mine;
But how, is to be queſtion'd: for I ſaw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, ſaid many
A prayer upon her grave: I'll not ſeek far
(For him, I partly know his mind,) to find thee
An honourable huſband;—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand: whoſe worth, and honeſty,
Is richly noted; and here juſtify'd
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What?—Look upon my brother:—both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill ſuſpicion.—This your ſon-in-law,
And ſon unto the king, (whom heavens directing,)
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence; where we may leiſurely
Each one demand, and anſwer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, ſince firſt
We were diſſever'd: Haſtily lead away. [*Exeunt.*

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Perſons repreſented.

Solinus, *Duke of* Epheſus.
Ægeon, *a Merchant of* Syracuſe.
Antipholus *of* Epheſus, } *Twin Brothers, and Sons to* Ægeon *and* Æmilia, *but unknown to each other.*
Antipholus *of* Syracuſe, }
Dromio *of* Epheſus, } *Twin Brothers, and Attendants on the two* Antipholus's.
Dromio *of* Syracuſe, }
Balthazar, *a Merchant.*
Angelo, *a Goldſmith.*
A Merchant, Friend to Antipholus *of* Syracuſe.
Pinch, *a Schoolmaſter, and a Conjurer.*

Æmilia, *Wife to* Ægeon, *an Abbeſs at* Epheſus.
Adriana, *Wife to* Antipholus *of* Epheſus.
Luciana, *her Siſter.*
Luce, *her Servant.*
A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Epheſus.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Hall in the* DUKE's *Palace.*

Enter DUKE, ÆGEON, GAOLER, *Officers, and other Attendants.*

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracuſa, plead no more;
I am not partial, to infringe our laws:
The enmity and diſcord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have ſeal'd his rigorous ſtatutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, ſince the mortal and inteſtine jars
'Twixt thy ſeditious countrymen and us,
It hath in ſolemn ſynods been decreed,
Both by the Syracuſans and ourſelves,
To admit no traffick to our adverſe towns:
Nay, more,
If any, born at Epheſus, be ſeen
At any Syracuſan marts and fairs,
Again, If any Syracuſan born,

Come to the bay of Epheſus, he dies,
His goods confiſcate to the duke's diſpoſe;
Unleſs a thouſand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ranſom him.
Thy ſubſtance, valued at the higheſt rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort; when your words are done,
My woes end likewiſe with the evening ſun.

Duke, Well, Syracuſan, ſay, in brief, the cauſe
Why thou departedſt from thy native home;
And for what cauſe thou cam'ſt to Epheſus.

Æge. A heavier taſk could not have been impos'd,
Than I to ſpeak my griefs unſpeakable:
Yet, that the world may witneſs, that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my ſorrow gives me leave.
In Syracuſa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
By proſperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death;
And he, great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my ſpouſe:
From whom my abſence was not ſix months old,
Before herſelf (almoſt at fainting, under
The pleaſing puniſhment that women bear,)
Had made proviſion for her following me,
And ſoon, and ſafe, arrived where I was.
There ſhe had not been long, but ſhe became
A joyful mother of two goodly ſons;
And, which was ſtrange, the one ſo like the other,

As could not be diſtinguiſh'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the ſelfsame inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of ſuch a burden, male twins, both alike:
Thoſe, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my ſons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two ſuch boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas, too ſoon.
We came aboard:
A league from Epidamnum had we ſail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic inſtance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obſcured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myſelf would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the inceſſant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what ſhe ſaw muſt come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for faſhion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to ſeek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means was none.—
The ſailors ſought for ſafety by our boat,
And left the ſhip, then ſinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had faſtened him unto a ſmall ſpare maſt,
Such as ſea-faring men provide for ſtorms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilſt I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus diſpos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,

Faſten'd ourſelves at either end the maſt;
And floating ſtraight, obedient to the ſtream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the ſun, gazing upon the earth,
Diſpers'd thoſe vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wiſh'd light,
The ſeas wax'd calm, and we diſcovered
Two ſhips from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me ſay no more!
Gather the ſequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off ſo;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done ſo, I had not now
Worthily term'd them mercileſs to us!
For, ere the ſhips could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ſhip was ſplitted in the midſt,
So that, in this unjuſt divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to ſorrow for.
Her part, poor ſoul! ſeeming as burdened
With leſſer weight, but not with leſſer woe,
Was carried with more ſpeed before the wind;
And in our ſight they three were taken up
By fiſhermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ſhip had ſeiz'd on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to ſave,
Gave helpful welcome to their ſhipwreck'd gueſts;
And would have reft the fiſhers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very ſlow of ſail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their courſe.—

Thus have you heard me ſever'd from my bliſs;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell ſad ſtories of my own miſhaps.

Duke. And, for the ſake of them thou ſorroweſt for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

Æge. My youngeſt boy, and yet my eldeſt care,
At eighteen years became inquiſitive
After his brother; and impórtun'd me,
That his attendant, (for his caſe was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear him company in the queſt of him:
Whom whilſt I labour'd of a love to ſee,
I hazarded the loſs of whom I lov'd.
Five ſummers have I ſpent in furtheſt Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Aſia,
And, coaſting homeward, came to Epheſus;
Hopeleſs to find, yet loth to leave unſought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here muſt end the ſtory of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapleſs Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire miſhap!
Now, truſt me, were it not againſt our laws,
Againſt my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not diſannul,
My ſoul ſhould ſue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And paſſed ſentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great diſparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,

To ſeek thy help by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou haſt in Epheſus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the ſum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die:—
Gaoler, take him to thy cuſtody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeleſs, and helpleſs, doth Ægeon wend,
But to procraſtinate his lifeleſs end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A publick Place.

Enter Antipholus *and* Dromio *of* Syracuſe, *and a* Merchant.

Mer. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,
Leſt that your goods too ſoon be confiſcate.
This very day, a Syracuſan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the ſtatute of the town,
Dies ere the weary ſun ſet in the weſt.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we hoſt,
And ſtay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner time:
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruſe the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and ſleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am ſtiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having ſo good a mean. [*Exit Dro. S.*

Ant. S. A truſty villain, ſir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jeſts.

What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, ſir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Pleaſe you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards conſort you till bed-time;
My preſent buſineſs calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go loſe myſelf,
And wander up and down, to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit* Merchant.

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean ſeeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unſeen, inquiſitive, confounds himſelf:
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In queſt of them, unhappy, loſe myſelf.

Enter Dromio *of* Epheſus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.—
What now? How chance, thou art return'd ſo ſoon?

Dro. E. Return'd ſo ſoon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the ſpit;
The clock hath ſtrucken twelve upon the bell,
My miſtreſs made it one upon my cheek:
She is ſo hot, becauſe the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, becauſe you come not home;
You come not home, becauſe you have no ſtomach;
You have no ſtomach, having broke your faſt;
But we, that know what 'tis to faſt and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, ſir; tell me this, I pray;
Where have you left the money that I gave you?
Dro. E. O,—ſixpence, that I had o' Wedneſday laſt,
To pay the ſaddler for my miſtreſs' crupper;—
The ſaddler had it, ſir, I kept it not.
Ant. S. I am not in a ſportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being ſtrangers here, how dar'ſt thou truſt
So great a charge from thine own cuſtody?
Dro. E. I pray you, jeſt, ſir, as you ſit at dinner:
I from my miſtreſs come to you in poſt;
If I return, I ſhall be poſt indeed;
For ſhe will ſcore your fault upon my pate.
Methinks, your maw, like mine, ſhould be your clock,
And ſtrike you home without a meſſenger. [ſeaſon;
Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, theſe jeſts are out of
Reſerve them till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?
Dro. E. To me, ſir? why you gave no gold to me.
Ant. S. Come on, ſir knave, have done your fooliſh-
And tell me how thou haſt diſpos'd thy charge. [neſs,
Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your houſe, the Phœnix, ſir, to dinner;
My miſtreſs, and her ſiſter, ſtay for you.
Ant. S. Now, as I am a chriſtian, anſwer me,
In what ſafe place you have beſtow'd my money;
Or I ſhall break that merry ſconce of yours,
That ſtands on tricks when I am undiſpos'd:
Where is the thouſand marks thou hadſt of me?
Dro. E. I have ſome marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my miſtreſs' marks upon my ſhoulders,
But not a thouſand marks between you both.—
If I ſhould pay your worſhip thoſe again,

Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy miſtreſs' marks! what miſtreſs, ſlave, haſt thou?

Dro. E. Your worſhip's wife, my miſtreſs, at the Phœnix;
She that doth faſt, till you come home to dinner,
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, ſir knave.

Dro. E. What mean you, ſir? For God's ſake, hold your hands;
Nay, an you will not, ſir, I'll take my heels.

[*Exit Dromio E.*

Ant. S. Upon my life, by ſome device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.
They ſay, this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,
Dark-working ſorcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;
Diſguiſed cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many ſuch like liberties of ſin:
If it prove ſo, I will be gone the ſooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go ſeek this ſlave;
I greatly fear, my money is not ſafe. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. A publick Place.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Neither my huſband, nor the ſlave return'd,
That in ſuch haſte I ſent to ſeek his maſter!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps, ſome merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's ſomewhere gone to dinner.

Good ſiſter, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is maſter of his liberty:
Time is their maſter; and, when they ſee time,
They'll go, or come: If ſo, be patient, ſiſter.

Adr. Why ſhould their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Becauſe their buſineſs ſtill lies out o' door.

Adr. Look, when I ſerve him ſo, he takes it ill.

Luc. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none, but aſſes, will be bridled ſo.

Luc. Why, headſtrong liberty is laſh'd with woe.
There's nothing, ſituate under heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in ſea, in ſky:
The beaſts, the fiſhes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' ſubject, and at their controls:
Men, more divine, the maſters of all theſe,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watry ſeas,
Indued with intellectual ſenſe and ſouls,
Of more pre-eminence than fiſh and fowls,
Are maſters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This ſervitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear ſome ſway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practiſe to obey.

Adr. How if your huſband ſtart ſome other where?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though ſhe pauſe;
They can be meek, that have no other cauſe.
A wretched ſoul, bruis'd with adverſity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we ſhould ourſelves complain:

So thou, that haſt no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpleſs patience would'ſt relieve me:
But, if thou live to ſee like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try;—
Here comes your man, now is your huſband nigh.

Enter DROMIO *of* Epheſus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy maſter now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witneſs.

Adr. Say, didſt thou ſpeak with him? know'ſt thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear: Beſhrew his hand, I ſcarce could underſtand it.

Luc. Spake he ſo doubtfully, thou couldſt not feel his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he ſtruck ſo plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal ſo doubtfully, that I could ſcarce underſtand them.

Adr. But ſay, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?
It ſeems, he hath great care to pleaſe his wife.

Dro. E. Why, miſtreſs, ſure my maſter is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, ſure, he's ſtark mad:
When I deſir'd him to come home to dinner,
He aſk'd me for a thouſand marks in gold:
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:
Will you come home? quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:
Where is the thouſand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, *is burn'd; My gold*, quoth he:
My miſtreſs, ſir, quoth I; *Hang up thy miſtreſs;*

I know not thy miſtreſs; out on thy miſtreſs!
Luc. Quoth who?
Dro. E. Quoth my maſter:
I know, quoth he, *no houſe, no wife, no miſtreſs;*
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my ſhoulders;
For, in concluſion, he did beat me there.
Adr. Go back again, thou ſlave, and fetch him home.
Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's ſake, ſend ſome other meſſenger.
Adr. Back, ſlave, or I will break thy pate acroſs.
Dro. E. And he will bleſs that croſs with other beating:
Between you I ſhall have a holy head.
Adr. Hence, prating peaſant; fetch thy maſter home.
Dro. E. Am I ſo round with you, as you with me,
That like a football you do ſpurn me thus?
You ſpurn me hence, and he will ſpurn me hither:
If I laſt in this ſervice, you muſt caſe me in leather. [*Exit.*
Luc. Fie, how impatience lowereth in your face!
Adr. His company muſt do his minions grace,
Whilſt I at home ſtarve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath waſted it:
Are my diſcourſes dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and ſharp diſcourſe be marr'd,
Unkindneſs blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay veſtments his affections bait?
That's not my fault, he's maſter of my ſtate:
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures: My decayed fair
A ſunny look of his would ſoon repair:
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,

And feeds from home ; poor I am but his ſtale.
Luc. Self-harming jealouſy !—fie, beat it hence.
Adr. Unfeeling fools can with ſuch wrongs diſpenſe.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere ;
Or elſe, what lets it but he would be here ?
Siſter, you know, he promis'd me a chain ;—
Would that alone alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed !
I ſee, the jewel, beſt enamelled,
Will loſe his beauty ; and though gold 'bides ſtill,
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold : and ſo no man, that hath a name,
But falſehood and corruption doth it ſhame.
Since that my beauty cannot pleaſe his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.
Luc. How many fond fools ſerve mad jealouſy !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The ſame.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuſe.

Ant. S. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up
Safe at the Centaur ; and the heedful ſlave
Is wander'd forth, in care to ſeek me out.
By computation, and mine hoſt's report,
I could not ſpeak with Dromio, ſince at firſt
I ſent him from the mart : See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio of Syracuſe.

How now, ſir ? is your merry humour alter'd ?
As you love ſtrokes, ſo jeſt with me again.
You know no Centaur ? you receiv'd no gold ?
Your miſtreſs ſent to have me home to dinner ?
My houſe was at the Phœnix ? Waſt thou mad,
That thus ſo madly thou didſt anſwer me ?

Dro. S. What anſwer, ſir? when ſpake I ſuch a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour ſince.

Dro. S. I did not ſee you ſince you ſent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didſt deny the gold's receipt;
And told'ſt me of a miſtreſs, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'ſt I was diſpleas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad to ſee you in this merry vein:
What means this jeſt? I pray you, maſter, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, doſt thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?
Think'ſt thou, I jeſt? Hold, take thou that, and that.
[*beating him.*

Dro. S. Hold, ſir, for God's ſake: now your jeſt is earneſt:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Becauſe that I familiarly ſometimes
Do uſe you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your ſaucineſs will jeſt upon my love,
And make a common of my ſerious hours.
When the ſun ſhines, let fooliſh gnats make ſport,
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.
If you will jeſt with me, know my aſpect,
And faſhion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your ſconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? ſo you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you uſe theſe blows long, I muſt get a ſconce for my head, and inſconce it too; or elſe I ſhall ſeek my wit in my ſhoulders. But, I pray, ſir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Doſt thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, ſir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, ſir, and wherefore; for, they ſay, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, firſt,—for flouting me; and then, where-
For urging it the ſecond time to me. [fore,—

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of ſeaſon?
When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reaſon?—
Well, ſir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, ſir? for what?

Dro. S. Marry, ſir, for this ſomething that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for ſomething. But ſay, ſir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, ſir; I think, the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, ſir, what's that?

Dro. S. Baſting.

Ant. S. Well, ſir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, ſir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reaſon?

Dro. S. Leſt it make you cholerick, and purchaſe me another dry baſting.

Ant. S. Well, ſir, learn to jeſt in good time;
There's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durſt have denied that, before you were ſo cholerick.

Ant. S. By what rule, ſir?

Dro. S. Marry, ſir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himſelf.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the loſt hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time ſuch a niggard of hair, being, as it is, ſo plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Becauſe it is a bleſſing that he beſtows on beaſts: and what he hath ſcanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of thoſe, but he hath the wit to loſe his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didſt conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the ſooner loſt: Yet he loſeth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reaſon?

Dro. S. For two; and ſound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not ſound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not ſure, in a thing falſing.

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to ſave the money that he ſpends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they ſhould not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved, there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, ſir; namely, no time to recover hair loſt by nature.

Ant. S. But your reaſon was not ſubſtantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himſelf is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew, 'twould be a bald concluſion:
But ſoft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look ſtrange, and frown;
Some other miſtreſs hath thy ſweet aſpécts,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'ſt vow
That never words were muſick to thine ear,
That never object pleaſing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat ſweet-ſavour'd in thy taſte,
Unleſs I ſpake, look'd, touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my huſband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art then eſtranged from thyſelf?
Thyſelf I call it, being ſtrange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear ſelf's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyſelf from me;
For know, my love, as eaſy may'ſt thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition, or diminiſhing,
As take from me thyſelf, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'ſt thou but hear I were licentious?
And that this body, conſecrate to thee,
By ruffian luſt ſhould be contaminate?
Would'ſt thou not ſpit at me, and ſpurn at me,
And hurl the name of huſband in my face,
And tear the ſtain'd ſkin off my harlot brow,
And from my falſe hand cut the wedding ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canſt; and therefore, ſee, thou do it.
I am poſſeſs'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of luſt:

For, if we two be one, and thou play falſe,
I do digeſt the poiſon of thy fleſh,
Being ſtrumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live dis-ſtain'd, thou undiſhonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Epheſus I am but two hours old,
As ſtrange unto your town, as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being ſcann'd,
Want wit in all one word to underſtand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you:
When were you wont to uſe my ſiſter thus?
She ſent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didſt return from him,—
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows
Deny'd my houſe for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converſe, ſir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the courſe and drift of your compáct?

Dro. S. I, ſir? I never ſaw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou lieſt; for even her very words
Didſt thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never ſpake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can ſhe thus then call us by our names,
Unleſs it be by inſpiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus groſsly with your ſlave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will faſten on this ſleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my huſband, I a vine;

Whoſe weakneſs, married to thy ſtronger ſtate,
Makes me with thy ſtrength to communicate:
If aught poſſeſs thee from me, it is droſs,
Uſurping ivy, briar, or idle moſs;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intruſion
Infect thy ſap, and live on thy confuſion.

Ant. S. To me ſhe ſpeaks; ſhe moves me for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or ſleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiſs?
Until I know this ſure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the ſervants ſpread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I croſs me for a ſinner.
This is the fairy land;—O, ſpite of ſpites!—
We talk with goblins, owls, and elviſh ſprites;
If we obey them not, this will enſue,
They'll ſuck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luce. Why prat'ſt thou to thyſelf, and anſwer'ſt not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou ſnail, thou ſlug, thou ſot!

Dro. S. I am transformed, maſter, am not I?

Ant. S. I think, thou art, in mind, and ſo am I.

Dro. S. Nay, maſter, both in mind, and in my ſhape.

Ant. S. Thou haſt thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an aſs.

Dro. S. 'Tis true; ſhe rides me, and I long for graſs.
'Tis ſo, I am an aſs; elſe it could never be,
But I ſhould know her as well as ſhe knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilſt man, and maſter, laugh my woes to ſcorn.—
Come, ſir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—

Huſband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And ſhrive you of a thouſand idle pranks:
Sirrah, if any aſk you for your maſter,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, ſiſter:—Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?
Known unto theſe, and to myſelf diſguis'd!
I'll ſay as they ſay, and perſéver ſo,
And in this miſt at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Maſter, ſhall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, leſt I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. The ſame.

Enter Antipholus *of* Epheſus, Dromio *of* Epheſus, *Angelo and* Balthazar.

Ant. E. Good ſignior Angelo, you muſt excuſe us all;
My wife is ſhrewiſh, when I keep not hours:
Say, that I linger'd with you at your ſhop,
To ſee the making of her carkanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thouſand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and houſe:—
Thou drunkard, thou, what didſt thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, ſir, but I know what I know:
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to ſhow:
If the ſkin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think, thou art an aſs.

Dro. E. Marry, ſo it doth appear
By the wrongs I ſuffer, and the blows I bear.
I ſhould kick, being kick'd; and, being at that paſs,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an aſs.

Ant. E. You are ſad, ſignior Balthazar: 'Pray god, our cheer
May anſwer my good will, and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, ſir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O, ſignior Balthazar, either at fleſh or fiſh,
A table full of welcome makes ſcarce one dainty diſh.

Bal. Good meat, ſir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feaſt.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly hoſt, and more ſparing [gueſt:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, ſoft; my door is lock'd; Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen'!

Dro. S. [*within*] Mome, malt-horſe, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!
Either get thee from the door, or ſit down at the hatch:
Doſt thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'ſt for ſuch ſtore,
When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My maſter ſtays in the ſtreet.

Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, leſt he catch cold on's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

Dro. S. Right, ſir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefóre.

Ant. E. Wherefóre? for my dinner; I have not din'd to-day.

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you muſt not; come again, when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'ſt me out from the houſe I owe?

Dro. S. The porter for this time, ſir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou haſt ſtolen both mine office and my name;

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou had'ſt been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou would'ſt have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an aſs.

Luce. [*within.*] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are thoſe at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my maſter in, Luce.

Luce. Faith no; he comes too late;

And ſo tell your maſter.

Dro. E. O Lord, I muſt laugh:—
Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I ſet in my ſtaff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that's,—When? can you tell?

Dro. S. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou haſt anſwer'd him well. [I hope?

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in,

Luce. I thought to have aſk'd you.

Dro. S. And you ſaid, no. [for blow.

Dro. E. So, come, help; well ſtruck; there was blow

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whoſe ſake?

Dro. E. Maſter, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ake. [down.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of ſtocks in the town?

Adr. [*within.*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noiſe?

Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys. [before.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come

Adr. Your wife, ſir knave! go, get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, maſter, this knave would go ſore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, ſir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was beſt, we ſhall part with neither.

Dro. E. They ſtand at the door, maſter; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is ſomething in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would ſay ſo, maſter, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you ſtand here in the cold:
It would make a man mad as a buck, to be ſo bought and ſold.

Ant. E. Go, fetch me ſomething, I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, ſir; and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, ſo he break it not behind.

Dro. S. It ſeems, thou wanteſt breaking; Out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fiſh have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in; Go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without a feather; maſter, mean you ſo?
For a fiſh without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, ſirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, ſir; O, let it not be ſo;
Herein you war againſt your reputation,
And draw within the compaſs of ſuſpect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,—Your long experience of her wiſdom,
Her ſober virtue, years, and modeſty,
Plead on her part ſome cauſe to you unknown;
And doubt not, ſir, but ſhe will well excuſe
Why at this time the doors are made againſt you.
Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner:
And, about evening come yourſelf alone,
To know the reaſon of this ſtrange reſtraint.
If by ſtrong hand you offer to break in,
Now inthe ſtirring paſſage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made on it;
And that ſuppoſed by the common rout
Againſt your yet ungalled eſtimation,
That may with foul intruſion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For ſlander lives upon ſucceſſion;
For ever hous'd, where it once gets poſſeſſion.

ANT E. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And, in deſpight of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent diſcourſe,—
Pretty and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle;—
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I proteſt, without deſert,)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
For there's the houſe; that chain will I beſtow
(Be it for nothing but to ſpite my wife,)
Upon mine hoſteſs there: good ſir, make haſte:
Since mine own doors refuſe to entertain me,
I'll knock elſewhere, to ſee if they'll diſdain me.

ANG. I'll meet you at that place, ſome hour hence.

ANT E. Do ſo; This jeſt ſhall coſt me ſome expence.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The ſame.

Enter LUCIANA and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuſe.

LUC. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A huſband's office? ſhall, Antipholus, hate,
Even in the ſpring of love, thy love-ſprings rot?
Shall love, in building, grow ſo ruinate?
If you did wed my ſiſter for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's ſake, uſe her with more kindneſs:
Or, if you like elſewhere, do it by ſtealth;
Muffle your falſe love with ſome ſhow of blindneſs:
Let not my ſiſter read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own ſhame's orator;
Look ſweet, ſpeak fair, become diſloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:

Bear a fair preſence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach ſin the carriage of a holy ſaint;
Be ſecret-falſe: What need ſhe be acquainted?
What ſimple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a baſtard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, ſhow us the ſleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my ſiſter, cheer her, call her wife:
'Tis holy ſport, to be a little vain,
When the ſweet breath of flattery conquers ſtrife.
Ant S. Sweet miſtreſs, (what your name is elſe, know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine,)
Leſs, in your knowledge, and your grace, you ſhow not
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and ſpeak;
Lay open to my earthy groſs conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, ſhallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Againſt my ſoul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping ſiſter is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.

O, train me not, ſweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy ſiſter's flood of tears;
Sing, ſiren, for thyſelf, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the ſilver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie;
And, in that glorious ſuppoſition, think
He gains by death, that hath ſuch means to die:—
Let love, being light, be drowned if ſhe ſink!
Luc. What are you mad, that you do reaſon ſo?
Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.
Luc. It is a fault that ſpringeth from your eye.
Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair ſun, being by.
Luc. Gaze where you ſhould, and that will clear your ſight.
Ant. S. As good to wink, ſweet love, as look on night.
Luc. Why call you me love? call my ſiſter ſo.
Ant. S. Thy ſiſter's ſiſter.
Luc. That's my ſiſter.
Ant. S. No;
It is thyſelf, mine own ſelf's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my ſweet hope's aim,
My ſole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.
Luc. All this my ſiſter is, or elſe ſhould be.
Ant. Call thyſelf ſiſter, ſweet, for I aim thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou haſt no huſband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.
Luc. O, ſoft, ſir, hold you ſtill;
I'll fetch my ſiſter, to get her good will. [*Exit Luc.*

Enter from the houſe of ANTIPHOLUS *of* Epheſus, DROMIO *of* Syracuſe.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'ſt thou ſo faſt?

Dro S. Do you know me, ſir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myſelf? [thyſelf.

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art

Dro. S. I am an aſs, I am a woman's man, and beſides myſelf.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how beſides thyſelf?

Dro. S. Marry, ſir, beſides myſelf, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays ſhe to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, ſir, ſuch claim as you would lay to your horſe; and ſhe would have me as a beaſt: not that, I being a beaſt, ſhe would have me; but that ſhe, being a very beaſtly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is ſhe?

Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, ſuch a one as a man may not ſpeak of, without he ſay, ſir-reverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is ſhe a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How doſt thou mean, a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, ſir, ſhe's the kitchen-wench, and all greaſe; and I know not what uſe to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if ſhe lives till doomſday, ſhe'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is ſhe of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my ſhoe, but her face nothing like ſo clean kept; For why? ſhe ſweats, a man may go over ſhoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, ſir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, ſir;—but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not meaſure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then ſhe bears ſome breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip: ſhe is ſpherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body ſtands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, ſir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenneſs; hard, in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war againſt her hair.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteneſs in them: but I gueſs, it ſtood in her chin, by the ſalt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I ſaw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O, ſir, upon her noſe, all o'er embelliſh'd with rubies, carbuncles, ſapphires, declining their rich aſpect to the hot breath of Spain; who ſent whole armada's of carracks to be ballaſt at her noſe.

Ant. S. Where ſtood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, ſir, I did not look ſo low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio; ſwore, I was aſſur'd to her; told me what privy

marks I had about me, as the mark on my ſhoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breaſt had not been made of faith, and my heart of ſteel, ſhe had transform'd me to a curtail dog, and made me turn i'the wheel.

Ant. S. Go, hie thee preſently, poſt to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from ſhore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk, till thou return to me.
If every one know us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She, that doth call me huſband, even my ſoul
Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair ſiſter,
Poſſeſs'd with ſuch a gentle ſovereign grace,
Of ſuch enchanting preſence and diſcourſe,
Hath almoſt made me traitor to myſelf:
But, leſt myſelf be guilty to ſelf-wrong,
I'll ſtop mine ears againſt the mermaid's ſong.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Maſter Antipholus?

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, ſir: Lo, here is the chain;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine:
The chain unfiniſh'd made me ſtay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will, that I ſhall do with this?

Ang. What pleaſe yourſelf, ſir; I have made it for you.

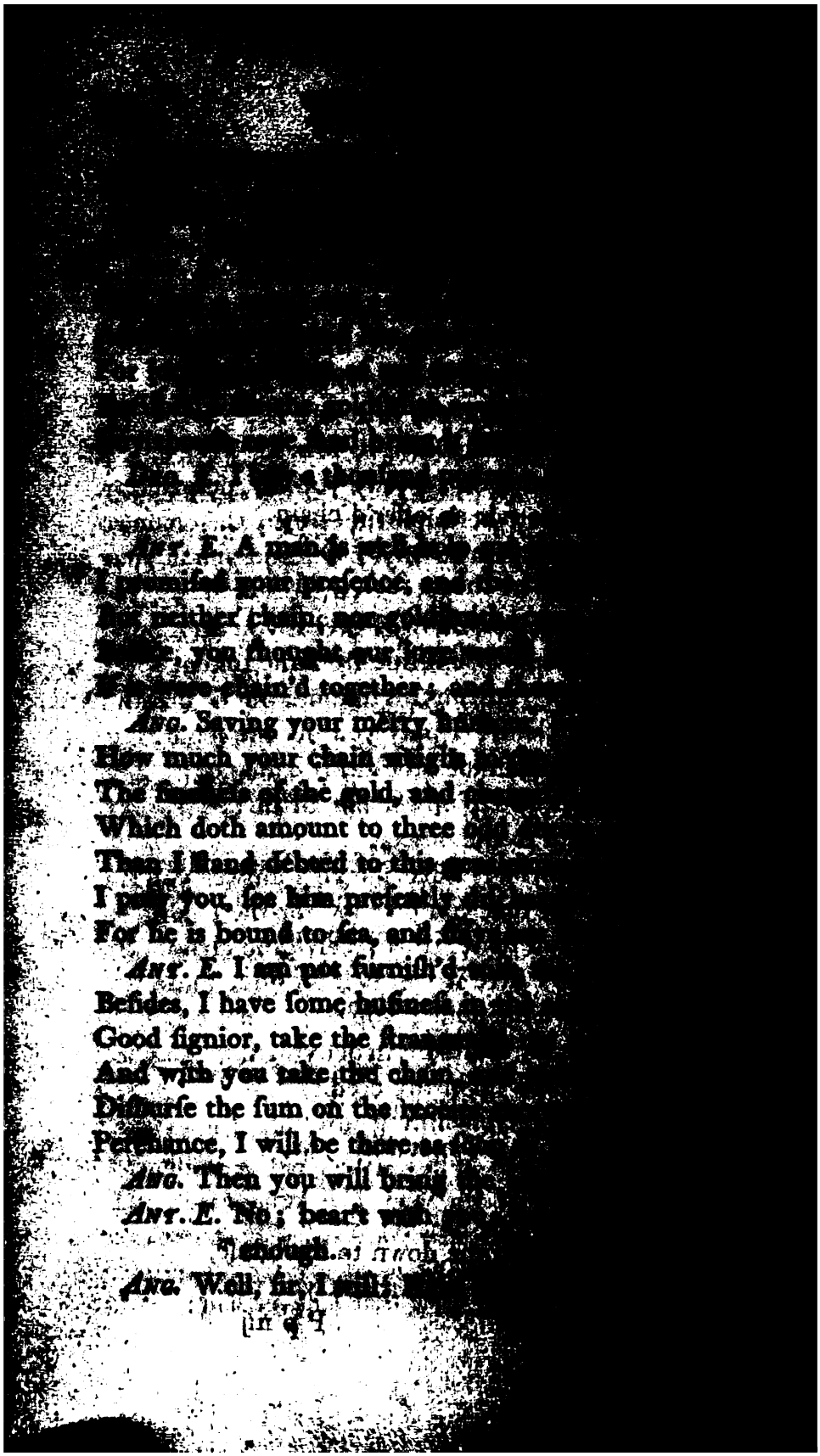
Ant. S. Made it for me, ſir! I beſpoke it not.
Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:
Go home with it, and pleaſe your wife withal;
And ſoon at ſupper-time I'll viſit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.
Ant. S. I pray you, ſir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er ſee chain, nor money, more.
Ang. You are a merry man, ſir; fare you well. [*Exit.*
Ant. S. What I ſhould think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is ſo vain,
That would refuſe ſo fair an offer'd chain.
I ſee, a man here needs not live by ſhifts,
When in the ſtreets he meets ſuch golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio ſtay;
If any ſhip put out, then ſtraight away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

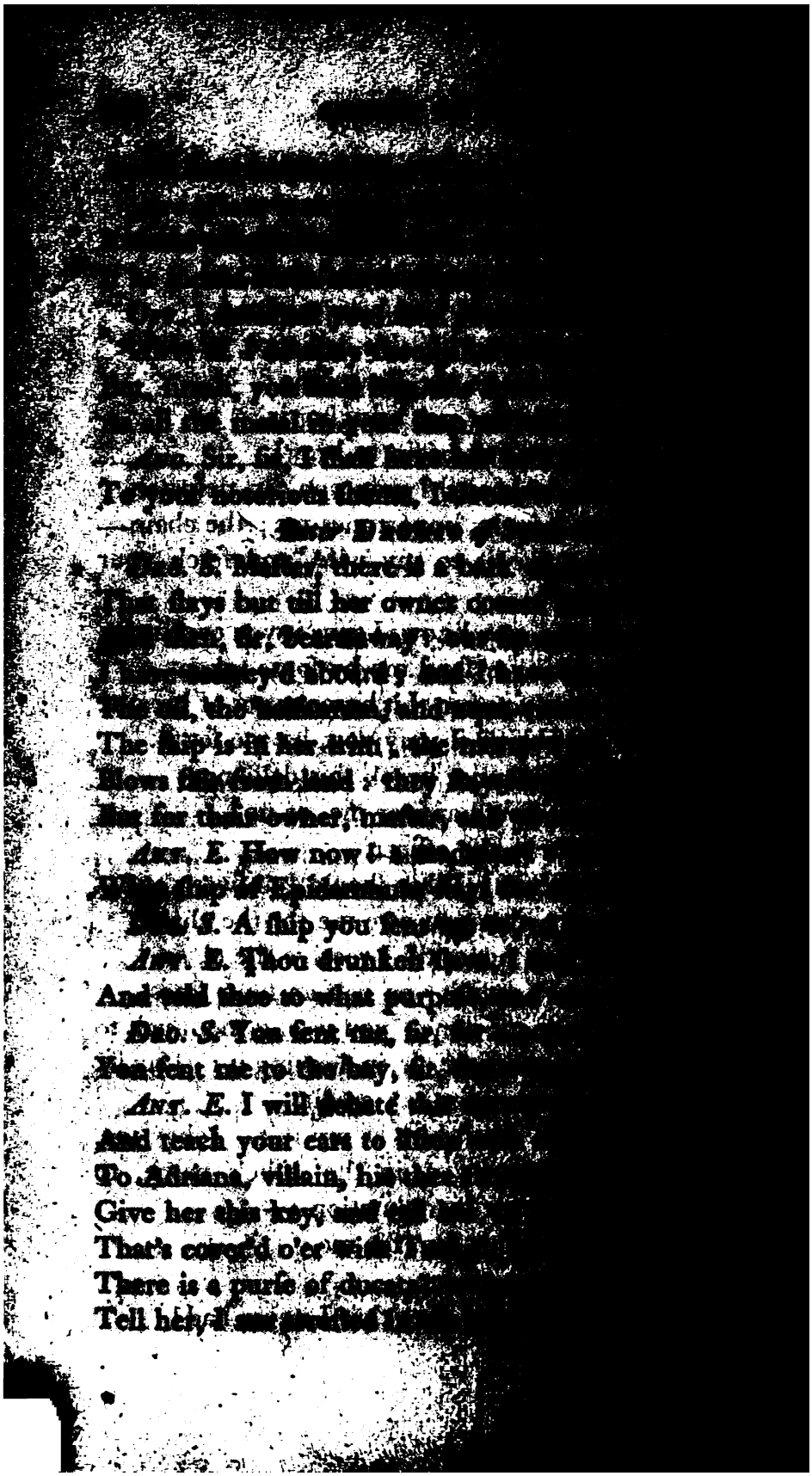
SCENE I. The ſame.

Enter a Merchant, Angelo, *and an Officer.*

Mer. You know, ſince pentecoſt the ſum is due,
And, ſince I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Perſia, and want gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make preſent ſatisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.
Ang. Even juſt the ſum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by Antipholus:
And, in the inſtant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,
I ſhall receive the money for the ſame:
Pleaſeth you walk with me down to his houſe,
I will diſcharge my bond, and thank you too.



Ant. E. An if I have not, ſir, I hope you have;
Or elſe you may return without your money.
Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, ſir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide ſtays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.
Ant. E. Good lord, you uſe this dalliance, to excuſe
Your breach of promiſe to the Porcupine;
I ſhould have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a ſhrew, you firſt begin to brawl.
Mer. The hour ſteals on; I pray you, ſir, deſpatch,
Ang. You hear, how he impórtunes me; the chain—
Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.
Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now;
Either ſend the chain, or ſend me by ſome token.
Ant. E. Fie! now you run this humour out of breath:
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me ſee it.
Mer. My buſineſs cannot brook this dalliance:
Good ſir, ſay, whe'r you'll anſwer me, or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.
Ant. E. I anſwer you! What ſhould I anſwer you?
Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.
Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.
Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour ſince.
Ant. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much to ſay ſo.
Ang. You wrong me more, ſir, in denying it:
Conſider, how it ſtands upon my credit.
Mer. Well officer, arreſt him at my ſuit.
Off. I do; and charge you, in the duke's name, to obey me.
Ang. This touches me in reputation:—
Either conſent to pay this ſum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.
Ant. E. Conſent to pay thee that I never had!



And that ſhall bail me: hie thee, ſlave; begone.
On, officer, to priſon till it come.

[*Exeunt* MERCHANT, ANGELO, OFFICER, *and* ANT. E.

Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowſabel did claim me for her huſband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compaſs.
Thither I muſt, although againſt my will,
For ſervants muſt their maſters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. The ſame.

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee ſo?
Might'ſt thou perceive auſterely in his eye
That he did plead in earneſt, yea or no?
Look'd he or red, or pale; or ſad, or merrily?
What obſervation mad'ſt thou in this caſe,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. Firſt, he denied you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more my ſpite.

Luc. Then ſwore he, that he was a ſtranger here.

Adr. And true he ſwore, though yet forſworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what ſaid he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what perſuaſion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words, that in an honeſt ſuit might move.
Firſt, he did praiſe my beauty; then, my ſpeech.

Adr. Did'ſt ſpeak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beſeech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me ſtill;
My tongue, though not my heart, ſhall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and ſere,
Ill-fac'd, worſe-bodied, ſhapeleſs every where;

Vicious, ungentle, fooliſh, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making, worſe in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous then of ſuch a one?
No evil loſt is wail'd when it is gone.
Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I ſay,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worſe:
Far from her neſt the lapwing cries away;
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curſe.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuſe.

Dro. S. Here, go; the deſk, the purſe; ſweet now, make haſte.
Luc. How haſt thou loſt thy breath?
Dro. S. By running faſt.
Adr. Where is thy maſter, Dromio? is he well?
Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worſe than hell:
A devil in an everlaſting garment hath him,
One, whoſe hard heart is button'd up with ſteel;
A fiend, a fairy, pitileſs and rough;
A wolf, nay, worſe, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a ſhoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The paſſages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry foot well;
One that, before the judgement, carries poor ſouls to hell.
Adr. Why, man, what is the matter? [the caſe.
Dro. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'reſted on
Adr. What, is he arreſted? tell me, at whoſe ſuit.
Dro. S. I know not at whoſe ſuit he is arreſted, well;
But he's in a ſuit of buff, which 'reſted him, that can I tell: [the deſk?
Will you ſend him, miſtreſs, redemption, the money in
Adr. Go fetch it, ſiſter.—This I wonder at,

[*Exit* LUCIANA.

That he, unknown to me, ſhould be in debt:—
Tell me, was he arreſted on a band?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a ſtronger thing;
A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?
Adr. What, the chain?
Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time, that I were gone.
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock ſtrikes one.
Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.
Dro. S. O yes, If any hour meet a ſergeant, a'turns back for very fear.
Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly doſt thou reaſon?
Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth to ſeaſon.
Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men ſay,
That time comes ſtealing on by night and day?
If he be in debt, and theft, and a ſergeant in the way,
Hath he not reaſon to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it ſtraight;
And bring thy maſter home immediately.—
Come, ſiſter; I am preſs'd down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The ſame.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuſe.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet, but doth ſalute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, ſome invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindneſſes;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his ſhop,
And ſhow'd me ſilks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took meaſure of my body.
Sure, theſe are but imaginary wiles,

And Lapland ſorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuſe.

Dro. S. Maſter, here's the gold you ſent me for: What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?

Ant. S. What gold is this? What Adam doſt thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam, that kept the paradiſe, but that Adam, that keeps the priſon: he that goes in the calf's-ſkin that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, ſir, like an evil angel, and bid you forſake your liberty.

Ant. S. I underſtand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain caſe: he that went like a baſe-viol, in a caſe of leather; the man, ſir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'reſts them; he, ſir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives 'em ſuits of durance; he that ſets up his reſt to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What! thou mean'ſt an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, ſir, the ſergeant of the band; he, that brings any man to anſwer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and ſays, *God give you good reſt!*

Ant. S. Well, ſir, there reſt in your foolery. Is there any ſhip puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, ſir, I brought you word an hour ſince, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the ſergeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay: Here are the angels that you ſent for, to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is diſtract, and ſo am I;
And here we wander in illuſions;

Some bleſſed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a COURTEZAN.

Cour. Well met, well met, maſter Antipholus.
I ſee, ſir, you have found the goldſmith now:
Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt me not!

Dro. S. Maſter, is this miſtreſs Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, ſhe is worſe, ſhe's the devil's dam; and here ſhe comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof comes, that the wenches ſay, *God damn me*, that's as much as to ſay, *God make me a light wench.* It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn; Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous, merry, ſir.
Will gou go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Maſter, if you do expect ſpoon-meat, or beſpeak a long ſpoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he muſt have a long ſpoon, that muſt eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'ſt thou me of ſupping?
Thou art, as you are all, a ſorcereſs:
I cónjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;
And I'll be gone, ſir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils aſk but the paring of one's nail,
A ruſh, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-ſtone; but ſhe, more covetous,
Would have a chain.
Maſter, be wiſe; an' if you give it her,

The devil will ſhake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, ſir, my ring, or elſe the chain;
I hope, you do not mean to cheat me ſo.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come Dromio, let us go.

Dro S. Fly pride, ſays the peacock: Miſtreſs, that you know. [*Exeunt Ant. and Dro.*

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Elſe would he never ſo demean himſelf:
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the ſame he promis'd me a chain;
Both one, and other, he denies me now.
The reaſon that I gather he is mad,
(Beſides this preſent inſtance of his rage,)
Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being ſhut againſt his entrance.
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpoſe ſhut the doors againſt his way.
My way is now, to hie home to his houſe,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatick,
He ruſh'd into my houſe, and took perforce
My ring away: This courſe I fitteſt chooſe;
For forty ducats is too much to loſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. The ſame.

Enter Antipholus of Epheſus, *and an* Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, ſo much money
To warrant thee, as I am 'reſted for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;
And will not lightly truſt the meſſenger,
That I ſhould be attach'd in Epheſus:
I tell you, 'twill ſound harſhly in her ears.—

Enter Dromio of Epheſus *with a rope's end.*

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the money. How now, ſir? have you that I ſent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, ſir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll ſerve you, ſir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, ſir; and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. E. And to that end, ſir, I will welcome you. [*beating him.*

Off. Good ſir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adverſity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather perſuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreſon, ſenſeleſs villain!

Dro. E. I would I were ſenſeleſs, ſir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art ſenſible in nothing but blows, and ſo is an aſs.

Dro. E. I am an aſs, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have ſerv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this inſtant, and have nothing at his hands for my ſervice, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating: when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it, when I ſleep; raiſed with it, when I ſit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my ſhoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I ſhall beg with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *and the* COURTEZAN, *with* PINCH, *and Others.*

ANT. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

DRO. E. Miſtreſs, *reſpice finem*, reſpect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end.*

ANT. E. Wilt thou ſtill talk? [*beats him.*

COUR. How ſay you now? is not your huſband mad?

ADR. His incivility confirms no leſs.—
Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Eſtabliſh him in his true ſenſe again,
And I will pleaſe you what you will demand.

LUC. Alas, how firy and how ſharp he looks!

COUR. Mark, how he trembles in his extacy!

PINCH. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulſe.

ANT. E There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

PINCH. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield poſſeſſion to my holy prayers,
And to thy ſtate of darkneſs hie thee ſtraight;
I cónjure thee by all the ſaints in heaven.

ANT. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

ADR. O, that thou wert not, poor diſtreſſed ſoul!

ANT. E. You minion, you, are theſe your cuſtomers?
Did this companion with the ſaffron face
Revel and feaſt it at my houſe to-day,
Whilſt upon me the guilty doors were ſhut,
And I denied to enter in my houſe?

ADR. O, huſband, God doth know, you din'd at home,
Where 'would you had remained until this time,
Free from theſe ſlanders, and this open ſhame!

ANT. E. I din'd at home! Thou villain, what ſay'ſt thou?

DRO. E. Sir, ſooth to ſay, you did not dine at home.

ANT. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I ſhut out?

Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you ſhut out.

Ant. E. And did not ſhe herſelf revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, ſhe herſelf revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and ſcorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, ſhe did; the kitchen-veſtal ſcorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity, you did;—my bones bear witneſs,
That ſince have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to ſooth him in theſe contraries?

Pinch. It is no ſhame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou haſt ſuborn'd the goldſmith to arreſt me.

Adr. Alas, I ſent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haſte for it.

Dro. E. Money by me? heart and good-will you might,
But, ſurely, maſter, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'ſt not thou to her for a purſe of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witneſs with her, that ſhe did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker, bear me witneſs,
That I was ſent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Miſtreſs, both man and maſter is poſſeſs'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They muſt be bound, and laid in ſome dark room.

Ant. E. Say, Wherefore didſt thou lock me forth to-day,
And why doſt thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle huſband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle maſter, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confeſs, ſir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Diſſembling villain, thou ſpeak'ſt falſe in both.

Ant. E. Diſſembling harlot, thou art falſe in all;

And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathſome abject ſcorn of me:
But with theſe nails I'll pluck out theſe falſe eyes,
That would behold in me this ſhameful ſport.

[*PINCH and his aſſiſtants bind ANT. and* DROMIO.

ADR. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

PINCH. More company;—the fiend is ſtrong within him.

LUC. Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

ANT. E. What, will thou murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy priſoner; wilt thou ſuffer them
To make a reſcue?

OFF. Maſters, let him go:
He is my priſoner, and you ſhall not have him.

PINCH. Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too.

ADR. What wilt thou do, thou peeviſh officer?
Haſt thou delight to ſee a wretched man
Do outrage and diſpleaſure to himſelf?

OFF. He is my priſoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.

ADR. I will diſcharge thee, ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good maſter doctor, ſee him ſafe convey'd
Home to my houſe.—O moſt unhappy day!

ANT. E. O moſt unhappy ſtrumpet!

DRO. E. Maſter, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

ANT. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore doſt thou mad me?

DRO. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,
Good maſter; cry, the devil.—

LUC. God help, poor ſouls, how idly do they talk!

ADR. Go bear him hence.—Siſter, go you with me.—

[*Exeunt PINCH and aſſiſtants with ANT. and* DRO.

Say now, whoſe ſuit is he arreſted at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldſmith; Do you know him?

Adr. I know the man: What is the ſum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain, your huſband had of him.

Adr. He did beſpeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your huſband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my houſe, and took away my ring,
(The ring I ſaw upon his finger now,)
Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be ſo, but I did never ſee it:—
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldſmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuſe, *with his rapier drawn, and* DROMIO *of* Syracuſe.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are looſe again.

Adr. And come with naked ſwords; let's call more help,
To have them bound again.

Off. Away, they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt* OFFICER, *Adr. and Luc.*

Ant. S. I ſee, theſe witches are afraid of ſwords.

Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you. [thence:

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our ſtuff from I long, that we were ſafe and ſound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, ſtay here this night, they will ſurely do us no harm; you ſaw, they ſpeak us fair, give us gold: methinks, they are ſuch a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad fleſh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to ſtay here ſtill, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not ſtay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our ſtuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. The ſame.

Enter MERCHANT *and* ANGELO.

ANG. I am ſorry, ſir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I proteſt, he had the chain of me,
Though moſt diſhoneſtly he doth deny it.

MER. How is the man eſteem'd here in the city?

ANG. Of very reverend reputation, ſir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

MER. Speak ſoftly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of* Syracuſe.

ANG. 'Tis ſo; and that ſelf chain about his neck,
Which he forſwore, moſt monſtrouſly, to have.
Good ſir, draw near to me, I'll ſpeak to him.—
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this ſhame and trouble;
And not without ſome ſcandal to yourſelf,
With circumſtance, and oaths, ſo to deny
This chain, which now you wear ſo openly:
Beſides the charge, the ſhame, impriſonment,
You have done wrong to this my honeſt friend;
Who, but for ſtaying on our controverſy,
Had hoiſted ſail, and put to ſea to-day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

ANT. S. I think, I had; I never did deny it.

MER. Yes, that you did, ſir; and forſwore it too.

ANT. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forſwear it?

MER. Theſe ears of mine, thou knoweſt, did hear thee:
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'ſt

To walk where any honeſt men reſort.

ANT. S. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and mine honeſty
Againſt thee preſently, if thou dar'ſt ſtand.

MER. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain. [*They draw.*

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, *and Others.*

ADR. Hold, hurt him not, for God's ſake; he is mad;—
Some get within him, take his ſword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my houſe.

DRO. S. Run, maſter, run; for God's ſake, take a houſe.
This is ſome priory;—In, or we are ſpoil'd.

[*Exeunt* ANTIPH. *and* DROMIO *to the Priory.*

Enter the ABBESS.

ABB. Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you hither?

ADR. To fetch my poor diſtracted huſband hence:
Let us come in, that we may bind him faſt,
And bear him home for his recovery.

ANG. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

MER. I am ſorry now, that I did draw on him.

ABB. How long hath this poſſeſſion held the man?

ADR. This week he hath been heavy, ſour, ſad,
And much, much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his paſſion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

ABB. Hath he not loſt much wealth by wreck at ſea?
Bury'd ſome dear friend? Hath not elſe his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A ſin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of theſe ſorrows is he ſubject to?

ADR. To none of theſe, except it be the laſt;
Namely, ſome love, that drew him oft from home.

ABB. You ſhould for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, ſo I did.
Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly, as my modeſty would let me.
Abb. Haply, in private.
Adr. And in aſſemblies too.
Abb. Ay, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copy of our conference:
In bed, he ſlept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the ſubject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abb. And thereof came it, that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poiſon more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It ſeems, his ſleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And thereof comes it, that his head is light.
Thou ſay'ſt, his meat was ſauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digeſtions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madneſs?
Thou ſay'ſt, his ſports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
(Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair;)
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale diſtemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in ſport, and life-preſerving reſt
To be diſturb'd, would mad or man, or beaſt:
The conſequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have ſcared thy huſband from the uſe of wits.
Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himſelf rough, rude and wildly.—

Why bear you theſe rebukes, and anſwer not?
Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.
Abb. No, not a creature enters in my houſe.
Adr. Then, let your ſervants bring my huſband forth.
Abb. Neither; he took this place for ſanctuary,
And it ſhall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or loſe my labour in aſſaying it.
Adr. I will attend my huſband, be his nurſe,
Diet his ſickneſs, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myſelf;
And therefore let me have him home with me.
Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him ſtir,
Till I have uſed the approved means I have,
With wholeſome ſyrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.
Adr. I will not hence, and leave my huſband here;
And ill it doth beſeem your holineſs,
To ſeparate the huſband and the wife.
Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou ſhalt not have him.
[*Exit Abbess.*
Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.
Adr. Come, go; I will fall proſtrate at his feet,
And never riſe until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in perſon hither,
And take perforce my huſband from the abbeſs.
Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I am ſure, the duke himſelf in perſon
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;

The place of death and ſorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
Ang. Upon what cauſe?
Mer. To ſee a reverend Syracuſan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Againſt the laws and ſtatutes of this town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence,
Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his death.
Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he paſs the abbey.
Enter Duke *attended;* Ægeon *bare-headed; with the Headſman and other Officers.*
Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the ſum for him,
He ſhall not die, ſo much we tender him.
Adr. Juſtice, moſt ſacred duke, againſt the abbeſs!
Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be, that ſhe hath done thee wrong. [band,—
Adr. May it pleaſe your grace, Antipholus, my huſ-
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A moſt outrageous fit of madneſs took him;
That deſperately he hurried through the ſtreet,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)
Doing diſpleaſure to the citizens
By ruſhing in their houſes, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and ſent him home,
Whilſt to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what ſtrong eſcape,
He broke from thoſe that had the guard of him;
And, with his mad attendant and himſelf,
Each one with ireful paſſion, with drawn ſwords,

Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chaſed us away; till, raiſing of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we purſued them;
And here the abbeſs ſhuts the gates on us,
And will not ſuffer us to fetch him out,
Nor ſend him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, moſt gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long ſince, thy huſband ſerv'd me in my wars;
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didſt make him maſter of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, ſome of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbeſs come to me;
I will determine this, before I ſtir.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. O miſtreſs, miſtreſs, ſhift and ſave yourſelf!
My maſter and his man are both broke looſe,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whoſe beard they have ſinged off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My maſter preaches patience to him, while
His man with ſciſſars nicks him like a fool:
And, ſure, unleſs you ſend ſome preſent help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy maſter and his man are here;
And that is falſe, thou doſt report to us.

Serv. Miſtreſs, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almoſt, ſince I did ſee it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To ſcorch your face, and to diſfigure you: [*Cry within.*

Hark, hark, I hear him, miſtreſs; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, ſtand by me, fear nothing: Guard with halberds.

Adr. Ah me, it is my huſband! Witneſs you,
That he is borne about inviſible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, paſt thought of human reaſon.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio of Epheſus.

Ant. E. Juſtice, moſt gracious duke, oh, grant me juſtice!
Even for the ſervice that long ſince I did thee,
When I beſtrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep ſcars to ſave thy life; even for the blood
That then I loſt for thee, now grant me juſtice.

Æge. Unleſs the fear of death doth make me dote,
I ſee my ſon Antipholus, and Dromio.

Ant. E. Juſtice, ſweet prince, againſt that woman there.
She whom thou gav'ſt to me to be my wife;
That hath abuſed and diſhonour'd me,
Even in the ſtrength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That ſhe this day hath ſhameleſs thrown on me.

Duke. Diſcover how, and thou ſhalt find me juſt.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, ſhe ſhut the doors upon me,
While ſhe with harlots feaſted in my houſe.

Duke. A grievous fault: Say, woman, didſt thou ſo?

Adr. No, my good lord;—myſelf, he, and my ſiſter,
To-day did dine together: So befal my ſoul,
As this is falſe, he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor ſleep on night,
But ſhe tells to your highneſs ſimple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! They are both forſworn.
In this the madman juſtly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am adviſed what I ſay;
Neither diſturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-raſh, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiſer mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldſmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witneſs it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promiſing to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to ſeek him: in the ſtreet I met him;
And in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldſmith ſwear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I ſaw not: for the which,
He did arreſt me with an officer.
I did obey; and ſent my peaſant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I beſpoke the officer,
To go in perſon with me to my houſe.
By the way we met
My wife, her ſiſter, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates; along with them
They brought one Pinch; a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-ey'd, ſharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man: this pernicious ſlave,
Forſooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulſe,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was poſſeſs'd: then altogether

They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankiſh vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in ſunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beſeech
To give me ample ſatisfaction
For theſe deep ſhames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witneſs with him;
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he ſuch a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord; and when he ran in here,
Theſe people ſaw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Beſides, I will be ſworn, theſe ears of mine
Heard you confeſs, you had the chain of him,
After you firſt forſwore it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my ſword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant E. I never came within theſe abbey walls,
Nor ever didſt thou draw thy ſword on me:
I never ſaw the chain, ſo help me heaven!
And this is falſe you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd them, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead ſo coldly:—
You ſay, he din'd at home; the goldſmith here
Denies that ſaying: Sirrah, what ſay you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porcupine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger ſnatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'ſt thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As ſure, my liege, as I do ſee your grace.

Duke. Why, this is ſtrange:—Go call the abbeſs hither;
I think, you are all mated, or ſtark mad.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Æge. Moſt mighty duke, vouchſafe me ſpeak a word;
Haply, I ſee a friend, will ſave my life,
And pay the ſum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracuſan, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, ſir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, ſir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Æge. I am ſure, you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourſelves we do remember, ſir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, ſir? [well.

Æge. Why look you ſtrange on me? you know me

Ant. E. I never ſaw you in my life, till now. [laſt;

Æge. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, ſince you ſaw me
And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand
Have written ſtrange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, doſt thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, truſt me, ſir, nor I.

Æge. I am ſure, thou doſt.

Dro. E. Ay, ſir? but I am ſure, I do not; and whatſoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Æge. Not know my voice! O, times extremity!
Haſt thou ſo crack'd and ſplitted my poor tongue,
In ſeven ſhort years, that here my only ſon
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?

Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In ſap-conſuming winter's drizzled ſnow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life ſome memory,
My waſting lamps ſome fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little uſe to hear:
All theſe old witneſſes (I cannot err,)
Tell me thou art my ſon Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never ſaw my father in my life.

Æge. But ſeven years ſince, in Syracuſa, boy,
Thou know'ſt, we parted: but, perhaps, my ſon,
Thou ſham'ſt to acknowledge me in miſery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witneſs with me that it is not ſo;
I ne'er ſaw Syracuſa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracuſan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er ſaw Syracuſa:
I ſee, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbess, with Antipholus Syracuſan, *and* *Dromio* Syracuſan.

Abb. Moſt mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
[*All gather to ſee him.*

Adr. I ſee two huſbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of theſe men is genius to the other;
And ſo of theſe: Which is the natural man,
And which the ſpirit? Who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, ſir, am Dromio; command him away.

Dro. E. I, ſir, am Dromio; pray, let me ſtay.

Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or elſe his ghoſt?

Dro. S. O, my old maſter! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will looſe his bonds,
And gain a huſband by his liberty:—

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'ſt the man
That had'ſt a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair ſons:
O, if thou be'ſt the ſame Ægeon, ſpeak,
And ſpeak unto the ſame Æmilia!

Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia;
If thou art ſhe, tell me, where is that ſon
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fiſhermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio, and my ſon from them,
And me they left with thoſe of Epidamnum:
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you ſee me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning ſtory right:
Theſe two Antipholus's, theſe two ſo like,
And theſe two Dromio's, one in ſemblance,—
Beſides her urging of her wreck at ſea,—
Theſe are the parents to theſe children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou cam'ſt from Corinth firſt.

Ant. S. No, ſir, not I; I came from Syracuſe.

Duke. Stay, ſtand apart; I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my moſt gracious lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that moſt famous warrior
Duke Menaphon, your moſt renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I gentle miſtreſs.

Adr. And are not you my huſband?

Ant. E. No, I ſay nay to that.

Ant. S. And ſo do I, yet did ſhe call me ſo;
And this fair gentlewoman, her ſiſter here,
Did call me brother:—What I told you then,
I hope, I ſhall have leiſure to make good;
If this be not a dream, I ſee, and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, ſir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, ſir; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, ſir, for this chain arreſted me.

Ang. I think I did, ſir; I deny it not.

Adr. I ſent you money, ſir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purſe of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me:
I ſee, we ſtill did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon theſe Errors are aroſe.

Ant. E. Theſe ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It ſhall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I muſt have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchſafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large diſcourſed all our fortunes:—
And all that are aſſembled in this place,
That by this ſympathized one day's error
Have ſuffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And we ſhall make full ſatisfaction.—
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my ſons; nor, till this preſent hour,
My heavy burdens are delivered:—
The duke, my huſband, and my children both,

And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a goſſip's feaſt, and go with me;
After ſo long grief, ſuch nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll goſſip at this feaſt.

[*Exeunt* Duke, Abbess, Ægeon, Courtezan, Merchant, Angelo, *and Attendants.*

Dro. S. Maſter, ſhall I fetch your ſtuff from ſhipboard?

Ant. E. Dromio, what ſtuff of mine haſt thou embark'd?

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at hoſt, ſir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He ſpeaks to me; I am your maſter, Dromio:
Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt Ant. S. and E. Adr. and Luc.*

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your maſter's houſe,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;
She now ſhall be my ſiſter, not my wife.

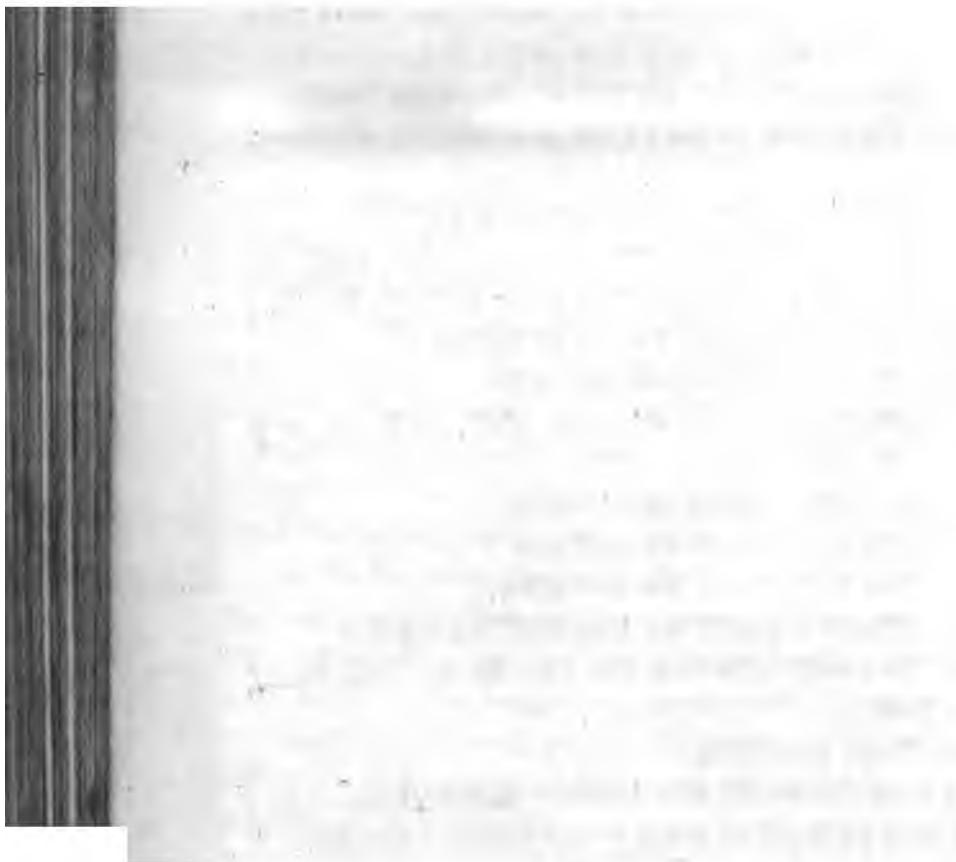
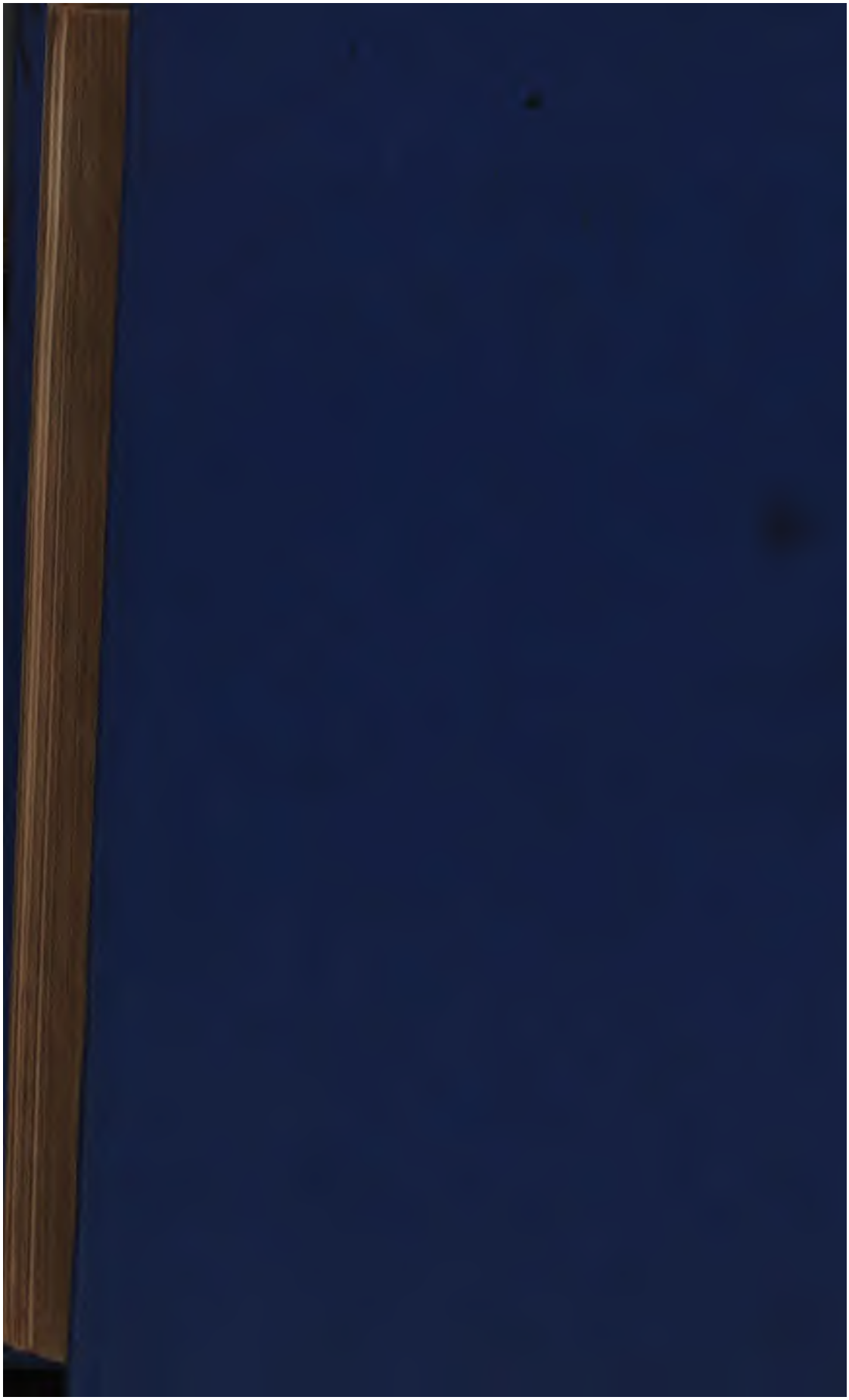
Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glaſs, and not my brother:
I ſee by you, I am a ſweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to ſee their goſſiping?

Dro. S. Not I, ſir; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a queſtion: how ſhall we try it?

Dro. S. We will draw cuts for the ſenior: till then, lead thou firſt.

Dro. E. Nay, then thus:
We came into the world, like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF VOLUME SECOND.